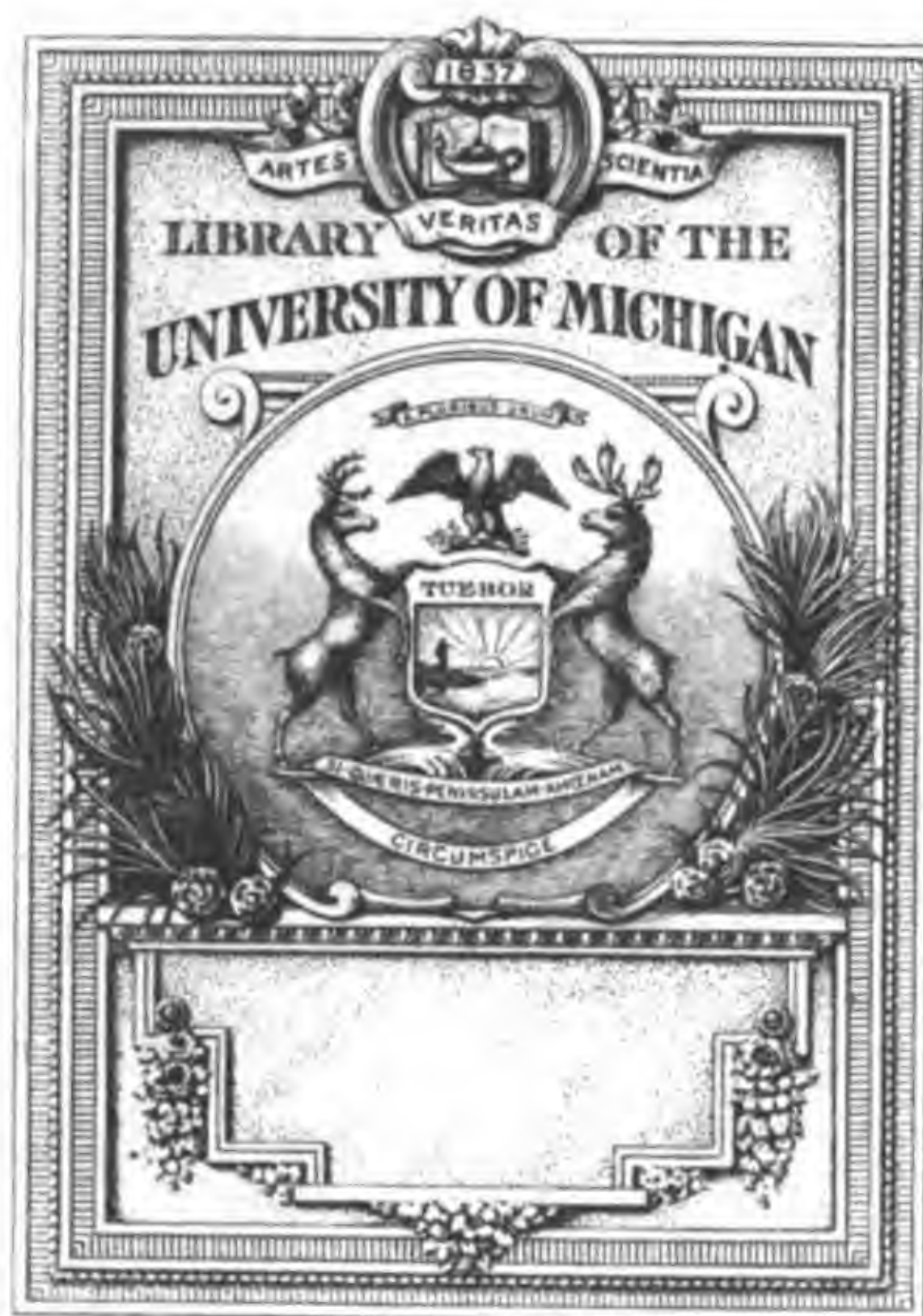


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# Have You Read What the Culture Jury Selected For You?

The Chicago Daily News, of Sept. 13, says that Girard, Kans., has become the literary capital of the U. S.



E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS.

A LARGE percentage of men and women, because of financial handicaps, or lack of incentive, fail to secure a higher education. Hundreds of thousands of these men and women, however, are ready and anxious for self-improvement. They are ready to read. But they are groping blindly. They do not read intelligently. Because of a lack of higher education they often read

destructive instead of instructive books. They need intelligent guidance.

In order to stimulate better reading, Mr. E. Haldeman-Julius selected what we prefer to call a JURY OF CULTURE. These men went through hundreds of books and finally agreed on the 30 titles listed on this page—agreed that every man and woman in the country should read these 30 books as the foundation of a liberal education.

This JURY OF CULTURE recommended 30 books which were deemed vitally important to be read by those seeking genuine self-improvement. There is no questioning the fact that this JURY OF CULTURE consisted of men skilled in the art of selection, and we now believe we have gathered a library of books which will do much to help make America well read.

The JURY OF CULTURE has selected the 30 books, and Mr. Haldeman-Julius has printed them in enormous quantities so that he will be able to distribute them at an absurdly low price. They are known as the College-at-Home Library.

Once the contents of the 30 College-at-Home books are absorbed and digested, we believe a person will be well on the road to culture.

## Here Is the Jury of Culture That Selected the 30 Books Listed on This Page:

**Luther Burbank.** In accepting a place on this Jury of Culture, he added this significant statement: "You are doing a wonderful work for the education of the people."

**Dr. M. L. Burton, President University of Michigan.** He writes as follows: "I believe in making available for the public in convenient form high grade literature at reasonable prices."

**Dr. H. L. Hodgkins, President Geo. Washington University.**

**Dr. P. C. Campbell, President University of Oregon.**

**Dr. Edwin R. Seligman, Faculty of Political Science, Columbia University.**

**Dr. Henry Louis Smith, President Washington and Lee University, Virginia.**

**Dr. Roy C. Flickinger, Dean, College of Liberal Arts, Northwestern University.**

**Dr. Raymond M. Alden, Professor of English, Stanford University.**

**Dr. John C. Futrall, President University of Arkansas.**

## Here Are the 30 Books the Jury of Culture Has Selected

*Hamlet.* Shakespeare's immortal tragedy, considered by great critics as the supreme expression of literary art. This Shakespearean drama received an unanimous vote.

*Bacon's Essays.* Lord Bacon was a great thinker, and he could express himself in understandable English. Unanimous vote.

*Emerson's Essays.* Emerson was a friend of Carlyle, and in some respects a greater philosopher. Unanimous vote.

*Dickens' Christmas Carol.* Unanimous vote.

*Poems of Robert Burns.* Unanimous vote.

*Stevenson's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* An amazing story.

*A Liberal Education.* Thomas Huxley's famous lecture.

*Plato's Republic.* This volume takes you into Plato's world-famous theories of life and society.

*Meditations of Marcus Aurelius.* This old Roman emperor was a paragon of wisdom and virtue. He will help you.

*Shakespeare's Macbeth.*

*Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.*

*Speeches and Letters of Abraham Lincoln.*

*War Speeches of Woodrow Wilson.*

*Shakespeare's Julius Caesar.*

*The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.*

*The Man Without a Country.* E. E. Hale.

*Andersen's Fairy Tales.*

*Mark Twain's Jumping Frog and Other Humorous Tales.*

*Macaulay's Life of Samuel Johnson.*

*Pelleas and Melisande.* Maeterlinck.

*Poe's Tales of Mystery.*

*Kipling's Man Who Would Be King.*

*Cromwell and His Times.* To know English history you must read this authoritative work.

*Lord Chesterfield's Letters.*

*Carlyle's Lecture on "The Choice of Books."*

*Thomas Paine's Age of Reason.*

*The Life and Works of Herbert Spencer.*

*Dante's Inferno. Vol. I.*

*Dante's Inferno. Vol. II.*

*Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome.*

## 30 Books---2,477 Pages---Only \$1.95---Send No Money

If these 30 books were issued in the ordinary way they might cost you as much as a hundred dollars. We have decided to issue them so you can get all of them for the price of one ordinary book. That sounds inviting, doesn't it? And we mean it, too! Here are 30 books, containing 2,477 pages of text, all neatly printed on good book paper, 3½x5 inches in size, bound securely in card cover stock.

You can take these 30 books with you when you go to and from work. You can read them in your spare moments. You can slip four or five of them into a pocket and they will not bulge. You can investigate the best and the soundest ideas of the world's greatest thinkers—and the price will be so low as to astonish you. No, the price

will not be \$25 for the 25 volumes. Nor will the price be \$5. The price will be even less than half that sum. Yes, we mean it. Believe it or not, the price will be only \$1.95 for the entire library. That's less than a dime a volume. In fact, that is less than seven cents per volume. Here is the very best at the very least. Never were such great works offered at so low a price. All you have to do is to sign your name and address on the blank below. You don't have to send any money. Just mail us the blank and we will send you the 30 volumes described on this page—you will pay the postman \$1.95 plus postage. And the books are yours.

If you want to send cash with order remit \$2.25—and we prepay postage.



# How Ten Minutes' Fun Every Day Keeps Me Fit

By Walter Camp

Famous Yale Coach's "Daily Dozen" Exercises Now on Phonograph Records

ONE NIGHT during the war I was sitting in the smoking compartment of a Pullman sleeping-car when a man came in and said, "Mr. Camp?"

I told him I was, and he continued, "Well, there is a man in the car here who is in very bad shape, and we wondered if you could not do something for him."

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"This fellow is running up and down the aisle in his pajamas," the man said, "trying to get them to stop the train to let him get some dope because he hasn't slept for four nights."

I went back in the car and found a man about 38 years old, white as a sheet, with a pulse of 110, and twitching all over. I learned that he had been managing a munitions plant and had broken down under the work because he had transgressed all the laws of nature, and given up all exercise, and had been working day and night.

"For God's sake," he said to me, "can't you put me to sleep? If somebody can only put me to sleep!" He was standing all bent over.

"Don't stand that way, stand this way!" I said, and I straightened him up and started putting him through a few exercises to stretch his body muscles. Pretty soon the color gradually began to come back into his face, and the twitching stopped. Then I said to him, "I am going to put you through the whole set of 'Daily Dozen' exercises once. Then I am going to send you back to your berth."

So I did that and didn't hear any more from him, but the next morning he came to me in the dining car and said:

"You don't leave this train until you've taught me those exercises. I slept last night for the first time in five nights."

I taught him the "Daily Dozen" and two months later I got a letter from him, saying:

"My dear good Samaritan, I am back on the job all right again, and I am teaching

grew progressively more fit as we went along.

People think that they can take an orgy of exercise and make up for a long period of neglect when they do not take any exercise at all. You can not do that. Do not go to a gymnasium. That tires you to death. That is old-fashioned. We do not have to do that any more. A man or woman can keep himself or herself fit with six or seven minutes a day. There is no reason why a man at 50 or 60 or 70 should not be supple; and if he is supple, then he grows old very slowly—but the place where he must look after himself is in his body muscles.—WALTER CAMP.



WALTER CAMP

Originator of the Famous "Daily Dozen" System

Mr. Camp is famous as a great Yale football coach, and athletic authority, but few people know that he is also a successful business man. Although sixty years old he is stronger and more supple than most younger men, and he uses his own "Daily Dozen" exercises regularly in order to remain so.

Since the war, the "Daily Dozen" has been making busy men and women fit and keeping them so—and the exercises are now proving more efficient than ever—due to a great improvement in the system. This is it:

With Mr. Camp's special permission all the twelve exercises have been set to music—on phonograph records that can be played on any disc machine.

In addition, a chart is furnished for each exercise—showing by actual photographs the exact movements to make for every one of the "commands"—which are given by a voice speaking on the record. So now you can make your phonograph keep you fit.

With these records and charts a man or woman can keep himself or herself fit with only a few minutes' exercise a day—and it is so much fun that some of the "Daily Dozen" fans go through the whole twelve exercises to the spirited music twice every morning—just as a matter of sheer enjoyment.

Mr. Camp says that the place where we must look after ourselves is in the body or the trunk muscles.

This is so because we are all in reality "caged animals." When a man stops hunting and fishing for food and earns it sitting at a desk, he becomes a captive animal—just as much as a lion or a tiger in the Zoo—and his trunk muscles deteriorate because they cease to be used. Then comes constipation and other troubles which *savage* men never have.

The remedy is to imitate the "exercises" of caged animals. They know how to keep themselves fit—and they do it too.

How? Simply by constantly stretching and turning and twisting the trunk or body muscles! When Mr. Camp discovered that men and women can imitate the caged animal with enormous profit to their health, he devised the "Daily Dozen"—to provide this indispensable exercise—the only exercise people really need to keep in proper condition.

Many people have written to the Health Builders telling them of the benefits they have received. Here is part of one letter:

"We wish to express our satisfaction and delight with our set of records and exercises. Our entire family of eight, including the maid, are taking them. The children are fascinated with them and bring the neighbors' children to do them."—MRS. CHARLES C. HICKISCH, 828 Vine St., La Crosse, Wis.

The Health Builders' improved system now includes the entire "Daily Dozen" exercises, set to specially selected music, on large 10-inch double disc phonograph records; twelve handsome charts, printed in two colors, with over 60 actual photographs illustrating each movement of each exercise; and a little book by Walter Camp explaining the new principles of his famous system.

Any man or woman who exercises with this system regularly, even if it is only six or seven minutes a day, will feel better and have more endurance and "pep" than they have had since they were in their teens—and they will find those few minutes the best fun of their day.

## Try the Complete System Free—For Five Days

You cannot fully appreciate the real joy of doing the "Daily Dozen" to music until you try it. So we want to send you, absolutely free for five days, the "Daily Dozen" on phonograph records and charts illustrating the movements. These full-size, ten-inch, double-disc records playable on any disc machine contain the complete Daily Dozen Exercises, and the 60 actual photographs accompanying the records show clearly every movement that will put renewed vigor and glowing health into your body—with only ten minutes' fun a day. A beautiful record album comes free with the set.

No need to send any money. Simply mail the coupon below and get Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen" on phonograph records. Enjoy the records for five days, and if for any reason you are not satisfied, return them and you owe nothing. But if you decide to keep the records, you can

pay for them at the easy rate of only \$2.50 down, and \$2 a month for four months until the sum of \$10.50 is paid. Thousands of people have paid \$15 for the same system but you can now get it for only \$10.50 if you act at once.

Simply mail the coupon and see for yourself at our expense, the new, easy, pleasant way to keep fit. You'll feel better, look better, and have more endurance and "pep" than you ever had in years—and you'll find it's fun to exercise to music! Don't put off getting this remarkable System that will add years to your life and make you happier by keeping you in glowing health. Mail the coupon today. Address Health Builders, Inc., Dept. 951, Garden City, N. Y.

## FIVE-DAY TRIAL COUPON

HEALTH BUILDERS, Inc.,  
Dept. 951, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me for five days' Free Trial at your expense the Complete Health Builder Series containing Walter Camp's entire "Daily Dozen" on five double-disc ten-inch records; the 60 actual photographs; and the beautiful record-album. If for any reason I am not satisfied with the system, I may return it to you and will owe you nothing. But if I decide to keep it, I will send you \$2.50 in five days (as the first payment) and agree to pay \$2 a month for four months until the total of \$10.50 is paid.

Name .....  
(Please Write Plainly)

Address .....

City..... State.....

If you prefer to take advantage of our cash price send only \$10.00. Orders from outside the U. S. are payable cash with order.



# WOMEN, SOCIALISM AND LOVE

Written to HENRY  
CHARLES DUFFIN

by BERNARD SHAW



AT THE TIME when Messrs. Allen and Unwin were arranging to publish my "Quintessence of Bernard Shaw," Mr. Shaw wrote a long, interesting and valuable letter to me. I had suggested that Shaw exaggerates the sex-instinct in woman. He wrote in reply:

“A spider probably thinks it spins its web and catches its prey for sport, or perhaps as a rite enjoined by some arachnean god, and does not know that it will die if it does not eat. But my sort of play would be impossible unless I endowed my characters with powers of self-consciousness and self-expression which they would not possess in real life. You could not have Esop’s Fables unless the animals talked; and you would not deny that Esop’s fox was typical merely because foxes cannot talk.

“However, there may be a genuine difference of opinion between us here when all is said. I am not sure that I shall not deal dramatically with the anti-maternal woman some day. I am by no means unacquainted with the species. I never met what you call ‘the broody-hen type of woman who regards herself as, first and foremost, a children-machine’; but on the other hand I never met a woman—and I have put the question to some intensely anti-maternal ones—who, having borne a child, regretted that she had passed through that experience.”

I had said, again, that Socialism finds no place in Shaw’s plays and prefaces. Mr. Shaw continues:

“THERE is behind all my plays an expert knowledge of society which makes them different from the plays of authors to whom a knowledge of society means simply that peas should not be eaten with a knife, and that a knight’s wife should not be called Lady Polly Jones instead of Lady Jones. In one section you are wrong all through. I never ‘realized the futility of preaching to empty pews.’ The pews were never empty: what I did realize was the futility of preaching to full ones. Crowded meetings butter no parsnips. So I set to work with others to organize the Labor party, not, as you suppose, for the transference of private property, but for its total abolition. My later proposals are much more sweeping than my earlier ones; in fact my insistence on absolute equality of income and compulsory labor has brought me to the extreme left of the Labor movement, whereas I used to be at the center of it.

“You have not quite worked out my position as to religion, a word which you use throughout in the institutional and ritual sense, whereas I used it in the mystical sense. (You will find an extraordinarily good essay on the distinction in “Outspoken Essays” by the Dean of St. Paul’s.) Even when I speak of Confirmation I do not mean the Church ceremony, but the assumption of responsibility for one’s own opinions which it formalizes. . . .

“There is a clear and firm theory of creative evolution behind all my work; and its first complete statement is the third act of Man and Superman. . . .

“WHAT you are thinking of is my insistence on the demoralizing effect of creeds that no able-minded person can believe, with the result that such people either turn their backs on religion and public life altogether, or else become hypocrites. The validity of the creed has nothing to do with this aspect of the matter. The point is that an established creed does a mischief when it is incredible that it does not do when it is credible, even though the incredible creed may be the true one and the credible one false.

“For example, a belief in the efficacy of baptism is in my opinion ten times more rational and philosophical than a belief in vaccination, which is a gross tribal superstition; but as most of our public men believe exactly the reverse, it would do them less harm, and the community less harm, to make vaccination an article of religion nowadays, than baptism.

“Pray do not rush to the conclusion that I do not care whether a belief is true or not. To become fully conscious of things as they really are is an evident aim of the Life Force. But that does not touch the fact that hypocrisy is bad for public life, and that though men are not wholly rational, yet there are things that the least reasonable man cannot now swallow, though he may be eagerly gulping down much sillier things.

“There is a fashion in beliefs as there is in surgical operations.”

ANOTHER subject on which I ran counter to Shaw’s opinions was that of Education.

“As to the question of child-beating, I am, as far as I know, the only writer who has [Continued on page 131]



# HAPGOOD On the Near East.

## *Injunctions and Labor*

IF THERE is to be less blind war in industry, the partisanship of the courts must cease. The injunction in favor of capital against labor must go. The comic opera extravagance of Daugherty has been of use in bringing out the bigotry and horror of the whole idea. Conservatives like Senator Pepper, who see the folly of using the courts to fight on one side of the industrial war, are performing most valuable service. There is only one injunction that, on a proper interpretation of the law, can possibly be supported in the industrial field. It is not an injunction sought by capital. It is a protection of the non-union worker against hounding and boycott. Outside of that one case, the injunction in labor disputes is not law at all. It is judicial class war.

## *The Courts Did it*

THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT and the Volstead Act were the products of mistaken decisions by the Supreme Court. The mistakes have been recognized by the Court itself, and in substance done away with, but too late. Had the courts protected the dry states in their dryness, the amendment making prohibition nation-wide never would have been passed. Since Maryland could prevent West Virginia from being dry, and similar situations could happen all over the nation, then the fight to apply the rule to the whole country was inevitable. The Supreme Court ruled that a dry state could not seize liquor being shipped into its own territory, on the grotesque ground that it was in interstate commerce. Only a few people realize that, as Senator Pepper says, "the courts are our most important institutions."

## *Now*

WE WERE thus forced to handle the liquor situation nationally, instead of by states. We did it because no attempt was made here, as in Sweden, to control the evil constructively, and because the Supreme Court prevented the individual states from experimenting without legalized interference. What, then, is this nation to do?

Referendums, as held in November, are folly. Wet campaigns are folly. We have started a social revolution on a major issue. By an overwhelming vote we undertook to see what was in national prohibition. The amendment can never be repealed as long as one quarter of the states plus one are against the repeal. It certainly can never be repealed until it has had an honest trial, which it is not having now. And everybody—except ferocious wets—knows that the Supreme Court would upset any dishonest substitute for the Volstead Act. It has already upset the bizarre notion of some fantastic wets that "concurrent jurisdiction" means that individual states can lessen the national law.

The job of the national government in these circumstances is clear. It is not that government's practical business to enforce the law locally. It simply cannot do it. Such enforcement will be executed by local authorities if at all. The business of the national government is twofold. It is international—to see that imports from abroad do not load the dice. It is interstate—to see that one state does not have its efforts frustrated by a neighbor. That is more than enough to keep the

federal resources busy, and when it undertakes more it produces less. That the Department of Justice and the Treasury Department have thus far made a record that is futile, if not worse, we are not prepared to deny.

## *Skirts*

PAUSE a moment, O solemn reader, in the midst of profounder—or duller—problems, to take a part in the contest between American flapper and Paris dressmaker. It is sane impulse against organized profit. Nobody wishes the short skirt to be compulsory. Let who will sweep the dust with her raiment, let others graze the shoe-top, but still others should be free as Greeks to dress like Diana. When the flapper outgrew slavery to rigid corset and autocratic skirt, she did more for civilization than any law passed at Washington under Roosevelt or Wilson. Please heaven, it will take more than Paris organized and wealthy dressmakers to turn her back into the pseudo-moral slavery of her great-aunt's salad days.

## *Asia Minor*

THE TROUBLES in the Near East have origins similar to those that followed the triumph over Germany. "Peace without victory" was lost in the shuffle at Versailles. The French idea, la victoire intégrale, complete victory, prevailed. All idea of treating the defeated peoples as friends was abandoned.

So in Asia Minor, the conception of a settlement for the peace of the world was pushed aside by various countries grabbing for power. In this grab, Great Britain, France, and Italy led. Greece, as catspaw, played a conspicuous but minor rôle.

The treaty of Versailles is a failure because it is a melon-cutting by the victors. Likewise, no settlement in the Near East can ever work unless it is of advantage to all, of special advantage to none.

In 1914 the allies promised Russia military control of the straits. In 1922 Great Britain endeavored to execute naval control of them. Either solution is poisonous. The only wholesome solution must exclude any one nation's military or naval control, and all the great European powers, with Russia, must participate, as well as the smaller powers immediately concerned.

In the scrambling of the powers for Near Eastern pie, oil and raw material play the second part. The foremost rôle is the struggle for advantages in war. Until that hope is entirely abandoned, the straits and their neighborhood will threaten to be the firebrand they have been in the past. As long as the great powers seek to use this critical region each for advantage over others, no solution will work. If this evil effort is abandoned by Britain and France, it will have to be abandoned by others, and almost any fair plan will have a chance. Without peace in this region there will be peace nowhere.

## *Down to Brass Tacks*

THERE is no longer a railroad problem. There is a transportation problem. The railroads are part of it, and the smaller part they become the better.

Nothing can ultimately solve our transportation difficulties except giving the railroads not more traffic, but less. If the government takes them over some of



# Hamlet and Brass Tacks

the worst evils may be removed. They will be amply financed and kept in order. Rates will be made, as postal rates are made, for the national result. And the bankers will have one less toy to play with.

But the big thing is to take much of the burden off of the steel rail. More heavy freight should go by water, including great new waterways. More light freight should go by automobile and air.

The power of the future is hydro-electric. And when coal is used for moving trains it will be burned at the pit, turned into electric power there; not dragged back and forth weighting and congesting the whole system of transportation.

**Why Carry This Coal?** THE principal railroads—Class I roads—in 1920 consumed 135,400,000 tons of bituminous coal. This of course they carried around themselves, from place to place, as they used it. Other large industries consumed say 139,600,000 tons. The total transported by those roads was about 496,000,000 tons. In other words, twenty-seven percent of the amount that had to be transported was used to keep the engines themselves in motion.

Moreover, the same is true of other big industries. Therefore, the fifty-five percent of the coal that is carried for the roads themselves and for other big industries should never be carried at all.

**More** IF your brain is still active after getting through the two preceding editorials, take up a set of figures. Here is a table of percentages from the report of the Commission on Agricultural Inquiry. It represents Geological Survey figures for 1918. The percentages of bituminous coal consumption were:

Railroads	27.7
Industrial, other than steel and coke	25.1
Steel plants	6.4
Coke	15.2
Domestic	10.3
Electric utilities	5.7
Exports to Canada and Mexico	3.0
Coal mine fuel	2.2
Bunker	3.5
Coal and gas utilities	0.9

This table will show you still more vividly the truth that the railroad problem merely grows out of our failure to scrap a system that is behind modern invention. Steam transportation by rail began less than a hundred years ago. As the principal mode of transportation it is due to die. When we celebrate its hundredth anniversary, we can also celebrate its funeral.

**One for Caesar** GREAT men frequently get ahead of the slow march of time. We know about Leonardo and Roger Bacon and the airplane. Julius Caesar executed for the first time an idea that has played a leading part in modern times. He published the first newspaper.

He had no white paper, no type, and no press, so when he rose to power he had the news of the city, the provinces and the army posted daily in a public place, where people gathered to read it, and some to copy it.

It was called the *Acta Diurna*, which is the *Daily News*, or *Daily Chronicle*, or *Daily Journal*.

Caesar had more than one interesting point about him, in addition to his genius, and his power. He was almost universally looked upon, in the days of his rising influence, as a demagogue, an aristocrat become a reckless leader of the mob. Readers of French might well go through three symbolic dramas by Renan, in which Caliban is the hero. He embodies the masses. He drives the aristocrat, Prospero, from power, usurps his place, makes a few minor reforms, and thenceforth politically cannot be distinguished from the aristocrat who had preceded him.

**Human Sense** OUR FRIENDS the Canadians frequently exhibit cool sense born of a long inherited tradition of self-government. Immigration is a difficult problem. It is up to us now, in the United States, to form clear opinions about it. Why should it be merely used for temporary advantage in the fight between capital and labor? Why not look beyond today?

There is a lot of talk in parts of Canada about the need of immigration, there having been a decrease recently, on account of restrictions. In spite of this need of settlers the rules just agreed on are not less strict than those heretofore in force, but more strict. There is practical restriction to agriculturists, and a preference is given to boys and girls in their teens. Canada has no notion of bringing more people into her cities as long as unemployment continues. In thus controlling her future is she not showing a fair amount of human sense?

**Hamlet** THE GREATEST acting part in literature is Hamlet. A true and adequate picture must give to the young Danish prince plenty of dash. Too many actors turn him into a mere philosopher. Hamlet was almost a boy. His friends were still at the University. Winds of passion swept across him. From mountain-top to deepest valleys his spirit sped. Sane though he was his mind was so torn and swept that even in soliloquy or with Horatio wildness crept into his thought. To play the part on an even, graceful level, without emotional contrast, is the escape for an actor without resources of temperament, or without command of rapid verse, but it is a mere escape. If Kean showed the young man's nature as by flashes of lightning, his was the method of genius. Booth even in his age never let the prince become a calm thinker. If he was the essence of reflection in "To be or not to be" he was a whirlwind in "Why, let the stricken deer go weep." As Goethe said, Hamlet is all of us. But all of us is not thought. All of us includes gaiety and despair, brutality and tender sympathy, profound sanity and the edge of folly, cool disillusion and the heights of faith. The greatest dramatic figure yet invented by man cannot be acted by any method of repression. Shakespeare's genius at its zenith calls not for mere suggestion or for monotone, but for all the passions in their contrasting energy. The actor who can do him justice may repose for a moment in smooth waters, but the next instant he must be driving with full sail before a tempest.



*The Ku Klux Klan has changed its purpose. This secret society is trying to control the courts, the legislatures, the government at Washington. This article is the first in a series of documentary exposures*

# The New Threat of the KU KLUX KLAN

*By Norman Hapgood*

THE KU KLUX KLAN has recently created a new division. It is more secret than the rest of the Klan, and it is of special political importance.

The Ku Klux Klan is thus taking a still more dangerous direction. The purpose of this article, and those that follow, is to show the machinery being developed to control secretly the acts of judges, grand juries, prosecuting attorneys, legislators, and executives.

If this be a fact—and we expect to prove it—it is obviously important. Our courts and our legislatures are supposed to be free. They are supposed to be open to public opinion and to take order from no secret group. If a district attorney swears allegiance and blind obedience to the chiefs of a mysterious political organization, what is to happen to confidence in such an official? What of ordinary jurors, of members of grand juries, that are subject to the same binding oath?

That the Klan has begun to have its candidates for public office is known. That it has recently organized a special department for the politicians, judges, and other prominent citizens who join it is not understood, and is the most important of all its developments.

The name of this new and doubly secret branch, to keep the light from office-holding and specially prominent members, is the Imperial Klan.

THE PHOTOGRAPH which we give on page nine presents a lodge of this inside political branch.

Readers will have noticed, in reading of the election of last November, and the primaries preceding them, that certain candidates were described as Klan or anti-Klan. No reader, however, we daresay, quite realizes the deep plans of the Klan toward nation-wide control, and the extensive steps that are being taken toward making this government a government by a secret society. If we make clear the extent to which political foundations have been laid by the Klan in the last two years, and the branches of government it undertakes to control, we shall not need to do much arguing.

The purpose of this series is to invite attention to this new political growth. It is not to go over the Klan as a whole. With the personal controversies that have rent the Klan we have nothing to do. They have been more than enough discussed. Nor shall we lay much stress on the religious controversies carried on by the Klan. We ourselves regret emphasis on religious divisions, and particularly bitterness that comes from the conflict of creeds, but the subject is apart, and extends endlessly. The topic with which our exposure deals is not religious. It is simple. It is this: shall our government, judicial, executive, and legislative, be secret?

Doubtless our readers are aware that the new organization has nothing to do with the famous Ku Klux Klan of reconstruction days. The present organization took that name for purposes of its own. We need, in this narrative, pay little attention

to the negro. The word "white" is put into the manifestoes of the present Klan for effect. There is nothing new on that subject.

The South after 1865 was placed in a terrible position by the foolish reconstruction policy of the North. Against the wishes expressed before his death by Lincoln, the negroes were rushed without preparation into the suffrage and into political office, backed by carpetbaggers and bayonets from the North. In these dire circumstances the original Ku Klux Klan, a picturesque organization for alarming the negroes, is easy to understand. It may even have been a wise move. The South settled its negro problem in its own way, and the Klan went out of existence.

When the present organization came into existence, it had little in common with the society of reconstruction days except the name and the grotesque language and ceremonies. To be sure, the negro, whom the best elements in the South had been trying to handle tactfully and according to forms of law, has been cast into new terror, but he is not the real person aimed at. Every intelligent Southerner knows that the hard problem of color is being worked out on a higher plane than mysterious fright.

Undoubtedly what we are about to picture is a product of the World War. That war left us more ready to throw off civilization whenever there is an excuse, to go about baiting any element that could be singled out as a target for mob psychology. It is easier to unchain the brute in man than to continue the upward climb.

To get the force and meaning of this new political division, it is necessary to know two or three things about the whole Klan organization. We should understand the binding nature of its oath, the general idea of secrecy, and the rapidity of the growth in numbers.

In general, a Klansman, even of the ordinary class, is expected to deny, or evade admitting, his membership. This is made easier for him by an elaborate distinction between the Klan and the Invisible Empire. His technical title is citizen of the Invisible Empire. Therefore, if he is asked if he belongs to the Ku Klux Klan, he feels justified in saying no. This privilege becomes important if the question is asked to determine a man's fitness to serve on a jury or to hold a particular office.

The judges, district attorneys, elected executives, and legislators in this especially secret and protected group take the same oath as the other members of the Klan. It reads:

"IN ADDITION to my oath of allegiance to the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, I do here and now on my honor and integrity as a man and as an intelligent citizen pledge, promise and swear an undying and constant allegiance to the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, the Imperial Wizard thereof, and the administrative forces under his direction. I pledge, promise and swear an unqualified allegiance and obedience to the Imperial Authority of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, so help me God, and keep me steadfast in my loyalty and faithfulness to the purpose of our cause. AMEN."

How are politicians, judges, and similar exercisers of power



led to wish to join? The answer lies in the voting power of the Klan, and in its general ability to use political and social force. Numbers, therefore, became the basis of its effort from every moment that politics became its goal. Ten dollars entrance fee furnishes the funds, and this fund is again put into working for further numbers. Nothing could show more clearly the difference between this society and the one from which it took its name. In the original society numbers were of no importance, nor was money.

Let us look at the success of the present drive for numbers. It is not possible to give more than suggestive illustration, as of course everything is shrouded in mystery. The big drive for numbers and political power began about two and a half years ago. The new Klan was founded during the war, in 1915. On the 1st, 1920, it had less than 5,000 members. Today there are Klan organizations in every state in the Union. Edward Young Clarke, the chief organizer of the drive, said on August 1st that the society was growing at the rate of 10,000 a week. In Dallas, the Klan was said at that time to have from 10,000 to 20,000 members. Texas is one of the strongest states for Klanism and the elections of this past fall turned on that issue. The spread is all over the country, but we will touch only certain high spots. Let us take first the seat of our national government. If the Klan can carry out its plans there will dictate to Congress and to the Administration. Here is one of the confidential reports to officials:

"June 6th, 1922.

The City of Washington is making rapid strides in Klankraft. A distinguished feature is the fact that among the membership is some of the nation's most prominent men in the nation's life, who are profound believers in the principles of true Americanism

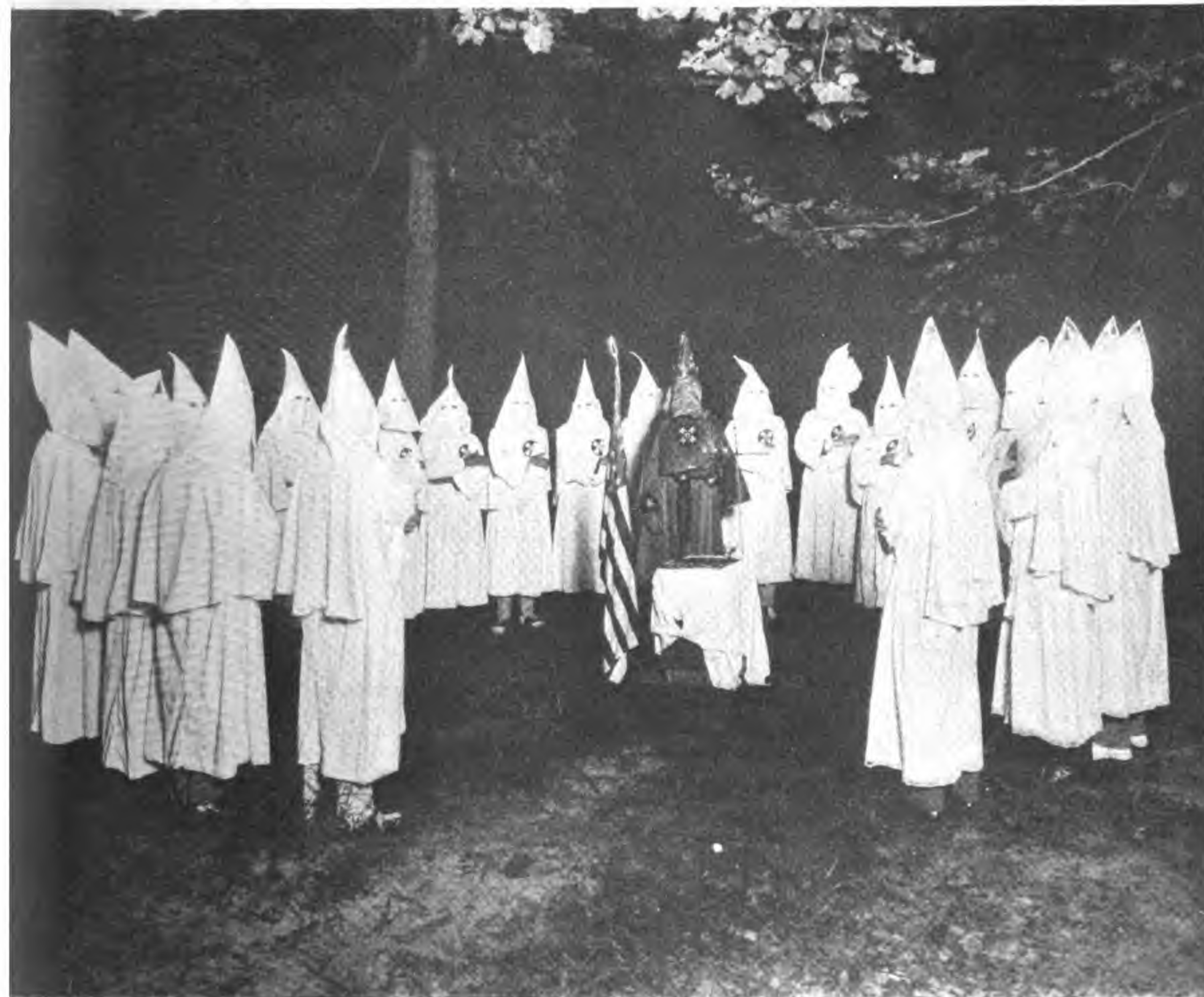
taught and exemplified by the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan.

At this time three Klans are being organized there under the direction of King Kleagle, S. F. Poindexter, one of which is shortly to be given its charter. This organization will receive its official recognition from the Imperial Palace with more than 1,000 members among whom are men high up in national affairs and whose names are known to probably every man, woman and child in this country."

IN THIS outburst of political ambition Washington naturally is the pinnacle. We shall return to that city with graphic details next month. But there are other interesting branchings out. Within the last two years the Klan has organized in New York City. There its plan is not to try any rough work until it is strong. Numbers first—force later. It will proceed with some caution. Indeed any rough work in that city in the present distribution of power and state of public opinion would be unsafe. But the work progresses. The present King Kleagle of New York City is E. D. Smith. He is the chief organizer and representative of the Imperial Wizard in that city.

In a talk by Edward Young Clarke to his business associates and employees concerning his organization trip to New York City, there was this statement with reference to "naturalization," which is the term used instead of "initiation":

"When Mr. Clarke got over to the meeting place he found 142 there waiting to take the oath. They put through 100. Among these were the Chief of Police of the Marine Corps of New York, Four Captains of Police, one of them the first Captain to Commissioner Enright, five of the big newspapermen of New York, and many other notables. Mr. Clarke's remark was that he had never struck an audience anywhere that had as much enthusiasm as that New York crowd had."



Q The Imperial Klan—the new secret order of the Ku Klux—which has been organized for the purpose of gaining political control in America. The lodge is here shown in secret session.

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN





THE MOST SUBLIME LINEAGE IN ALL HISTORY

COMMEMORATING AND PERPETUATING AS IT DOES  
THE MOST DAUNTLESS ORGANIZATION  
KNOWN TO MAN.

Imperial Palace

Invisible Empire

Knights of the Ku Klux Klan

INCORPORATED

ATLANTA GEORGIA

DEPARTMENT OF PROPAGATION



DATED AT New York City, March 9th, 1922.

SEND REPLY TO % Wilson D. Bush, N.Y. City.

Mr. J. O. Wood, Editor,  
THE SEARCHLIGHT,  
Atlanta, Ga.

My faithful Klansman:

King KlEagle Whitney, of Mass., says to you "hot dog" and greetings and best wishes. If you are not mad at me for my former letter regarding the hootch still and the dropsey cure, I would like to ask that you take your pen in hand and write an editorial or news item about the book written by Lothrop Stoddard, THE RISING TIDE OF COLOR.

Any white man that reads this book will have the fear of God put into him over the race question. Every Klansman should read it and be able to quote the high spots. If you have not read it, get Dr. Mahoney to dash off an article for you. Do not mention the fact that Stoddard is a Klansman, but give him a good boost. Pres. Harding speaks highly of the book, and a new one is in process of making, which will also be a good klan argument. Now Joseph, get thyself busy and lets see a good snappy article on this book. If you are good to me, and follow my suggestions, when they are worthy, I will sit down someday and write you a nice long story of my life, which you can print in the SEARCHLIGHT. IT would be the making of your paper, overnight your circulation would jump to millions, so bear this in mind.

Yours in the sacred unfailing bond,

*J. F. W. Webster*

**C.** This letter, written by a member of the New York branch of the Ku Klux Klan to the Editor of The Searchlight, the Klan's official newspaper, is an indication of quality in the membership of the Klan.

In a report to officers dated March 4th, 1921, reference was made to Mr. Clarke's trip to New York City, in part as follows:

"And before Mr. Clarke returned to Atlanta the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, in deed and in fact, HAD entered into and become established in the home town of Mayor Hylan, who said there was no room for it there, and of former Assistant District Attorney Talley, who 'dared' it to show its head."

"... Let it suffice to say that the Ku Klux Klan has been placed solidly on its own feet in New York City: that it actively starts work with a membership which includes some of the most

prominent men in that great city—merchants, manufacturers, bankers, city officials, preachers, and many other men not blessed with such social, financial, political prominence, just plain, hard-working, earnest, 100 percent American citizens."

The report concludes with the statement:

"We are very much on our way in the city we were dared to invade."

The membership in New York City last October was about 10,000. This does not include Brooklyn. Quality and power of membership are counted on as confidently as increase



members. As early as March 25, 1921, there was made this confidential statement:

"It is with a great deal of satisfaction that we are able to announce this week that we now include among our number one of the editors of one of the best known and most widely circulated periodicals in the country. He not only has come into the organization but he already has gone actively to work to accomplish some of the things for which this organization stands, as the following extract from his letter will show:

"New York—Now that I have had the great pleasure of attending two meetings and receiving full naturalization, I want to tell you of my gratitude and supreme satisfaction at being united in Klansmanship with you. I shall not be idle. As far as permitted, and in the most discreet manner, I am proceeding at once in work that seems very needful, viz.: opposition to the passage by New York and New Jersey legislatures of proposed laws designed to hamper the work of the organization in those states, also in gathering the men of my home locality in New Jersey into a Klan before any adverse legislation can be sprung on us!"

While Washington and New York stand first in possible influence, we must not overlook the fact that this organization is national in its scope.

Chicago, the second city in the country in size, has been the seat of great activity. The Klan was an issue in the recent Illinois primaries and elections. The Klan used newspaper advertising as a method of getting members and answering its critics and opponents, thus spending a good deal of money.

Oregon seems to lead the Northwest, with Portland as a center, but here are sample reports from two other states:

"Reports from Montana and Wyoming show the Ku Klux Klan is gathering members in even the most remote townships and villages. A recent letter from the King Kleagle of the latter state shows that in a small town of less than a thousand population a Klan was chartered in January with 125 members. Since that time the membership has more than doubled. This is interesting by reason of the fact that this village is located fifty miles from the nearest railroad.

Both Montana and Wyoming have increased the Klan membership so rapidly within the last few weeks that both shortly will be declared Realms with their own state organization. Practically every city and town has been organized."

IN ESTIMATING the growth we must probably take into account not only the parent organization but its offshoots. In the case of a number of organizations for women they are usually promoted by Klansmen if not officially by the Klan. One of these women's organizations is:

W. A. P. Study Club (White American Protestant, which title is supposed to be secret). E. F. Keith, a wealthy oil promoter of Claremore, Oklahoma, a Klansman, started this club. This club has been organized in Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Kansas. It now has a membership of approximately 12,000, although it was only started last May. One of the application

blanks, and a copy of the oath, which of course is considered secret, is in our possession. One paragraph is as follows:

"I furthermore promise that I will never, while acting on any board or filling any office of trust, place any person, not an American born white protestant, as teacher, governess, dictator, or instructor over the children of a member of this organization, nor will I knowingly vote for any other person for such position, who will."

Other similar organizations are: Order of American Women, located in Texas; Order of Protestant Women, in Texas and Oklahoma; Ladies of the Invisible Empire, located in Oregon.

On October 13th, 1922, in Portland, Oregon, according to the Searchlight, official organ of the Klan, there was "an initiation of more than one thousand women into the Ladies of the Invisible Empire." The notice went on: "This is indication of the Klan spirit, which is sweeping Oregon like a tidal wave." It then showed its immediate purpose. This sweeping Klan spirit, it said, presaged "an overwhelming victory for a compulsory public school bill and the defeat of un-American candidates for office."

THE questions to be answered by any woman who wishes to join the W. A. P., after her name, age, and address, are:

Are you married?

Where was your husband born?

What is your husband's business?

Are you a church member? What church?

What was your mother's church?

Father's?

What is the church of your husband's mother?

What is the church of your husband's father?

When an "alien," as all non-Klansmen are known to "citizens of the Invisible Empire," applies for membership and goes before the fiery cross to take the oath of allegiance as a Klansman, he takes an obligation administered to him with great pomp and mystery by four fully robed officers of the Invisible Empire. One gives him the section entitled "Obedience," another "Secrecy," the third "Fidelity," and the fourth "Klanishness."

He is then instructed as to the meaning of his obligation. Led before the Exalted Cyclops, he is asked in solemn tones:

"Sir, have you assumed without mental reservation your oath of allegiance to the Invisible Empire?"

Upon the new Klansman answering in the affirmative the Exalted Cyclops utters the following warning:

"Mortal man cannot assume a more binding oath; character and courage alone will enable you to keep it. Always remember that to keep this oath means to you honor, happiness and life; but to violate it means disgrace, dishonor and DEATH. May honor and life be yours."

Later the Klansman is given an informal interpretation of his oath and the meaning of the Exalted Cyclops's question as to whether he has assumed it "without mental reservation." An officer of the Klan tells him in substance:



☐ The Searchlight, the official organ of the Ku Klux Klan, is the medium through which most of the Klan's propaganda for political supremacy is sent forth.



"If you are asked the question in a court of law or by a citizen of the alien world, 'Are you a member of the Ku Klux Klan?' you may truly answer 'No.' You have taken the oath of allegiance to the Invisible Empire and you are therefore vested with the title of 'Klansman.' You are not a member of the Ku Klux Klan, but a citizen of the Invisible Empire to which you have sworn obedience and fidelity. As a Klansman you are on probation. Your conduct will be watched and you will be tested and tried to determine your fitness for the higher degrees which will make you a member of the Ku Klux Klan."

THESE "higher degrees" he is told are conferred or "communicated" for "special achievement" and not taken by candidates as in other secret orders.

When the new Klansman gets home from the "naturalization," if he thinks over the oath he has taken, he realizes that he has sworn to place his allegiance to the Invisible Empire above his allegiance to his government, has pledged himself to defy the laws of his state when the interests of his secret government are at stake, and to "obey" all orders, mandates and decrees issued by the Imperial Wizard whom he probably has never seen. And the penalty for violating his oath is "disgrace, dishonor and DEATH."

Under that section of his oath captioned "Obedience" he has sworn:

"I, (giving his name) in the presence of God and man most solemnly pledge, promise and swear, unconditionally, that I will faithfully obey the Constitution and laws, and will willingly conform to all regulations, usages and requirements, of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, which do now exist or which may be hereafter enacted; and will render at all times loyal respect and steadfast support to the Imperial Authority of same, and will heartily heed all official mandates, decrees, edicts, rulings, and instructions of the Imperial Wizard thereof. I will yield prompt response to all summonses, I having knowledge of same, Providence alone preventing."

The Imperial Wizard, William Joseph Simmons, on July 11th, 1922, in a secret address to his Imperial officers, said:

"I cannot conceive of an oath, any kind of an oath, that is stronger and more binding than that of the allegiance to the Ku Klux Klan."

In an official document bearing the official seal with the signature of the Imperial Wizard and twelve of the other fifteen members of the Imperial Kloneilium, which is at present the Supreme Court of the organization, reference is made to the oath as follows:

"Men who have voluntarily assumed the oath must respect it. . . . No man is forced to assume our oath, but any man who voluntarily assumes and wilfully violates it shall pay the penalty attached to that violation. . . . When men on the inside, whether they speak as individuals or Klans, prove unworthy the honors we bestow and become a law unto themselves, failing to recognize and honor the constituted laws and authority of our organization, it becomes the sworn duty of the Kloneilium to deal with such men according to their kind. . . . This constitution must be respected and all edicts, decrees, mandates and rulings of the Imperial Wizard must be obeyed."

In a communication of November 25th, 1921, addressed "To All Faithful and Loyal Klansmen," signed by Edward Young Clarke, the Imperial Klaliff, I read:

"We are now at work on the new Mioak, a new password, a revised Oath and revised Kloran, and plans are also being perfected concerning the Second Order."

THE OLD password in use at the time he wrote this communication was "White Supremacy." The new word is "America Forever."

We have a complete copy of the proceedings of the first meeting held by the Imperial Klan, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, on Tuesday night, July 11th, 1922. The photograph on page nine was taken then, after the degree was conferred.

Lest anybody may think we are exaggerating the specific purpose of this sacrosanct political inner circle, let us state that on this particular occasion several of the members present discussed the merits of this new and higher degree, and Mr. Clarke, in favor of it, said:

"I think it will give us an instrument very muchly needed for another purpose. We are face to face now with the opportunity

of bringing into the organization men of large type, but *men whose identity we want to absolutely conceal from even their local Klan*—the Klan which is located where they live. For instance: Congressmen, Senators, Governors, Judges, and others whom we can line up as real Klansmen, but whom it would be best for them and for us for their identity to be completely and absolutely concealed. These men can be relied upon in the Imperial Klan, and put on the roster of the Imperial Klan and given the Imperial passport to enter their local Klan at any time it was thought best to let them go there and uncover their identity as Klansmen. I believe that this feature of the Imperial Klan's possibilities alone justifies its establishment at this time. . . . It will not be long before Klans in all parts of the nation will begin to send in petitions of various kinds to be discussed by the heads of the operating forces of the organization and the action taken will be passed down in full detail to all of the Klans throughout the nation. I think we have made a forward step and I am heartily in favor of it."

BEFORE administering the oath to these selected men of influence, the Imperial Wizard (Simmons) said:

"If the oath is not right then don't take it. If it is right and you take it, then stand by it, or let the stars fall out of their sockets and the sun refuse to shine. We can't play with this thing."

"I want them to stand by their oath or if not willing to stand by their oath to honorably make their bow, drop out and keep their mouths shut. . . ."

"It is a serious proposition, it is a call for manhood—for real men. . . . I will say this much in the very beginning: If the Imperial Klan fails, where in the name of our Great God are we going to get men to carry on this work? I say, where will we get them and how will we get them? . . ."

"I want all these members of this organization to form a line right around this altar. (They did so.) Now, boys, this is provisional tonight and it is informal. On that open book (pointing to a Bible) in the presence of that flag you will swear as you have sworn before. If you will swear, place your left hand over your heart and raise your right hand to heaven and repeat after me. Now, boys, don't do this if you can't stand by it. Be honest about this thing. If you can't, just don't do it. Now let's be honest about this, fellows. You will repeat after me:

"In addition to my oath of allegiance to the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, I do here and now on my honor and integrity as a man and as an intelligent citizen pledge, promise and swear an undying and constant allegiance to the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, the Imperial Wizard thereof, and the administrative forces under his direction. I pledge, promise and swear an unqualified allegiance and obedience to the Imperial Authority of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, so help me God, and keep me steadfast in my loyalty and faithfulness to the purpose of our cause. AMEN."

Boys, you will pass by in single file and kiss that book. (All present did so.) Fellows, by the Klansman's tie of fraternal love that binds us in no fear, no shape or kin to that above. Let the oath be finally sealed by a prayer by the Imperial Kludd."

AN illustration of quality in the membership of the Klan is given by the following letter written by a Klansman in New York to the Searchlight. The most important parts of the letter are:

"New York City, March 9th, 1922.  
Send reply to Wilson D. Bush, N. Y. City.

Mr. J. O. Wood, Editor,  
THE SEARCHLIGHT,  
Atlanta, Ga.

My faithful Klansman:

I would like to ask that you take your pen in hand and write an editorial or news item about the book written by Lothrop Stoddard, THE RISING TIDE OF COLOR.

Any white man that reads this book will have the fear of God put into him over the race question. Every Klansman should read it, and be able to quote the high spots. If you have not read it, get Dr. Mahoney to dash off an article for you. Do not mention the fact that Stoddard is a Klansman, but give him a good boost. Pres. Harding speaks highly of the book and a new one is in process of making, which will also be a good Klan argument. . . .

Yours in the sacred unailing bond,  
F. S. WEBSTER."

Next month we shall give specific examples with names and documents, of men in legislative and political life who are bound by the oath, and subject to the orders given by the autocratic chiefs of the organization.





¶ Next day they went up stream in a prau. Millicent had a sense of space and freedom, and she seemed to enter upon a friendly, fertile land.

# Before the Party

By W. Somerset Maugham

Illustrated by W. T. Benda

MRS. SKINNER liked to be ready in good time. She was dressed in black silk as befitted her age and the mourning she wore for her son-in-law, and now she put on her toque. She was a little uncertain about it, since the egret's feathers which adorned it might very well arouse in some of the friends she would certainly meet at the party acid expostulation. Of course it was dreadful to kill those beautiful wild birds, in the mating season, too, for the sake of their feathers; but there they were, so pretty and stylish, it would have been silly to refuse them, and it would have hurt her son-in-law's feelings. He had brought them all the way from Borneo and he expected her to be so pleased with them. Kathleen had made herself rather unpleasant about them; she must wish she hadn't now, after what had happened, but Kathleen had never really liked Harold. Mrs. Skinner, standing at her dressing-table, placed the toque on her head, it was after all the only nice hat she had, and thrust a pin with a large jet knob through it. If anybody said anything to her about the ospreys she had her answer.

"I know it's dreadful," she would say, "and I wouldn't dream

of buying them, but my poor son-in-law brought them back the last time he was home on leave."

That would explain her possession and excuse her use of them. Everyone had been very kind. Mrs. Skinner took a clean handkerchief from a drawer and sprinkled a little Eau de Cologne on it. She never used scent, she had always thought it rather fast, but Eau de Cologne was so refreshing. She was very nearly ready now and her eyes wandered out of the window behind her looking-glass. Canon Heywood had a beautiful day for his garden-party. It was warm and the sky was blue; the trees had not yet lost the fresh green of the spring. She smiled as she saw her little granddaughter in the strip of garden behind the house busily watering her own tiny patch of flower-bed. Mrs. Skinner wished Joan were not quite so pale.

Kathleen was sitting at the writing-table in the window busy with lists she was making. She was honorary secretary of the Ladies' Golf Club and when there were competitions had a good deal to do. But she was ready for the party.

"I see you've put on your jumper after all," said Mrs. Skinner.

Original from

13





**C** "Harold was terribly lonely. Life in Borneo was bad for him, so he came to England in order to marry. I learned too late that what he needed was a keeper," Millicent confessed to her family before the party.

They had discussed at luncheon whether Kathleen should wear her jumper or her black chiffon. The jumper was black and white, and Kathleen thought it rather smart, but it was hardly mourning. Millicent was in favor of it.

"There's no reason why we should all look as if we'd just come from a funeral," she said. "Harold's been dead eight months."

**T**O MRS. SKINNER it seemed rather unfeeling to talk like that. Millicent was strange since she had come back from Borneo.

"You're not going to leave off your weeds yet, darling?" Mrs. Skinner asked. Millicent did not give a direct answer.

"People don't wear mourning in the way they used to," she said. She paused a little and when she went on there was a tone in her voice which Mrs. Skinner thought quite peculiar. It was plain that Kathleen noticed it, too, for she gave her sister a curious look. "I'm sure Harold wouldn't wish me to wear mourning for him indefinitely."

"I dressed early because I wanted to say something to Millicent," said Kathleen.

"Oh?"

Kathleen did not explain. She compared her lists. She knitted her brows over a letter from a lady who complained that the committee had most unfairly marked down her handicap from twenty-four to eighteen. Mrs. Skinner began to put on her new gloves. Her glance wandered about the room. The sun blinds kept it cool and dark. She looked at the great wooden horn-bill, gaily painted, which Harold had left in her safe-keeping; it always looked a little odd and barbaric to her, but he had set great store on it. It had some religious significance and Canon Heywood had been much struck by it. On the wall, over the sofa, were Malay weapons, she forgot what they were called, and here and there pieces of silver and brass which Harold had sent

to them on various occasions. She had liked Harold and involuntarily her eyes sought his photograph which stood on the piano with photographs of her daughters, her grandchild, her sister, and her sister's son.

"Why, Kathleen, where's Harold's photograph?" she asked.

Kathleen looked round. It no longer stood in its place.

"Someone's taken it away," said Kathleen.

Kathleen was surprised and puzzled. She got up and went over to the piano. The photographs had been rearranged so that no gap should show.

"Perhaps Millicent wanted to have it in her bedroom," said Mrs. Skinner.

"I should have noticed it. Millicent has several photographs of Harold. She keeps them locked up."

**M**RS. SKINNER had thought it very peculiar that her daughter should have no photographs of Harold in her room. Indeed she had spoken of it once, but Millicent had made no reply to her observation. Millicent had been strangely silent since her return from Borneo. She had not encouraged the sympathy Mrs. Skinner would have been so willing to show her. She seemed unwilling to speak of her great loss. Sorrow took people in different ways. Her husband had said the best thing was to leave her alone. The thought of him turned her ideas to the party they were going to.

"Father asked if I thought he ought to wear a top-hat," she said. "I told him I thought it was just as well to be on the safe side."

It was going to be quite a grand affair. They were going to have ices, strawberry and vanilla, from Boddy, the confectioner, but the Heywoods were making the iced coffee at home. Everyone would be there. They had been asked to meet the Bishop of Hong-Kong, who was staying with the Canon, he was an old



age friend of his, and he was going to speak on the Chinese missions. Mrs. Skinner, whose daughter had lived in the East eight years and whose son-in-law had been Resident of one of the districts in Sarawak, was in a flutter of interest. Naturally she meant more to her than to people who had never had anything to do with the Colonies and that sort of thing.

"What can they know of England who only England know," as

Skinner said rather often. He came into the room at the moment. He was a solicitor, his father had been before him, and he had offices in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He went up to London every morning and came down every evening. He was only able to accompany his wife and his two daughters to the Canon's garden-party because the Canon had very wisely chosen a Saturday to have it.

Mr. Skinner looked very well in his tail-coat and pepper-salt trousers. He was not exactly dressy, but he was neat. He looked like a respectable family solicitor, which indeed he was; his firm never touched any work that was not perfectly above board, and if a client came to them with some trouble that was not quite nice, Mr. Skinner would look grave.

"I don't think this is the sort of case that we very much care to undertake," he said. "I think you'd better go elsewhere."

He drew toward him his writing-block and scribbled a name and address on it. He tore off a sheet of paper and handed it to his client.

"If I were you I think I should go and see these people. If you mention my name I believe they'll do anything they can for you." Mr. Skinner was clean-shaven and very bald. His pale lips were tight and thin, but his blue eyes were shy.

"I SEE YOU'VE put on your new trousers," said Mrs. Skinner.

"I thought it would be a good opportunity," he answered. "I was wondering if I should wear a button-hole."

"I wouldn't, father," said Kathleen. "I don't think it's awfully good form."

"A lot of people will be wearing them," said Mrs. Skinner.

"Only clerks and people like that," said Kathleen. "The Heywoods have to ask everybody, you know."

"I wonder if there'll be a collection after the Bishop's address," said Mr. Skinner.

"I should hardly think so," said Mrs. Skinner.

"I think it would be rather bad form," Kathleen put in.

"It's as well to be on the safe side," said Mr. Skinner. "I'll give for all of us. I was wondering if ten shillings would be enough or if I must give a pound."

"If you give anything I think you ought to give a pound, father," said Kathleen.

"I'll see when the time comes. I don't want to give less than anyone else, but on the other hand I see no reason to give more than I need."

Kathleen put away her papers in the drawer of the writing-table and stood up. She looked at her wrist-watch.

"Is Millicent ready?" asked Mrs. Skinner.

"There's plenty of time," her daughter answered. "We're only asked at four and I don't think we ought to arrive much before half-past. I told Davis to bring the car around at four-fifteen."

Generally Kathleen drove the car, but on grand occasions like this Davis, who was the gardener, put on his uniform and acted as chauffeur. It looked better when you drove up, and naturally Kathleen didn't much want to drive herself when she had her new jumper on. The sight of her mother forcing her fingers one by one into her new gloves reminded her that she must put on her own. She smelt them to see if any odor of cleaning still clung to them. It was very slight. She didn't believe anybody would notice.

AT LAST the door opened and Millicent entered the room. She wore her widow's weeds. Mrs. Skinner never could get used to them, but of course she knew that Millicent must wear them for a year. It was a pity they didn't suit her. They suited some people very well. She had tried on Millicent's bonnet once, crêpe, with a white band and a long veil, and she thought she looked very well in it. Of course she hoped dear Alfred would survive her, but if he didn't she would never go out of weeds. It was different for Millicent. Millicent was a much younger woman. She was only thirty-six. It was very sad to be a widow at thirty-six. And there wasn't much chance of her marrying again. Kathleen wasn't very likely to marry now, she was thirty-five; last time Millicent and Harold had come home she had suggested that they should have Kathleen to stay with them; Harold had seemed willing enough, but Millicent had said it wouldn't do. Mrs. Skinner didn't know why not. It would give her a chance. Of course they didn't want to get rid of her, but a girl ought to marry, and somehow all the men they knew at home were married already. Millicent said the climate was trying. It was true she was a bad color. No one would think now that Millicent had been the prettier of the two. Kathleen had fared down as she had grown older; of course some people said she was too thin, but since she had bobbed her hair, with her cheeks red from playing golf in all weathers, Mrs. Skinner



**C.** Millicent managed to get Mr. Grey to prevent whisky being sent from Kuching, but after that Harold got it from the Chinese.





¶ *Mr. Simpson's voice was hoarse with agitation. Millicent felt a sudden coldness shiver through her. She controlled herself, for she knew that she must not frighten the boy if she were to get out of him all there was to tell.*

thought her quite pretty. No one could say that of poor Millicent. She had lost her figure completely. She had never been tall and now that she had filled out she looked stocky. She was a good deal too fat; Mrs. Skinner supposed it was due to the tropical heat that prevented her from taking exercise; and her complexion had gone. It was sallow and muddy and her blue eyes, which had been her best feature, had become quite pale, and they appeared smaller.

"She ought to do something about her neck," Mrs. Skinner reflected. "She's becoming dreadfully jowly."

She had spoken of it once or twice to her husband. He remarked that Millicent was not as young as she was. That might be, but she needn't let herself go altogether. Mrs. Skinner made up her mind to talk to her daughter seriously, but of course she must respect her grief and she would wait till the year was up. She was just as glad to have this reason to put off a conversation the thought of which made her slightly nervous. Millicent was changed. There was something sullen in her face which made her mother not quite at home with her. Mrs. Skinner liked to say aloud all the thoughts that passed through her head, but Millicent somehow made it difficult to talk. She had an awkward habit: when you made an observation, just to say something, you know, she would not answer, and you wondered whether she had heard. Sometimes Mrs. Skinner found it so irritating that not to be quite sharp with Millicent she had to remind herself that poor Harold had only been dead eight months and that, of course, explained everything.

THE LIGHT from the window fell on the widow's heavy face as she advanced silently, but Kathleen stood with her back to it. She watched her sister for a moment.

"Millicent, there's something I want to say to you," she said. "I was playing golf with Gladys Heywood this morning."

"Did you beat her?" asked Millicent.

Gladys Heywood was the Canon's daughter.

"She told me something about you which I think you ought to know."

Millicent's eyes passed beyond her sister to the little girl watering in the garden.

"Have you told Annie to give Joan her tea in the kitchen, mother?" she said.

"Yes, she'll have it when the servants have theirs."

Kathleen looked at her sister coolly.

"The Bishop spent two or three days at Singapore on his way home," she went on. "He's very fond of traveling. He's been to Sarawak and he knows a good many of the people that you knew."

"He'll be interested to see you, dear," said Mrs. Skinner. "Did he know poor Harold?"

"Yes, he met him at Kuching. He remembers him quite well. He says he was shocked to hear of his death."

Millicent sat down and began to put on her black gloves. It seemed strange again to Mrs. Skinner that she received these remarks with complete silence.

"Oh, Millicent," she said, "Harold's photo has disappeared. Have you taken it?"

Millicent's glance wandered casually to the piano.

"Yes, I put it away."

"I should have thought you'd like to have it out."

Once more Millicent said nothing. It really was an exasperating habit.

Kathleen turned slightly in order to face her sister.

"Millicent, why did you say Harold died of fever?"

The widow made no gesture, she looked at Kathleen with steady eyes, but her sallow skin was suffused with a deep flush. She did not reply.

"What do you mean, Kathleen?" asked Mr. Skinner.

"The Bishop says that Harold committed suicide."

Mrs. Skinner gave a startled cry, but her husband put out a deprecating hand.

"Is it true, Millicent?" he asked.

"It is."

"But why didn't you tell us?"

Millicent paused for an instant. She fingered idly a piece of Brunei brass which stood on the table.

"I thought it better for Joan that her father should be thought to have died of fever. I didn't want her to know anything about it."

"You've put us in an awfully awkward position," said Kathleen, frowning a little. "Gladys Heywood said she thought it rather nasty of me not to have told her the truth. I had the greatest difficulty in getting her to believe that I knew absolutely nothing about it. She said her father was rather put out. He says, after all the years we have known one another, and considering that he married you, and the terms we've been on and all that, he does think we might have had confidence in him. And at all events if we didn't want to tell him the truth we needn't have told him a pack of lies."



"I must say I sympathize with him there," said Mr. Skinner, acidly and with great point.

"Of course I told Gladys that she mustn't blame us. We only told them what you told us."

"I hope it didn't put you off your game," said Millicent.

"Really, my dear, I think that is a most improper observation," exclaimed her father.

HE ROSE from his chair, walked over to the empty fireplace, and from force of habit stood in front of it with separated coat-tails.

"It was my business," said Millicent, "and if I chose to keep it to myself I didn't see why I shouldn't."

"You might have known it was bound to come out," said Kathleen.

"Why? I didn't expect that two gossiping old parsons would have nothing else to talk about but me."

"When the Bishop said he'd been to Sarawak it's only natural that the Heywoods should ask him if he knew you and Harold."

"All that's neither here nor there," said Mr. Skinner. "I think you would have done better to tell us the truth and we could have decided what was the best thing to do. As a solicitor I can tell you that in the long run it only makes things worse if you want to hide them."

"Poor Harold," said Mrs. Skinner, and the tears began to trickle down her raddled cheeks. "It seems dreadful. He was always a good son-in-law to me. Whatever induced him to do such a dreadful thing?"

"The climate."

"I think you'd better give us the exact facts, Millicent," said her father determined to dispel all mystery.

"Kathleen will tell you," Millicent answered with assurance. Kathleen hesitated. What she had to say really was rather dreadful. It seemed terrible that such things should happen in a family like theirs.

"The Bishop says he cut his throat."

Mrs. Skinner gasped and she went impulsively up to her bereaved daughter. She wanted to fold her in her arms.

"My dear child," she sobbed.

But Millicent withdrew herself.

"Please don't fuss me, mother. I really can't stand being mauled about."

"Really, Millicent," said Mr. Skinner with a frown.

Mrs. Skinner dabbed her eyes carefully with a handkerchief and with a sigh and a little shake of the head returned to her chair. Kathleen fidgeted with the long chain she wore round her neck.

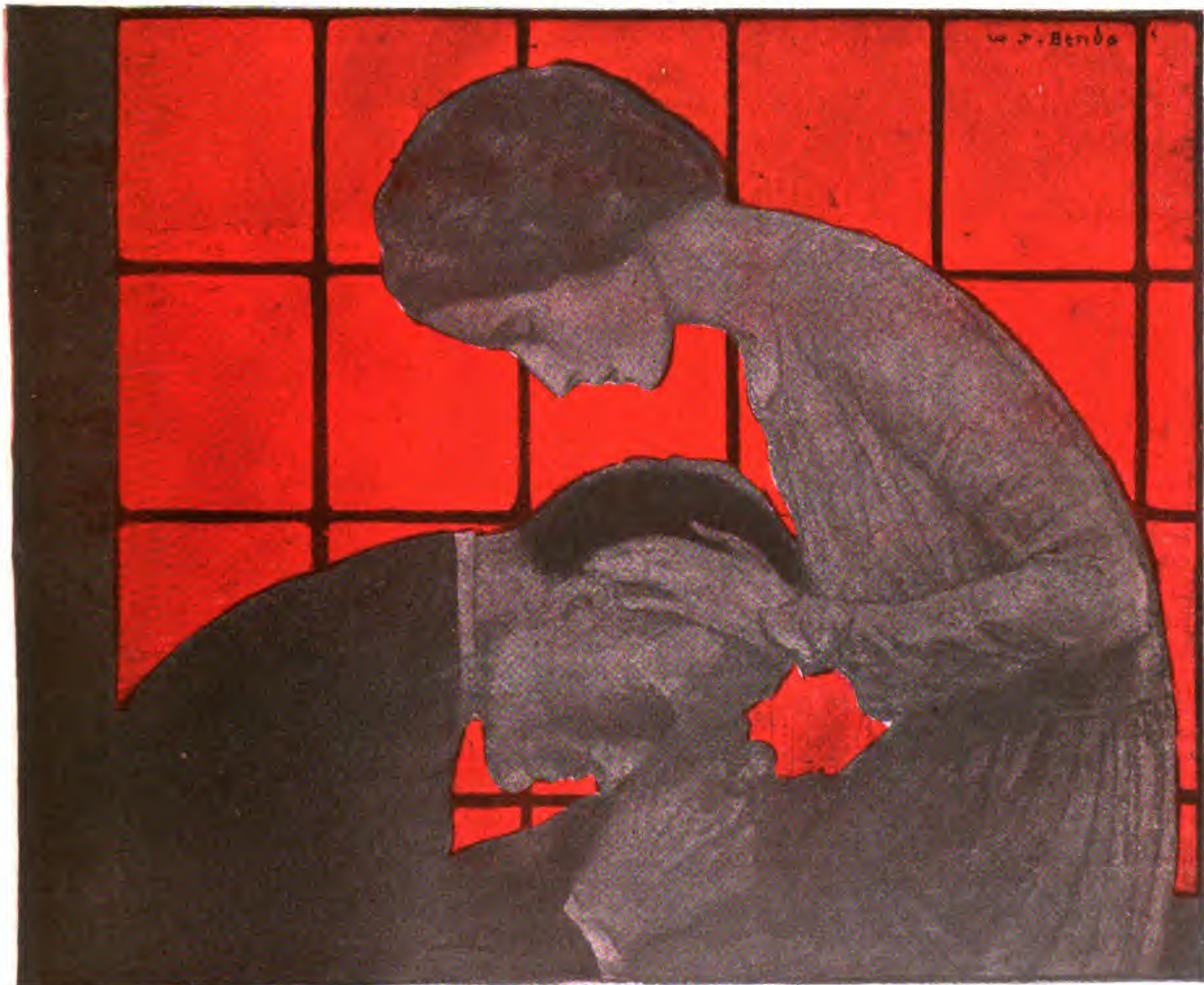
"It does seem rather absurd that I should have to be told the details of my brother-in-law's death by a friend. It makes us all look such fools. The Bishop wants very much to see you Millicent; he wants to tell you how much he feels for you." She paused, but Millicent did not speak. "He said that Millicent had been away with Joan and when she came back she found poor Harold lying dead on his bed."

"It must have been a terrible shock," said Mr. Skinner.

Mrs. Skinner began to cry again, but Kathleen put her hand gently on her shoulder.

"Don't cry, mother," she said. "It'll make your eyes red and people will think it so funny."

They were all silent while Mrs. Skinner, drying her eyes, made a successful effort to control herself. It seemed very strange to her that at this very moment she should be wearing



Q. "Will you give me your word of honor that you'll never touch liquor again?" Millicent asked. "Yes, yes. I hate it," her husband cried.





*"I was surprised that Harold was not on the landing stage to meet me," Millicent said. "He was always very punctilious about that sort of thing. I walked up the little hill on which the bungalow stood. The amah brought Joan behind me. The bungalow was strangely silent."*

in her toque the fine ospreys that poor Harold had given her.

"There's something else I ought to tell you," said Kathleen.

Millicent looked at her sister again, without haste, and her eyes were steady, but watchful. She had the look of a person who is waiting for a distant sound.

"I don't want to say anything to wound you, dear," Kathleen went on, "but there's something else and I think you ought to know it. The Bishop says that Harold drank."

"OH, MY DEAR, how dreadful!" cried Mrs. Skinner. "What a shocking thing to say. Did Gladys Heywood tell you? What did you say?"

"I said it was entirely untrue."

"This is what comes of making secrets of things," said Mr. Skinner, irritably. "It's always the same. If you try and hush a thing up all sorts of rumors get about which are ten times worse than the truth."

"They told the Bishop in Singapore that Harold had killed himself while he was suffering from delirium tremens. I think for all our sakes you ought to deny that, Millicent," Kathleen said emphatically to her strange sister.

"It's such a dreadful thing to have said about anyone who is dead," said Mrs. Skinner.

"But what is the foundation of this story, Millicent?" asked her father. "Harold was always very abstemious."

"Here," said the widow.

"Did he drink?" asked her sister quickly.

"Like a fish."

The answer was so unexpected that all three of them were startled.

"Millicent, how can you talk like that of your husband when he's dead?" cried her mother, clasping her neatly gloved hands. "I can't understand you. You've been so strange since you

came back. I could never have believed that a girl of mine could take her husband's death like that."

"Never mind about that, mother," said Mr. Skinner who was distinctly annoyed at the whole situation.

He walked to the window and looked out at the sunny little garden, and then he walked back into the room. He took his pince-nez out of his pocket and though he had no intention of putting them on he wiped them with his handkerchief. Millicent looked at him, and in her eyes, unmistakably, was a look of irony which was quite cynical. Mr. Skinner was vexed. He had finished his week's work and he was a free man till Monday morning. Though he had told his wife that this garden-party was a great nuisance and he would much sooner have tea quietly in his own garden he had been looking forward to it. He did not care very much about Chinese missions, but it would be interesting to meet the Bishop. And now this! It was not the kind of thing he cared to be mixed up in; it was most unpleasant to be told on a sudden that his son-in-law was a drunkard and a suicide. Millicent was thoughtfully smoothing her white cuffs. Her indifference irritated him; but instead of addressing her he spoke to his younger daughter.

"Why don't you sit down, Kathleen? Surely there are plenty of chairs in the room."

KATHLEEN drew forward a chair and without a word seated herself. Mr. Skinner stopped in front of Millicent.

"Of course I see why you told us Harold had died of fever. I think it was a mistake, because that sort of thing is bound to come out sooner or later. I don't know how far what the bishop has told the Heywoods coincides with the facts, but if you take my advice you will tell us everything as circumstantially as you can, and then we can see. We can't hope that it will go no further now that Canon Heywood and Gladys know. In a place



like this people are bound to talk. It will make it easier for all of us if we know the exact truth."

Mrs. Skinner and Kathleen thought he put the matter very well. They waited for Millicent's reply. She had listened impassively; the sudden flush had disappeared from her face.

"I don't think you'll like the truth if I tell it to you," she said.

"You must know that you can count on our sympathy and understanding," said Kathleen gravely, her tone not unkindly.

Millicent gave her a glance and the shadow of a smile flickered across her set mouth. She looked slowly at the three of them. Mrs. Skinner had a curious impression that she looked at them as though they were mannequins at a dressmaker's. She seemed to live in a different world from theirs.

"You know, I wasn't in love with Harold when I married him," she said reflectively.

Mrs. Skinner at this was on the point of [Continued on page 140]



"I opened the mosquito curtains," Millicent explained. "He was lying on his back with nothing on but a sarong, and there was an empty whisky bottle by his side. I took him by the shoulders and shook him with all my might. 'You beast,' I said, 'you beast.' I was so angry I don't know what I did. 'You shall open your eyes,' I screamed. I was determined to make him look at me."



# The POET of The

By Leonard Merrick

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

AT THE Café of the Heavenly Cook one day, in the summer of a year when Paris was less like Pandemonium than now, a customer signed to the waitress and said, "Bring me a word, please."

"A what, monsieur?" said she.

"I want a monosyllable to rhyme with 'rose' and mean 'after hesitation, but tenderly,'" rapped the young man, impatient at her delay.

She neglected his order, but he found merit in the waitress.

The incident blossomed to acquaintance—and ripened to romantic passion, on the young man's side. Henceforth he went often to the little restaurant, begging of the dainty waitress another monosyllable that he never got. While not averse to compliments and odes, Clémentine, who was the daughter of the proprietress, knew her worth too well to say yes to an unfledged poet. Especially as, when he did get a slim volume out at last, he was as hard up as ever, and the publishers repented their pluck.

Now, soon afterwards, the unavoidable necessity for paying his way compelled the suitor, whose name was Archambaut Blicq, to forsake poesy in Paris for employment in Rennes, where he had a cousin prospering with a department store, and our knowledge of the world would have led us to say that his exit from the scene would be the end of the matter. But it was not. For once we should have erred. Strange to relate, the episode was to bear fruit twenty-five years later.

Twenty-five years later, an elderly gentleman, sauntering in the sunshine of the Quays, chanced to pick from a box of dilapidated books, marked "4 sous each," a slender soiled volume, with a broken back, by Archambaut Blicq, which was not distasteful to him in parts. Being an eminent journalist, with a column to write and nothing to write about, the elderly gentleman wrote a highly sentimental article about the broken-backed volume—the brightness of its promise and the pathos of its fate. "What were the sufferings," he wondered wistfully, "of this unknown, whose gifts, whose dreams, whose aspiring mind are revealed to me by accident long after his gallant hopes and bitter tears have—" etc., etc. And the praiseworthy publishers, having refreshed their memory and ascertained there would be no royalties to pay, took a sporting chance and advertised a new edition of the thing.

THIS TIME it let them down less harshly. In strictly limited circles people mentioned the work. Even among a few eccentrics, "Archambaut Blicq" became a transient cult. And next, an out-at-elbows hack, with vague memories of Blicq, leapt to a square meal by contriving a biographical sketch, in which he narrated intimate falsehoods of his "lost comrade." Leaping to the limit of his capabilities, he "deplored to state that an unrequited attachment for a girl of singular beauty—the Clémentine of the odes—who had been the daughter of a widow keeping a restaurant at Montmartre, had so wrought upon his comrade's mind that the ill-starred youth had destroyed himself in the Seine."

That he had dramatically broken his heart and committed suicide delighted his admirers. The publishers were pleased with him, too. They felt that Blicq had done all he could to forward sales. And now the most ardent of the highbrows were eager to identify the restaurant—to lunch where the lover had languished, to pose where the poet had prayed.

Meanwhile time had been proceeding with Clémentine. She had lost her mother, and found a husband, and content with the exchange, reigned cheerfully in the restaurant by his side. Save for her figure, she was not without some faint resemblance to the dainty waitress of long ago. What is called a "fine woman," by people who can't have too much of a good thing. Her amplitude put no restraint upon her energies, and no patronne of the quarter bustled to more purpose than Madame

Pidoux, or boasted a livelier turn for profits. Pidoux acted as chef. Pidoux, who was fond of profits himself, approved his wife warmly. His taste inclined to women of liberal circumference, and in his loving eyes Clémentine was no less fair than efficient. A successful marriage.

At the hour of déjeuner one morning, Clémentine, alert behind her counter of the Café of the Heavenly Cook, noted the entrance of two strange and inquisitive-looking ladies. In lieu of seeking seats, the ladies approached her, and the elder said: "Pardon, madame, if it is within your knowledge, would you be so amiable as to inform us whether this is the restaurant where Monsieur Archambaut Blicq used to dine?"

"Monsieur what?" asked the fat matron shortly.

"WE INQUIRE about Archambaut Blicq," said the younger, in reverent tones.

"Ah, my word, how shall I say?" returned Clémentine, her attention engrossed by the shortcomings of the new waiter. "I do not hear all the clients' names. Does mademoiselle see him in the room now?"

"See him in the room?" gulped the pilgrim. "He has been dead for twenty-five years. I speak of the poet. Archambaut Blicq," she repeated, still more impressively.

"Ah! Tiens! Archambaut Blicq. That little fellow. Well, I never! My goodness, it was not yesterday. Ah yes, he used to come pretty well every day in my mother's time. Dead, eh?" Her interest reverted to the waiter.

"Your mother?" gasped the two ladies in concert. "Did you say *your* mother?"

"Is it remarkable I should have had a mother?"

"Oh, do not think us impertinent, madame! May we, *may* we ask your Christian name?"

"Mais, mon Dieu, what does it mean?" exclaimed the fat woman, violently agitated. "Did he leave me money? I am Clémentine Pidoux, formerly Clémentine Bouvard."

"Clémentine!" cried the pair fervently. "Oh, isn't it thrilling!"

"Did he leave me money?" panted Madame Pidoux.

"No, no, madame. But to see Clémentine herself! Is the room much changed, too? At which table used he to sit?"

Resentful of the "too," as well as chagrined to hear there was no money, Clémentine indicated the only table where there was space for them, and snorted, "That one. Do the ladies desire to order lunch?"

"The imbeciles," she said wrathfully to Pidoux, when they wrote the dinner menu and re-christened remnants of veal "croquettes of chicken," "the imbeciles, to raise such hopes in me for nothing. I do not comprehend the affair. Of what consequence is it whether the little nothing-at-all ever came here or not? What do you make of it?"

PIDOUX PUT a forefinger to the tip of his nose, a gesture by which a Frenchman announces that his words are weighty.

"Listen," he answered. "You tell me that this gentleman was a poet. It may be that he was illustrious before he was through—it may be that they raise monuments to him. Who knows? In such a case, it will not be half bad business that he was an habitué of the Heavenly Cook. Others besides the two ladies will be fascinated to sit at his table, others who will perhaps take special coffee, or even liqueurs. I counsel you to recall him well, if people question you, to have vivid remembrances of him. That will make it go better still. Did you, by chance, ever hear him say anything, apart from what he would have to eat?"

"Hear him say anything?" she laughed merrily. "I have heard him say a thousand times he could not live without me! He was crazy about me, Monsieur Blicq."

"You mean it? What an ad!" cried her husband.



# Heavenly COOK

A  
Story  
of  
Paris  
by

the man who  
wrote Conrad  
in Quest of  
His Youth

"I assure you. He wrote poems about me. If I am not mistaken, one was even called by my name."

"Now is not that superb?" chortled Pidoux, slapping his knee. "Now it is plain why to learn your name excited them so much. One may be sure it is in the mouth of all the world—when the world says 'Blicq' it murmurs 'Clémentine.' Er—you were obdurate, my love?" He asked apprehensively.

"What?"

"The world does not say that *you* were crazy, too?"

"BUT—great goose that you are! If you were not ready to be jealous! No, no, no, be easy in your mind, old dear. There has been none but you. I did not care a potato-peeling for the chap. My word, if you are right! Figure to yourself the boom. All Paris will flock here—the restaurant will become a gold mine."

"As for that, it is fantastic. A dead poet is not so powerful. For that it takes a live cocotte," said Pidoux. "No, to view the matter soberly, I foresee that it will yield more distinction than cash, but it is a good egg all the same. It would not astonish me if at dinner tonight we had half-a-dozen of his admirers."

And though it turned out that he had been too optimistic in this respect, a further specimen appeared on the morrow.

Soon, pilgrims, intense if not numerous, gazed raptly at the walls on most days of the week, and Clémentine replied to their tentative queries in a tone of recent bereavement. Though her reminiscences were tame before she and Pidoux had had time to invent some, their triteness was atoned for by her mournful sighs. She wore black, unrelieved. The situation gratified her. Aside from its slight benefit to the till—she had sprung to novel prominence. The name of Archambaut Blicq was introduced into the menu in connection with a sauce. And as she marked the bated breath with which the devotees pronounced the honored name, her superabundant bosom waxed with pride that one so famous had adored her. Pidoux, referring to the adoration humorously one night, was surprised to find himself rebuked.

"Mais comment donc?" he faltered. "It was salad love—he was a boy."

"He was strangely older than his years," she said with dignity. "Monsieur was not at all as other boys."

NEEDLESS to say, it had not occurred to her to spend money to acquire a copy of his book, but when a pilgrim lent one to her, the odes to Clémentine, or those parts of them that were intelligible to her, absorbed her so deeply that she neglected two instalments of the serial in *Le Journal*. There was even an occasion when she neglected the ledger, in reperusing lines that described her as child, woman, goddess, mocking sprite, and transcendental mystery. "What insight!" murmured Madame Pidoux, the ledger lost to view. "How great a mind he had!"

Though she had, of course, heard by now that he had drowned himself, she had not yet been informed that the rash deed was due to her indifference, for the delicacy of the customers had naturally made them shrink from rubbing it in; and when one more intrusive than the rest did allude to her responsibility, she looked at him perplexed.

"If I lament? To be sure, I lament. Everybody in lament."



JAMES MONTZCHERY FLAGG

That Archambaut Blicq had dramatically broken his heart for the Clémentine of his poems, and then committed suicide delighted his admirers. The publishers were pleased with him, too.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



"Everybody must know distress, madame," said the young litterateur heavily. "But there is only Clémentine to know remorse," he added distinctly.

"Remorse?" she echoed. "And why remorse?"

"Since it was her coldness drove him to despair."

"Comment?" she screamed. "It was because of *me*? Never! You astound me. It is the first time that I hear that. It is incredible. Because of *me*? You are not mistaken?"

"It is well known, madame."

"Quelle horreur! You freeze my blood. Through *me*? I never dreamed it—never, I swear!"

"How ironical is life!" commented the young author, who was enjoying himself immensely. "Archambaut Blicq expires for love of Clémentine—and she learns it only from Zephirin Coquard, after twenty-five years! Alas yes, madame; had you been kinder, the master would have been with us still."

"He had not a sou," she cried defensively. "On what should we have lived, please?"

"Ah, chère madame, do I presume to criticize? Your prudence was beyond question, and your propriety above reproach—the Philistine would applaud. Yet, the artist thinks of the divine delight that thwarted heart would have given to the world, had Clémentine been tenderer. We shall never know what we have missed. We do not even know in what ultimate

revolt his message would have found freedom. We can only surmise. Only surmise," grieved the young author. "The consummation of genius—or a woman's scruples? One's ethics are entangled—the artist is torn," he said reflectively. "May I wonder if Clémentine may be torn, too, in looking back?"

"No, you may not wonder, and I am not torn," blared Madame Pidoux. "Enough said, young man!"

But her emotion was not to be subdued as swiftly as the litterateur, and the way she went on in the parlor nearly startled Pidoux out of his wits.

"Be calm, be calm, chérie," he begged, fanning her with a napkin. "You—you upbraid yourself without cause."

"To perish, in his youth, for *me*! A character so fine! I am much moved," she wailed.

"Yes, it was a silly ass thing to do, but it was no fault of yours. Besides, how should they know? Very likely it was not on your account at all. It is more than possible there was some other reason. I daresay it was because he was stony broke."

"Now, I should like to know how you dare to say such a thing!" she exclaimed, deeply offended. "Certainly it was on my account. C'est incontestable. I was his idol. Of course it was on my account! The world admits it. So noble an intellect! I was too young to value him. It is terrible. What misery! Never shall I recover from it, never in all the world!"



One day a new customer signed to Clémentine, the waitress at the Heavenly Cook. "Bring me a word, please," he rapped, "—a word to rhyme with rose!" The incident ripened to romantic passion on the young poet's side. Always he begged for a monosyllable that he never got.





"Ah, but listen," expostulated Pidoux, losing patience. "You go out of your head. It is enough that you mouth his verses and cast figures wrong. If I am to watch you weep for him as well, it is a bit too strong. I begin to wish we had never heard of this Archambaut Blicq. God knows, his admirers are no spendthrifts—it appears to me I lose more on the swings than I make on the roundabouts."

And time strengthened this view. The defunct poet was not only a drawback domestically—it was evident before long that, far from being an asset, he was a commercial drawback as well. Madame's talented histrionics at the desk had rapidly become second nature to her. Her pensive attitudes, her airs of oblivion to her surroundings, might be pleasing to the penurious pilgrims, but the bulk of the daily clients, who were the backbone and sinews of the business, did not like them at all—and if Pidoux so much as hinted a remonstrance to her, she would remind him loftily of his enthusiasm at the start. Bitterly the poor man bemoaned his fate.

More than one complaint had come to his ears. The hairdresser, Monsieur Wouters himself, had now mentioned stiffly that his bow on entering was barely noted. With this, the time had come when it behooved Pidoux to rebuke his wife in no uncertain tone and to issue commands to her.

He said to her, "Ma chère, I shall commence by avowing that I made an error of judgment. It is therefore unnecessary for you to remind me again that I approved at beginning. I speak of the affair Blicq——"

"You were not enraptured when you heard such an honor had come to us, I suppose?" she broke in excitedly.

"MY LOVE, if you wish it, I stood on my head, and waved flags with my feet. Are you content? My posture, however, was premature. To proceed, it can no longer be ignored that this literary distinction that has befallen the restaurant is a curse. I say nothing of your reveries in the home, though they give me the hump, but for both our sakes I must urge you to ameliorate your demeanor at the desk. You have affronted Monsieur Wouters. Monsieur Wouters is a person of importance, who has lunched here regularly for years, who orders vin supérieur on occasion, and we cannot afford to estrange him for a bunch of Blicqs, voyons! It is not long ago you would have been the first to recognize it. You are a woman totally changed since the disaster of literary distinction overtook us. I spit at a distinction that reduces custom! He ruins my restaurant, your spoony poet."

"Your restaurant?" she retorted heatedly. "It did not exist before I married you, hein?"

"Mon Dieu!" roared Pidoux, purple with pain, "she throws her inheritance in my face! I receive the final blow. If it existed? Yes, insolent ingrate, it existed for strays that blew in by mischance, and were careful not to come back. You have but to turn up the books to see what it owes to my direction. If it existed? You could not have fed six clients at the same time—you would have been short of crockery. I brought to it my management, and my cuisine. Prior to my cuisine, the name of your restaurant was absurd."

"*Mais, mon Dieu, what does it mean?*" exclaimed the fat woman. "*Did Blicq leave me money? I am Clémentine.*" "*Clémentine!*" cried the pair fervently. "*Oh, isn't it thrilling!*"

"There was one client that came back," she sneered—"that came back every day!"

"I forbid you to revive him."

"That came back every day. I ask myself what he would think now, if he were here and heard you."

"He would think he had been rash to show me his nose."

"To hear me abused by a husband of no sensibility! Yes, it is *your* Clémentine herself who has come to this—it is the Clémentine you called 'mocking sprite'! Your sprite has had it in the neck since then. What I have lived to see! It takes all sorts of men to make a world."

"It takes but one sort of woman to make a hell. Again, I forbid you to speak of him," bellowed Pidoux. "I forbid you to sop up his verses; I forbid you to garb yourself for a funeral and despair at the desk as if it were a tomb. It dejects Monsieur Wouters—and many more. Monsieur Wouters can no longer relish his repasts."

So lost was the woman to her better self, that not even the last words had power to move her. Confronted by this, the overwhelming proof of her inconstancy, Pidoux' senses reeled. The sinister influence of the defunct then had been complete! Clémentine, the wary wife, the able helpmeet, was no more—her heart, that was erstwhile in the restaurant, was now in the sundering waters of the Seine!

ALL THIS TIME, Archambaut Blicq, whom we have not had the pleasure of seeing for so long, had been commending himself nicely to his cousin of the department store. He had, in fact, manifested a more marked ability for merchandise than he had shown for poetry, and by dint of putting his shoulder to the wheel, and his versifying behind him, had risen by degrees to a responsible position, and eventually been admitted into partnership. It was not to be called a coincidence that he was now a visitor in Paris—blandly unaware of the new edition—for he had returned more than <sup>Original from</sup> an interval, though never to



the Montmartre district. But there were coincidences to come.

To begin with, Messrs. Pathé, at their majestic cinema on the boulevard Montmartre, had released a wondrous film, and Madame Blicq, and the three little Blicqs, desired to see it. Next, it chanced that on the day the happy family went, the lady made a poor luncheon, and that when the entertainment was over and they sauntered in the dusk toward home, she complained of a "sinking."

"What will you? You would take no lunch! One must eat. It is very bad for the health, what you do," exclaimed her husband vehemently. He had, in middle age, developed a slight tendency to fussiness. "You should eat now. You will be exhausted by seven o'clock. I tell you always the same thing." They were by the door of a little restaurant, not repellent, and he caught her by the arm. "Why should you wait? We shall dine, voyons—we shall eat here. It will do well enough. Let us enter!" he insisted. And when they had selected a table to their satisfaction—there were but few other people present yet—he went on, "Come, it is clean, it is not bad! I declare I am peckish myself. And you, my little ones? Thou art hungry too?"

As he glanced around at the display of dessert on the counter, and the fat proprietress behind it, and polished his pince-nez to study the bill of fare, no memories of the scene stirred within him; nothing hinted to his senses that twenty-five years earlier he had prostrated himself at the fat woman's feet. And as the

proprietress contemplated the party, no instinct in her whispered that the unattractive family man with a bald pate had been the passionate youth she mourned as dead.

And then suddenly Monsieur Blicq was spluttering amazement. The bill of fare had blazoned to him his own name. It invited him to partake of "Cutlets with the Archambaut Blicq sauce."

"WELL, I never! Here is a strange thing! Just look at that! What do you think of that? Now, is it not remarkable?" he burst out. And talking on, through Madame Blicq's volubility and the youngsters' chorus of interrogation, he persisted, "But you do not realize what an extraordinary chance it is! Mine is an uncommon name. Consider: I bear an uncommon name; I enter a restaurant by haphazard—and I find my name on the menu! It is unique, it is veritably unique. It is an incident to recount in a newspaper. Waiter! Sst! Tell me. How is it derived, the name of this sauce?"

"It is very good, monsieur," said the waiter dully.

"That is not the question. I inquire how it is derived."

"It has horseradish in it, monsieur," said the waiter.

"Ah!" cried Monsieur Blicq with exasperation, "I shall ascertain by and by." And he ordered the dinner, including the sensational sauce. "We shall inquire of the proprietress when we get up," he told his wife.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"You are a woman totally changed since the disaster of literary distinction overtook us!" cried Clémentine's husband. "He ruins my restaurant, your spoony poet."





JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"All Paris can tell you that it was because I—Clémentine—was cold that Monsieur Blicq made a hole in the waters of the Seine!" "You deceive yourself, Madame! He made no hole in the water and his health is A 1," angrily answered Monsieur Blicq.

But he was too curious to be patient, and he had scarcely taken a spoonful of soup when he was dispatching the waiter to inquire at once.

"Eh bien? You have learnt the derivation?" he demanded when the fish appeared.

"Oui, monsieur. The patronne informs monsieur that the sauce is named after the great young poet."

MONSIEUR BLICQ was so long before he answered that the waiter had nearly gone.

"What?" said Monsieur Blicq very faintly.

"After the great young poet, monsieur. He used to dine here, monsieur, many years ago. He is dead."

"I do not know that I have heard of a poet of that name," said Madame Blicq. "Have you, my dear?"

"Ah, no—ah, never," said her husband, in trance-like tones. He was noting now the heading of the menu—the "Café of the Heavenly Cook."

"You do not enjoy your whiting. What ails you? We dine too early," she grieved.

"Ah, yes—ah, no; I enjoy my whiting," he murmured. And to his elder son, who kept reiterating, "Maman, why is papa's name in the menu?" he gasped, "I entreat thee do not bombard us with imbecile questions, Alexandre! Is it astonishing that I see my name once in a menu?"

What did it mean? On the few occasions that he had recalled his poems he had been ashamed of having perpetrated them. Whence this celebrity? Again he regarded the portly female behind the grapes and bananas, and he asked himself, "Could that ever have been the girl?" His self-esteem replied, "Ridiculous!" Curiosity twitched in him, and in his struggle to appear at ease, his whiting seemed to him of the dimensions of a whale.

When the meal concluded at last, and they were all in the

street again, Monsieur Blicq put his family considerably into a cab; and at the moment when they looked for him to squeeze in after them, he cast an appreciative glance at the sky. "How heavenly a night," he observed, bringing forth an exaggeratory adjective because it was running in his mind. "Upon my word, I prefer to walk!"

He walked back to the restaurant.

And, sad to say, it is here that Archambaut Blicq disappoints us. In the streets of Paris, where he had once craved for literary reputation, the middle-aged merchant stood believing himself famous—and felt no rapture. He didn't know that he had any use for fame. His one definite impression was that, if he had not made a shocking bad contract, there would have been thousands of francs due to him in royalties now, and this thought chafed him. His brow was glum as he saluted Clémentine.

"I RETURN to complete an excellent dinner by a liqueur, madame. Apropos, the superb sauce that I tasted reproaches me for my ignorance of the poet. Now, how does his poetry sell? You will honor me by taking a liqueur also, madame?"

"Bien aimable, monsieur," said Clémentine. "I have not yet dined. If you insist, a tiny glass of vermouth."

"His reputation is new to me. Is he going strong, this Archambaut Blicq, your poet?"

"Alas, monsieur, he is no more."

"I refer to his works—I learned of his decease from the waiter. Are they in great demand? Approximately, how many copies would you say they have sold?"

Her shrug was disapproving. "How should I know? He left but one work—he perished very young."

"So? Of what complaint?"

"Of suicide, monsieur."

"Suicide?" ejaculated Monsieur Blicq. [Continued on page 139]



# But I Kept My

Mr. Cobb  
*Speaks of  
Another  
Operation*



numbers; days when it seemed that no power could avail to save me, beleaguered, encompassed and besieged as I was. Yet gallantly I held on, fighting the good fight with jaws locked and lips tightly compressed. They had me down; once or twice they almost had me out. But I kept my teeth!

It would appear that while I was going along enjoying the best of health, medical science, behind my back, had been making the most

FROM ALL I can gather, the crisis has entirely passed. It took several months for it to pass a given point, I being the latter. The thing rather palled on me; if I have the choice I shall never again be a given point. But the main fact is that both of us—my liver and I—are now out of the woods. As I look back on the experience, I have a feeling that we should celebrate.

In commemoration of the joint victory I have been tempted to make an investment in the nature of a souvenir, a souvenir lasting and ornate. In this connection I did think of a loving-cup, suitably inscribed. I do not know why the idea of having a loving-cup occurred to me unless it was because, at one stage of the proceedings, there was a very good and imminent prospect of something else which also has silver handles, and a place for engraving the name, etc.

But second judgment told me that the loving-cup, as a token of successful personal achievement, is not so popular as formerly. Our more affluent dressers are now favoring the silver pocket flask, curved in to hug the hip. The Caledonian influence was never so apparent in our racial blends in this country as it is today. It is fashionable to be able to boast, and boast is no idle expression, that we have a little Scotch in us or expect to, before the evening is over.

But there, too, I was checked in time by remembrance of the parting injunction of the last specialist who looked me over. He warned me that in future I must leave it to others to execute all the flank movements. For me, therefore, a pocket flask would be but a touch of vain ostentation, merely arousing bitter-sweet recollections on my part and not helping me along socially. It would be no real comfort to me to carry one around, and on the other hand, only a source of disappointment to the company whose hopes had been aroused by observing the conventional bulge under my right-hand coat-tail.

So I have finally decided to celebrate by showing my teeth from time to time. For, after all, a unique distinction is mine. At this writing, I am probably the only adult in the English-speaking world who during the past four or five years has come through a serious illness and still retains the same teeth that he went in with. It was a most desperate struggle with odds. Science was against me. Ethics, the professional code, routine, strong wills, skilled minds and the persuasive power of precedent, all were arraigned on the opposing side.

The hungry and grating accent of the forceps might be heard just outside the sick-room door, mingled with the low anticipatory chuckle of the laughing gas. There were hours when it seemed I must be beaten under by sheer weight of superior

enormous strides. Here and there I heard vague reports of the profession's newly-launched onslaught on the teeth, but upon me, absorbed in my own life and feeling in every way fit and normal, these rumors made no lasting impression. Nor was I especially excited by current stories touching on a spirited campaign by members of the medical profession against the human tonsil.

Every man to his own taste. A doctor could take an occasional social tonsil or he could let it alone. In either event his habits were not my concern; for all of me, he might indulge or abstain, as best suited him. Also, if the patient chose to submit, that likewise was his business, not mine. An Englishman clings to his adenoids, especially if he's a visiting Englishman delivering lectures here on the subject of our national shortcomings. Say it with adenoids—that's his national motto. And the Englishman, as a type, is devoted to them.

The adenoids and the kidney—the adenoids his own, and the kidney a sheep's, grilled or deviled—these are his favorite growths. He would surrender neither without a struggle. But if an American, more mercurial and less faithful to his ideals, chooses to give up his tonsils and his teeth on demand, let him. Personally, I had affairs of my own to think about. This, you will understand, was before, in my own case, the proposition ceased to be abstract and became concrete.

ON THE last occasion when I had been brought into direct contact with the profession in a professional way, the popular theory was that almost any familiar ailment which you developed in another part of your body might be traced to your feet. Fallen arches was the slogan then. If you had chronic headaches or nervousness or neuritis or lumbago or sciatica or what-not, the doctor had a look at your insteps and sent you off to a special last-maker. The great change when the profession leaped, as it were, to the other extreme and cast aside the shoe-store man in order to form an alliance with the dentist passed almost unnoticed so far as I, individually, was concerned. The doctors had their own way of making both ends meet and I was not interested.

Not until I myself fell ill did I come to realize how all-embracing in its effects is the newer order of things. We used to think, and say, that many a man dug his grave with his own teeth. It now develops that the teeth dig your grave for you, without the necessity of coöperation on your part. It took a long time—several thousand years, in fact—for the profession to find this out. But once the discovery was made no time was lost.



# TEETH

By Irvin S. Cobb

Illustrated by  
David Robinson

From what I have heard lately, it appears that the cause for what ails you will surely be found nestling at the base of one or more of your teeth, but the more the merrier. The ultimate salvation of the race depends on a happy state of complete and utter toothlessness. The only healthy mouth of the future will be one which has been converted into a recent site; an open smile will suggest a detachable rim.

IN THE NEXT generation a mark of beauty will be the face that tucks in at the lower end like one of those old-fashioned puckered-up buckskin purses with a drawstring in it, such as our pioneer ancestors carried.

When our small grandchildren misbehave the nurse will tell them that a great big bad old molar is going to get them if they don't watch out!

Time was, and not so long ago either, when if a man kinked up with the rheumatism he was put on a different diet—a different diet, I might add, for each different specialist who was called in—and in extreme cases they shipped him off to one of those places where Tophet has broken through the world's crust,



there to take the hot mud baths. The present procedure is simpler. He goes to the dentist for a clean sweep of the ceramics in his dining-room. Quite often, a surgeon then takes him in hand and tidies him up in the vicinity of the pantry entrance by eliminating the tonsils. After that, if the twinges persist, it's his own fault. Science has done all that can be done.

With asthma, I believe, practically the same procedure is followed. Probably the next additional step will be to provide the chronic sufferer with an artificial harelip so he'll have more fresh air; but this advance has not yet been reached. I'm not sure, but I think hay-fever is also included in the new category. If it isn't it will be shortly, I'm certain of that. And it will be a boon to a large and distressed cross-section of humanity. Heretofore, but two courses were open to the hay-fever victim. Either he could flee to the mountains or stay on at home, hating people who persisted in bringing goldenrod bouquets into the house and talking the same way that Chaucer wrote. It is a fact not generally known that Chaucer was the original hay-fever poet—the original one and likewise the only one. You remember that poem of his beginning:

Sumner is icumen in,  
Lhudde syng (*cuckul*)

Or suppose, for further illustration, that the trouble is deep-seated, that it's one of those baffling internal disorders which formerly gave pause to the diagnosticians. No longer, though, may the most mysterious of maladies hope to hide itself from them. They may not know exactly what the disturbance is but they know exactly what to do for it. There is a consultation of the specialists or, as the uninformed might say, a guessing contest.

"Gastric, I think," states the eminent Dr. A.

"I vote for gall-stones," says the famous surgeon, Dr. B. He beams cheerily. Gall-stones are his favorite jewels.

Distinguished Dr. C. smiles a smile of conscious superiority. Years back Conan Doyle gave him his cue.

"Alimentary, my dear Watson," he murmurs, "*alimentary*."

The expert who used to lay it on the appendix is not present.



David Robinson

Teeth are only in the way when a person's diet consists in sucking on a thermometer once every two hours.



He is more or less out-of-date. An appendix no longer attracts the scientific attention and the popular interest that once it did.

So they match to see who's right. But no matter who wins, the plan of procedure already is plainly indicated. Telephone down to have the X-ray machine rigged up and notify the official tooth-puller to stand by. Sooner or later it may be necessary to operate or something, but first get the gums all nicely emptied and give beneficent nature and spoon victuals a chance.

As I understand it, it has been no very great while since a session of the consultants sometimes rather resembled one of those friendly disputes which arise whenever three or four or five women are preparing to go on an automobile jaunt together. The door of the car is open, the driver is ready to start the engine; but among themselves the ladies contend happily over the seating arrangements, each in turn declaring that personally she infinitely prefers the little seat in front and insisting that some of the others shall take the roomier back spaces. No group of women ever yet started on an automobile ride without first having one of these affectionate little wrangling bees.

MUCH AFTER the same fashion the doctors, until comparatively recently, are said to have debated among themselves, courteously tossing symptoms back and forth, each one urging his confrères to have first choice and saying he gladly would take what was left. But unless all the available information is wrong, such prolonged amenities no longer retard the proceedings. This one may or may not waive a diagnosis; that one stands by his pet opinion or amends it just as he pleases. The main thing is that on the chief issue they are firmly agreed: The root of all evil is in the jaw!

However, as I intimated a few paragraphs back, I knew of these important developments only through hearsay and by roundabout ways and so paid small heed to them. Anyhow, the layman is not supposed to poke his nose into the inner mysteries of the art of healing unless there happens to be something the matter with the nose or some other organ. Yesterday's experiment is today's acknowledged theory and will be tomorrow's exploded fad; but that is no affair of his. For if it is true of medical science, it likewise is true of every other field of human endeavor. The only things that have succeeded through remaining absolutely stationary are the Pyramids and stand-pat Republicans, and the latter didn't do so well this past fall, at that, as you may happen to recall.

FIRST-HAND knowledge of the scope of the anti-tooth war came upon me, as it were, unawares. All at once, for the first time in my life, I found myself dangerously ill. I eliminate a certain occasion when I underwent an operation. While I was recuperating from that I was required to play the rôle of an invalid but there was no pain and very little discomfort and not a bit of danger. This, though, was to prove a very different experience.

Practically without warning—at least, without any warning that I could discern as such—I was on the flat of my back, or on what by courtesy passes for the flat of the back in the case of an individual upholstered as I am, and physicians and specialists and trained nurses were fussing over me as though I were a new-laid egg and they'd all combined to lay me.

I remember distinctly the very first leading question that the first consultant who was called in put to me: He wanted to know if I had my teeth X-rayed lately, with a view to



*C. The first consulting physician wanted to know if I'd had my teeth X-rayed. He seemed astonished when I told him I had not.*

ascertaining whether any or all of them should come out. He seemed astonished when I told him I had not. Apparently he couldn't understand why any supposedly rational being should have been so remiss in his duty to himself and in the interests of his health. He showed an inclination to press the point but he was still more or less of a stranger to me, and, as between him and my teeth, I declined to take sides in the controversy. Let 'em fight it out between them. I had the more important matter of my sickness on my mind. Anyhow, they had just finished packing me in chopped ice and it was cold weather and I had goose-flesh until you could have struck a match on me anywhere.

Two days later, a second prominent practitioner joined force with the original group. In an early stage of our acquaintance he, too, took occasion to question me along the same line.

"How about your teeth?" he said.

"Well," I said, "so far as I've been able to judge since the subject was first brought to my attention by your associate, there's nothing radically wrong with my teeth except they are suffering from the effects of disuse."

You see, they hadn't given me anything to eat for going on forty-eight hours then, and I had a slighted feeling. I continued:

"Of course, if this present treatment is to be kept up indefinitely and if it's going to be in the nature of a personal favor to you gentlemen, I suppose I might as well take steps to get rid of them—they aren't doing me any real good, as things stand. Teeth are only in the way when a person's diet consists in sucking on a glass thermometer once every two hours. But, unless it is your intention to cure me definitely of the

eating habit—which will be more or less of a shock to my system, I'm afraid, as I have been addicted to it for a good long while—I'd prefer to retain my teeth, if it's all the same to you."

From his expression I could glean that it wasn't all the same to him. For the time being we passed on to other topics. I could tell, though, that the idea had not left his mind; it merely had been pushed temporarily into the background. I was right, too; it came up again and again.

PERHAPS I should have stated that in the meanwhile there had been a series of consultations. It was the only time I had ever taken part—as the raw material—in consultations and I followed the first one with interest. So would you have followed it with interest if the thing were a novelty to you. Assuming that there are two professionals in on the case, they customarily appear before you in company, looking as portentous as a pair of hoot-owls. It also is customary for one of them to be woolly, with a rich deep nap on him, while the other is of the slick or fleecy variety.

Degree work is started according to the ritual. One of them—the plushy one—applies a large fur-bearing ear to your chest and listens attentively. His partner counts your pulse-beat, meanwhile wearing upon his face the far-away look of a person trying to remember where it was he left his umbrella. This done and the lodge opened in due form, they seat themselves, one on one side of your bed and the other across the way, and in turn they ask questions, and when you respond each solemnly makes notes on a pad of paper.

After this they go over your temperature chart and the nurses' reports and retire to an adjoining room, presumably to add up the totals and get the right score. Presently they emerge and carry on a whispered conversation with the nurse and then they



shake hands with you and comfort you with the assurance that everything is progressing satisfactorily except, of course, they would feel better about it if you didn't have quite so many teeth, or words to that effect, and then they go away.

To the subject the proceeding is impressive. For the sake of the effect produced upon his mind it is not advisable, though, that the consultants subsequently should permit him to have a look at the data which they took down during the course of the examination. For example, you find that one of them asked you this:

"Do you drink coffee to excess?"

To which you replied:

"No, siree!" being distinctly emphatic on that point.

By comparison you find that one of them set down on his paper these illuminating words:

"Addicted to tea."

And the other entered this:

"No cough."

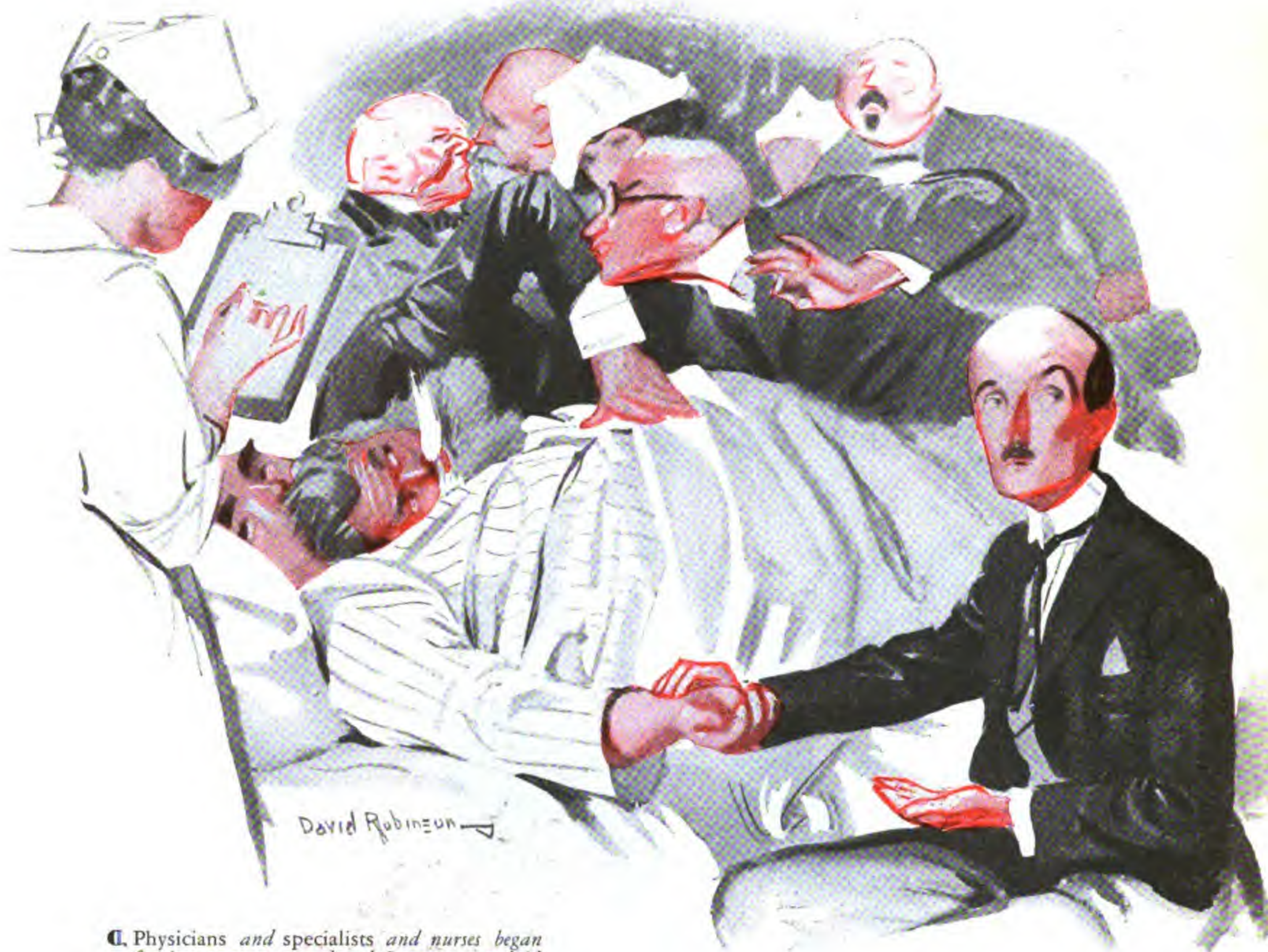
I am not drawing exclusively on my imagination for this bit of description. Moreover, as an active newspaperman, who in his time has done his share of interviewing, I am in position to state that no man who attempts to follow in long hand the turns and twists of a prolonged double-barreled cross-examination, can hope to set down a coherent and reasonably correct rendering of the inquisition. If he gets the interrogation he will miss or muddle



“Gastric, I think,” states the eminent Dr. A. “I vote for gall-stones,” says the famous Dr. B. He beams. Gall-stones are his favorite jewels. Distinguished Dr. C. smiles a smile of conscious superiority. “Alimentary, my dear Watson,” he murmurs, “alimentary.”

David Robinson





**C.** Physicians and specialists and nurses began fussing over me as though I were a new laid egg and they'd combined to lay me.

the point of the response and vice versa. Still, if you have not been a reporter you doubtless will be tremendously impressed, which psychologically, is a good thing for you. I have reached the conclusion that, in the final analysis and in the average serious case, the sufferer's chances for getting well are based on a set of averages—fifty percent depends on his belief in his doctors and the other fifty percent depends on the doctors' belief in themselves. Nature furnishes the final verdict, anyway.

**T**HE mental equation is on no account to be overlooked. Here lately you may have seen in the papers where a scientist over in France is accomplishing splendid results by getting people to repeat so many times a day: "Day by day in every way I am getting better and better," or substantially this, and simultaneously running through their fingers, rosary-wise, a string with a knot tied in it for each word of the formula.

I am perfectly willing to give the learned Frenchman due credit, but nevertheless would point out that the notion is not entirely original with him. Mother Goose beat him to the recipe:

There was a piper had a cow  
And he had nought to give her;  
So he pulled out his pipe and played her a tune,  
And bade the cow consider.

The cow considered very well  
And gave the piper a penny,  
And bade him play that jolly tune:  
'Corn Rigs are Bonny.'

The rhyming in the Goose version may have been a bit sketchy and slipshod but the modern suggestion, I hold, is properly set forth. True, the piper didn't suggest to the cow that she ought to have her teeth drawn; but otherwise the whole theory of it is right up-to-the-minute. If we get many of our ailments out of our imaginations we likewise derive the remedy from the same source; there's no denying that.

But my complaint was by no means a figment of the imagination. At an early stage of the illness it became necessary to

inject some rabbit serum into me, the theory being, I believe, that following this I'd perk right up and maybe start wriggling my ears back and forth. However, this phase of the treatment proved a general disappointment. It seemed to have no effect except to make me apprehensive lest somebody bring a dog into the room, in which event I had a feeling that I'd try to jump right out of the window; and for weeks after I got out of bed the sight of green garden truck, lettuce particularly, gave me a queer twitching of the nose. I'm still a little bit nervous about cats.

A little later there were two blood transfusions. For the benefit of those who may be called upon some day to figure as principals in a blood transfusion, either giving or receiving, I should like to state that where the operators are skilful, the operation itself has been divested of practically all pain and no longer is marked by the mussy and unpleasant features which formerly made it a thing to be dreaded. It isn't an ordeal now, it's merely an incident. It's almost as simple, really, as walking up to a soda fountain and calling for a tonic.

**M**Y TWO HIRED beneficiaries were, physically, of widely varying aspects. One was a mannerly, quiet chap who added to his income by occasionally donating a quart of blood—at fifty dollars a quart—to some person who had not enough blood of his own. He hardly missed it and it possibly made the difference between health and anemia to the recipient. To him it was all a part of the day's work; so we got along together beautifully. Neither of us was supposed to know the other's name. It was a curious sensation for me—lying there alongside him with the rich red stuff flowing from his body into my veins, and reflecting that thereafter part of me would be a part borrowed from a total stranger, whom I should never see again.

The second youth was not in the least like the first. At sight of him I figured that he probably had left his country's service for his country's good. He wore the broad-toed shoes of a naval man and a sailor's blue sweater. A little later, in the operating room, when he stripped to the waist he revealed himself as the most copiously illustrated person I have ever seen outside of a



side-show. With him about, you need never be at a loss for a way to use up a spare half-hour—you could always look at the pictures.

He was otherwise distinguished. He had the indefinable but unmistakable air of a person who would rather fight than eat. Before I met him the transfusionist drew me aside and took me into his confidence.

"I want to make a confession," he said. "The fellow I've brought along this time is about the toughest proposition I ever struck. It so happened today that in my available staff of donors I didn't have one who was of the proper type-grouping to match up with you; so I telephoned down to another specialist in the same line that I am, and he picked this bird off his list and sent him up. He appears to be hunting for trouble in a really serious and business-like way."

"Where is he?" I asked.

"He's in the next room. Give him a look before we go ahead. But if I were you I'd refrain from idle conversation with him. You might say something he didn't fancy and then he'd probably rough-house the whole place."

Exercising due caution, I opened the door. Leaning against the opposite wall of the front room was the attractive person I have been describing. He fixed a hard eye upon me.

"Say," he quoth, in answer to my diffident nod, "is you de guy wot gits de juice?"

I told him that the honor would be mine, if all went well.

"Well, say, den lis'sen," he continued. "De little doctor-guy wot brings me here today he tells me dat he ain't de guy wot's payin' me fur dis job. Now, de udder doctor-guy wot I've been woikin' fur downtown, he allus pays me hisself, spot-cash down, soon as de job's done. See? Well, den if dis little guy don't pay me who does pay me? Dat's wot I gotta know, and I gotta know it NOW!"

"Oh, that'll be quite all right," I said reassuringly. "That gentleman yonder," and I pointed through another door to our family physician, "That gentleman will hand you your fee when the thing's all over."

He cocked a skeptical eyebrow in the direction I had indicated.

"SO DAT'S de guy wot slips me de dough? Well, I just wanted t'ings to be straight foist." A fresh suspicion seemed to assail him: "Say, it's understood dat I gits fifty, ain't it?"

"That," I said, "is my understanding."

"Alri' den, youse guys kin shoot de piece w'en you're ready." I could see, though, that he was disappointed. He had been hoping somebody might try to bilk him out of his price so he could get the worth of his money by wrecking the office fixtures and otherwise conducting himself according to his nature.

The transfusion had been completed and the pair of us had been uncoupled. The two office nurses of my doctor, both well-bred charming women, were tidying up [Continued on page 143]

*C. With this hired beneficiary about, you need never be at a loss for a way to use up a spare half-hour—you could always look at the pictures*





*A new novel of a world of god-like men and wine-like air by that  
spectacular genius who wrote The Outline of History  
and Mr. Britling Sees It Through*

# MEN LIKE GODS

By

H. G. Wells

*A  
Résumé of  
The Story  
So Far*

*Illustrated by George W. Bellows*

MR. BARNSTAPLE had just started off on a vacation in his little yellow car. He was getting away for a complete rest from his noisy family and the gloomy newspaper office. He had told his wife he would not write—no news would be good news. Headed Londonward he was a little outside of Slough when he was passed by two swift touring cars. A few seconds later Mr. Barnstaple took the curve around which they had disappeared only to find no sign of them on the long straight road. Then suddenly his car skidded violently and when he finally regained control of it he found himself on an entirely different road in strange surroundings, and there just ahead stood one of the touring cars. After a few words with one of the men of the party from the big car, Mr. Barnstaple learned that they were as puzzled as he.

Mr. Barnstaple had recognized this man as the great Conservative leader, Mr. Cecil Burleigh. Then he met the other members of the party—Lady Stella, a beautiful society girl; Mr. Rupert Catskill, Secretary of State for War; Father Amerton, well-known for his tirades against society, and Freddy Mush, Mr. Catskill's secretary.

They discovered a burning house nearby and as they started toward it they came on two dead bodies—a man and a woman—surrounded by the wreckage of some sort of scientific apparatus. Both were naked and of great beauty.

"These are no earthly people," said Mr. Burleigh. "Manifestly we are not on earth. It is something very wonderful indeed. It is Utopia! But it must be related to our world or maybe we are in some other dimension of space from those we wot of."

Suddenly the party became aware of two stark Apollos nearby. "Red Gods!" exclaimed one of these Utopians. "What things are you? How did you get into our world? And what do you know of the death of Arden and Greenlake?" (They spoke English.)

After Mr. Burleigh told all he knew of their strange adventure the Earthlings were conducted to a place where they were given refreshment and lodging, attended to by young men and women as scantily clad and as beautiful as the two dead experimentalists.

Then a conference was arranged to talk over the strange arrival of the Earthlings and to decide their fate. Serpentine, one of the Utopians, gave an outline of Utopian history from their Age of Confusion to their present ideal state, revealing to the amazed Earthlings a world of scientific development and beauty far beyond their dreams.

Mr. Burleigh, as spokesman, then told these god-like people of the world of men, of wars and Bolshevism and of the terrible Russian famine; of all the dark and troubled spectacle of human life. As he spoke, the Utopians nodded, "Very like our own Age of Confusion."

Mr. Barnstaple, more than the others, had given himself up at once to the charms of Utopia. But he was puzzled about the speech of these people. They seemed to be speaking English but at times there were gaps—silences. The Utopians explained that they hadn't been speaking at all—they had merely been transmitting their thoughts to the minds of the Earthlings!

The Utopians in answer to questions explained that they had

no need of laws in their world—people weren't tied to one another by bonds.

At this Father Amerton jumped to his feet and in a fiery speech denounced the Utopians as immoral and living a life of wickedness and sin!

The Utopians calmly ordered him to stop or be taken away. The Earthlings, completely at the mercy of these strange people, wondered what effect this unfortunate incident would have on the Utopian attitude toward them.

## *The Story Continues*

AS THE questions and explanations and exchanges went on that afternoon at the Conference in Utopia, between the Earthlings and the Utopians, it became more and more evident to Mr. Barnstaple that the difference of their bodies was as nothing to the difference of their minds. Innately better to begin with, the minds of these children of light had grown up uninjured by any such tremendous frictions, concealments, ambiguities and ignorances as cripple the growing mind of an Earthling. They were clear and frank and direct. They had never developed that defensive suspicion of the teacher, that resistance to instruction, which is the natural response to teaching which is half aggression. They were beautifully unwary in their communications. The ironies, concealments, insincerities, vanities and pretensions of earthly conversation seemed unknown to them. Mr. Barnstaple found this mental nakedness of theirs as sweet and refreshing as the mountain air he was breathing. It amazed him that they could be so patient and lucid with beings so underbred as himself and his companions.

Underbred was the word he used in his mind. Himself, he felt the most underbred of all; he was afraid of these Utopians; snobbish and abject before them, he felt like a mannerless earthy lout in a drawing-room, and he was bitterly ashamed of his own abjection. All the other Earthlings except Mr. Burleigh and Lady Stella betrayed the defensive spite of consciously inferior creatures struggling against that consciousness.

Lady Stella, who had impressed Mr. Barnstaple at first as a very great lady of the modern type, he was now beginning to feel was on her defense and becoming rather too ladylike. Mr. Burleigh, however, retained a certain aristocratic sublimity. He had been a great man on earth for all his life and it was evident that he saw no reason why he should not be accepted as a great man in Utopia. On earth he had done little and had been intelligently receptive with the happiest results. That alert, questioning mind of his, free of all persuasions, convictions or revolutionary desires, fell with the utmost ease into the pose of a distinguished person inspecting, in a sympathetic but entirely noncommittal manner, the institutions of an alien state. "Tell me"—that engaging phrase—laced his conversation.

The evening was drawing on; the clear Utopian sky was glowing with the gold of sunset and a towering mass of cloud above the lake was fading from pink to a dark purple.

Urthred sat with his elbow resting on his knee, thinking audibly.



"We are puzzled by the question, what are we to do with you. We will try our utmost to deal fairly and friendly with you if you will respect our laws and ways.

"But it will be very difficult, we know, for you. You do not realize yet how difficult your habits and preconceptions will make it for you. Your party so far has behaved very reasonably and properly, in act if not in thought. But we have had another experience of Earthling ways today of a much more tragic kind. Your talk of fierce, barbaric worlds breaking in upon us has

had its grotesque parallel in reality today. It is true; there is something fierce and ratlike and dangerous about Earthly men. You are not the only Earthlings who came into Utopia through this gate that swung open for a moment today. There are others——"

"Of course!" said Mr. Barnstaple. "I should have guessed it! That third lot!"

"There is yet another of these queer locomotive machines of yours in Utopia."





"The gray car!" said Mr. Barnstaple to Mr. Burleigh. "It wasn't a hundred yards ahead of you."

"Raced us from Hounslow," said Mr. Burleigh's driver. "Real hot stuff."

Mr. Burleigh turned to Mr. Freddy Mush. "I think you said you recognized someone?"

"Lord Barralonga, sir, almost to a certainty, and I think Miss Greeta Grey."

"There were two other men," said Mr. Barnstaple.

"They will complicate things," said Mr. Burleigh.

"They do complicate things," said Lychnis. "They have killed a man."

"A Utopian?"

"These other people, there are six of them, whose names you seem to know, came into Utopia just in front of your two vehicles. Instead of stopping as you did when they found themselves on a new strange road, they seem to have quickened their pace very considerably. They passed some men and women and they made extraordinary gestures to them and abominable noises produced by an instrument specially designed for that purpose. A young man named Gold came out into the road to ask them to stop. They may have tried to do so. They say they did. Their machine swerved dangerously and struck him with its side."

"And killed him?"

"And killed him instantly. His body was horribly injured. . . . But they did not stop even for that. They slowed down and had a hasty consultation and then seeing that people were coming they set their machine in motion again and made off. They seem to have been seized with a panic fear of restraint and punishment. Their motives are very difficult to understand. They rode on and on into our country for some hours. An airplane was presently set to follow them and another to clear the road in front of them. In the afternoon they got among mountains and evidently found our roads much too smooth and difficult for their machine. At one corner where it should have stopped short, it skated about and slid suddenly sideways and rolled over a cliff and fell for perhaps twice the height of a man into a torrent."

"And they were killed?" asked Mr. Burleigh, with, as it seemed to Mr. Barnstaple, a touch of eagerness in his voice.

"Not one of them."

"Oh!" said Mr. Burleigh. "Then what happened?"

ONE OF THEM has a broken arm and another is badly cut about the face. The other two men and the woman are uninjured except for fright and shock. When our people came up to them the four men held their hands above their heads. Apparently they feared they would be killed at once and did this as an appeal for mercy.

"And what are you doing with them?"

"We are bringing them here. It is better we think to keep all you Earthlings together. At present we cannot imagine what must be done to you. We want to learn from you and we want to be friendly with you if it is possible. It has been suggested that you should be returned to your world. In the end that may be the best thing to do. But at present we do not know enough to do this certainly. Arden and Greenlake, when they made the attempt to rotate a part of our matter through the F dimension, believed that they would rotate it in empty space in that dimension. The fact that you were there and were caught into our universe, is the most unexpected thing that has happened in Utopia for a thousand years."

The conference broke up upon his announcement, but Lord Barralonga and his party were not brought to the Conference Gardens until long after dark. No effort was made to restrain or control the movements of the Earthlings. Mr. Burleigh walked down to the lake with Lady Stella and the psychologist whose name was Lion, asking and answering questions. Mr. Burleigh's chauffeur wandered rather disconsolately, keeping within hail of his employer. Mr. Rupert Catskill took Mr. Mush off by the arm as if to give him instructions.

Mr. Barnstaple wanted to walk about alone to recall and digest the astounding realizations of the afternoon. The earthliness of his companions intervened between him and this world into which he felt he might otherwise have been accepted and absorbed. He was in it, but in it only as a strange and discordant intruder. Yet he loved it and desired it and was passionately anxious to become a part of it. He had a vague but very powerful feeling that if only he could get away from his companions, if only in some way he could cast off his earthly

clothing and everything upon him that marked him as earthly and linked him to earth, he would by the very act of casting that off become himself native to Utopia, and then that tormenting sense, this bleak distressing light of strangeness would vanish out of his mind. He would suddenly find himself a Utopian in nature and reality.

Mr. Barnstaple could not call this world—this Utopia—the world of his dreams because he had never dared to dream of any world so closely shaped to the desires and imaginations of his heart. But surely this world it was, or a world the very fellow of it, that had lain deep beneath the thoughts and dreams of thousands of sane and troubled men and women in the world of disorder from which he had come.

IN UTOPIA in the past, obscured by the superficial exploits of statesmen like Burleigh and Catskill, and the competition of traders and exploiters every whit as vile and vulgar as their earthly compeers, the work of quiet and patient thinkers and teachers had gone on, and the foundations which sustained this serene intensity of activity had been laid. How few of these pioneers had ever felt more than a transitory gleam of the righteous loveliness of the world their lives made possible!

And yet even in the hate and turmoil and distresses of the Days of Confusion there must have been earnest enough of the exquisite and glorious possibilities of life. Every flower-petal, every sunlit leaf, the vitality of young things, the happy moments of the human mind transcending itself in art, all these things must have been material for hope, incentive to effort. And now at last—this world!

Mr. Barnstaple lifted up his hands like one who worships the friendly multitude of the stars above him.

"I have seen," he whispered. "I have seen."

Little lights and soft glows of illumination were coming out here and there over this great park of flowerlike buildings and garden spaces that sloped down toward the lake. A circling airplane, itself a star, hummed softly overhead.

A slender girl came past him down the steps and paused at the sight of him.

"Are you one of the Earthlings?" came the question and a beam of soft light shone momentarily upon Mr. Barnstaple from the bracelet on her arm.

"I came today," said Mr. Barnstaple, peering up at her.

"You are the man who came alone in a little machine of tin with rubber air bags round the wheels, very rusty underneath and painted yellow. I have been looking at it."

"It is not really a bad little car," said Mr. Barnstaple.

"At first we thought the priest came in it with you."

"He is no friend of mine."

"There were priests like that in Utopia many years ago. They caused much mischief among the people."

"He was with the other lot," said Mr. Barnstaple. "For the week-end party I should think him rather a mistake."

She sat down a step or so above him.

"It is wonderful that you should come here out of your world to us. Do you find this world of ours very wonderful? I suppose many things that seem quite commonplace to me, because I have been born among them, seem wonderful to you."

"You are not very old?"

I AM ELEVEN. I am learning the history of the Ages of Confusion and they say your world is still in an Age of Confusion. It is just as though you came to us out of the past—out of history. I was in the Conference and I was watching your face. You love this present world of ours—at least you love it much more than your other people do."

"I want to live all the rest of my life in it."

"I wonder if that is possible."

"Why should it not be possible? It will be easier than sending me back. I should not be very much in the way. I should only be here for twenty or thirty years at the most, and I would learn everything I could and do everything I was told."

"But isn't there work that you have to do in your own world?"

Mr. Barnstaple made no answer to that. He did not seem to hear it. It was the girl who presently broke the silence.

"They say that when we Utopians are young, before our minds and characters are fully formed and matured, we are very like the men and women of the Age of Confusion. We are more egotistical then, they tell us; life about us is still so unknown that we are adventurous and romantic. I suppose I am egotistical yet—and adventurous. And it does still seem to





❧ *The Death of Gold*

me that in spite of many terrible and dreadful things there was much that must have been wildly exciting and desirable in that past—which is still so like your present. What can it have been like to have been a general entering a conquered city? Or a prince being crowned? Or to be rich and able to astonish people by acts of power and benevolence? Or to be a martyr led out to die for some splendid misunderstood cause?”

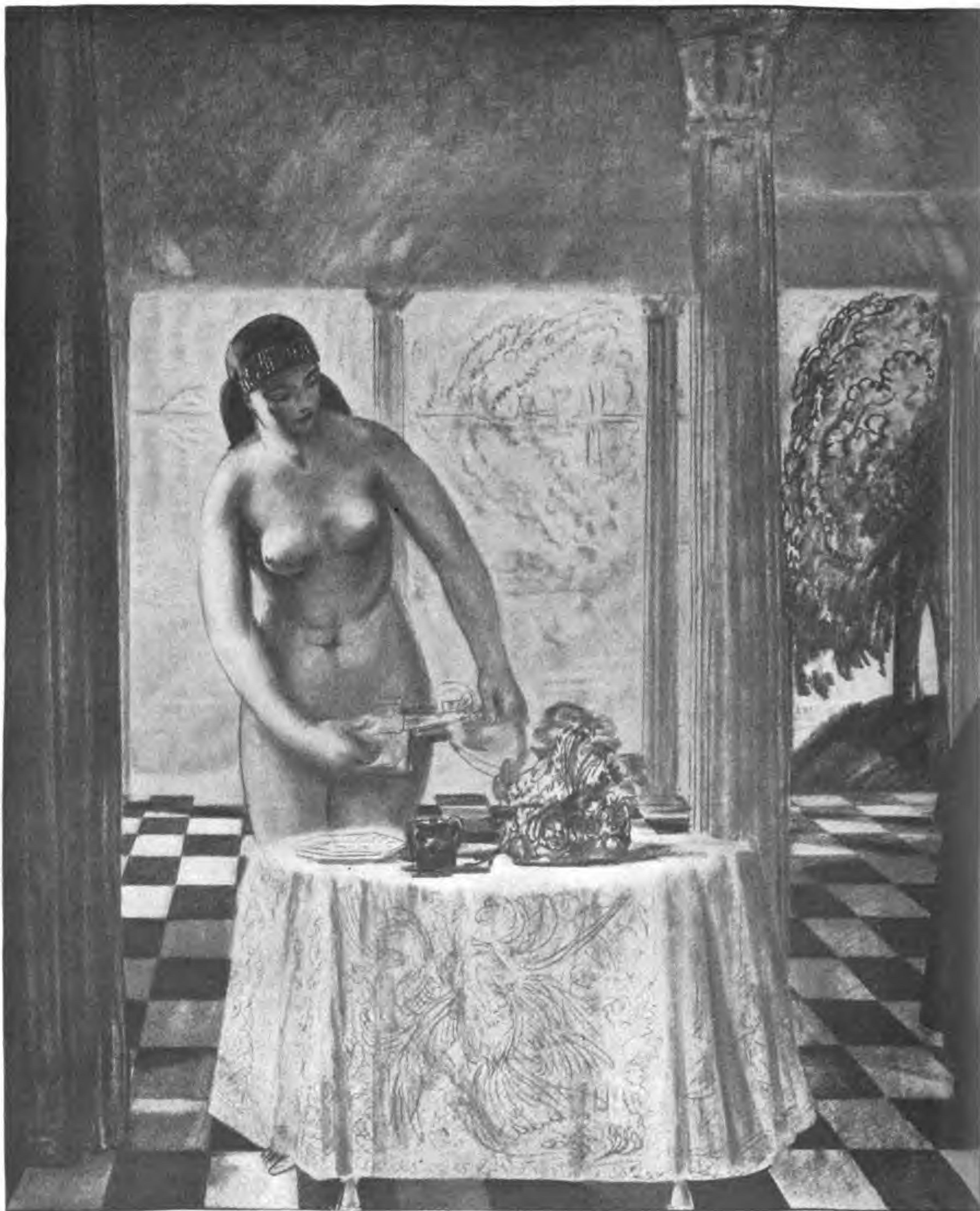
“THESE THINGS sound better in stories and histories than in reality,” said Mr. Barnstaple after due consideration. “This Lord Barralonga they are bringing hither is enormously rich and he tries to astonish people with his wealth—just as you have dreamed of astonishing people.”

“Are they not astonished?”

“Romance is not reality,” said Mr. Barnstaple. “He is one of a number of floundering, corrupting rich men who are a weariness to themselves and an intolerable nuisance to the rest of our world. They want to do vulgar showy things. This man Barralonga was an assistant to a photographer and something of an actor when a certain invention called moving pictures

came into our world. He became a great prospector in the business of showing these pictures, partly by accident, partly by the unscrupulous cheating of various inventors. Then he launched out into speculations in shipping and in a trade we carry on in our world in frozen meat brought from great distances. He made food costly for many people and impossible for some and grew rich. For in our world men grow wealthy by intercepting rather than by serving. And having become ignobly rich certain of our politicians for whom he did some timely services, ennobled him by giving him the title of Lord. Do you understand the things I am saying? Was your Age of Confusion so like ours? You did not know it was so ugly. Forgive me if I disillusion you about the Age of Confusion and its romantic possibilities. But I have just stepped out of the dust and disorder and noise of its indiscipline; out of limitation, cruelties, distresses, out of a weariness in which hope dies. . . . Perhaps if my world attracts you, you may yet have an opportunity of adventuring out of all this into its disorders. That will be an adventure indeed. . . . Who knows what may happen between our worlds? . . . But you will not like it, I am afraid. You cannot imagine how dirty our world is. . . .





### **C.** *Breakfast is Served*

Dirt and disease, these are in the trailing skirts of all romance. . . ."

Mr. Barnstaple suddenly remembered the youth of his hearer. "Forgive me, my dear child, for running on in this fashion."

The girl's answer was to bend down and brush his extended hand with her soft lips.

Then suddenly she sprang to her feet, "Look at that light," she said, "among the stars!"

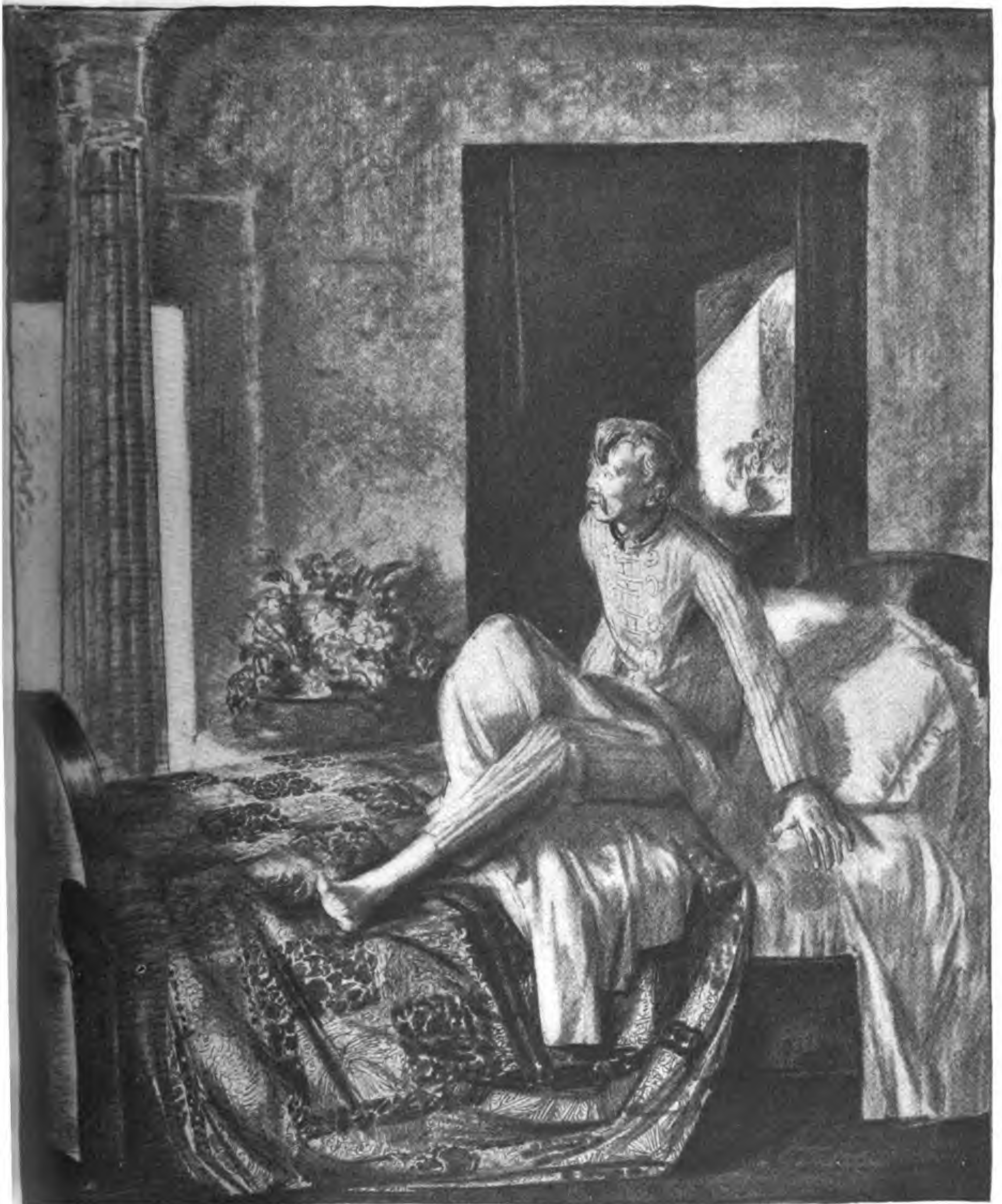
Mr. Barnstaple stood up beside her.

"That is the airplane bringing Lord Barralonga and his party! Lord Barralonga who killed a man today! Is he a very big, strong man—ungovernable and wonderful?"

Mr. Barnstaple, struck by a sudden doubt, looked sharply at the sweet upturned face beside him.

"I have never seen him. But I believe he is a youngish, baldish, undersized man, who suffers very gravely from a disordered liver and kidneys. This has prevented the dissipation of his energetic youthfulness in sports and pleasures, and enabled





### ¶ *Mr. Barnstaple Awakes*

him to concentrate upon the acquisition of property. And so he was able to buy the noble title that touches your imagination. Come with me and look at him."

The girl stood still and met his eyes. She was eleven years old and she was as tall as he was.

"But was there no romance in the past?"

"Only in the hearts of the young. And it died."

"But is there no romance?"

"Endless romance—and it has all to come. It comes for you."

The bringing in of Lord Barralonga and his party was something of an anti-climax to Mr. Barnstaple's wonderful day. He was tired and, quite unreasonably, he resented the invasion of Utopia by these people.

The two parties of Earthlings were brought together in a brightly lit hall near the lawn upon which the airplane carrying the Barralonga party had come down. The newcomers came in a group together, blinking, travel-worn and weary looking. But it was evident they were greatly relieved to encounter other



Earthlings in what was to them a still intensely puzzling experience. For they had had nothing to compare with the calm and lucid discussion of the Conference Place. Their lapse into this strange world was still an incomprehensible riddle for them.

Lord Barralonga was the owner of the gnome-like face that had looked out at Mr. Barnstaple when the large gray car had passed him on the Maidenhead Road. His skull was very low and broad above his brows so that he reminded Mr. Barnstaple of the flat stopper of a glass bottle. He looked hot and tired; he was considerably disheveled as if from a struggle and one arm was in a sling; his little brown eyes were as alert and wary as those of a wicked urchin in the hands of a policeman. Sticking close to him like a familiar spirit was a small, almost jockey-like chauffeur, whom he addressed as "Ridley." Ridley's face also was marked by the stern determination of a man in a difficult position not in any manner to give himself away. His left cheek and ear had been cut in the automobile smash and were liberally adorned with sticking plaster. Miss Greeta Grey, the lady of the party, was a frankly blonde beauty in a white flannel tailor-made suit. She was extraordinarily unruffled by the circumstances in which she found herself; it was as if she had no sense whatever of their strangeness. She carried herself with the habitual hauteur of a beautiful girl almost professionally exposed to the risk of unworthy advances. Anywhere.

The other two people of the party were a gray-faced, gray-clad American, also very wary-eyed, who was, Mr. Barnstaple learned from Mr. Mush, Hunker the Cinema King, and a thoroughly ruffled looking Frenchman, M. Dupont, a dark, smartly dressed man, with an imperfect command of English, who seemed rather to have fallen into Lord Barralonga's party than to have belonged to it properly.

MR. BARNSTAPLE awakened slowly out of profound slumber. He had a vague feeling that a very delightful and wonderful dream was slipping from him. He sat up in his little bed in a state of extreme amazement. "Impossible!" he said. He was lying in a little loggia half open to the air. Between the slender pillars of fluted glass he saw a range of snow-topped mountains and in the foreground a great cluster of tall spikes bearing deep red flowers. The bird was still singing—a glorified thrush, in a glorified world. Now he remembered everything. Now it was all clear. The sudden twisting of the car, the sound like the snapping of a fiddle string and—Utopia! Now he had it all, from the sight of sweet dead Greenlake to the bringing in of Lord Barralonga under the strange unfamiliar stars. It was no dream. He looked at his hand on the exquisitely fine coverlet. He felt his rough chin. It was a world real enough for shaving—and for a very definite readiness for breakfast. Very—for he had missed his supper. And as if in answer to his thought a smiling girl appeared ascending the steps to his sleeping place and bearing a little tray. After all, there was much to be said for Mr. Burleigh. To his swift statesmanship it was that Mr. Barnstaple owed this morning cup of tea.

"Good morning," said Mr. Barnstaple.

"Why not?" said the young Utopian and put down his tea and smiled at him in a motherly fashion and departed.

"Why not a good morning, I suppose," said Mr. Barnstaple and meditated for a moment, chin on knees.

THE LITTLE dressing-room in which he found his clothes lying just as he had dumped them overnight, was at once extraordinarily simple and extraordinarily full of interest for Mr. Barnstaple. He paddled about it humming as he examined it.

He could not find taps at first though there was a big washing basin as well as a bath. Then he perceived a number of studs on the walls with black marks that might be Utopian writing. He experimented. He found very hot water and then very cold water filling his bath. The Utopian characters on these studs set him musing for a time; they were the first writing he had seen; they appeared to be word characters but whether they represented sounds or were greatly simplified hieroglyphics he could not imagine.

He roused himself to the business of his toilet. There was no looking-glass in the room but when he tried what he thought was the handle of a cupboard door, he found himself opening a triple full-length mirror. Afterwards he was to discover that there were no displayed mirrors in Utopia; Utopians, he was to learn, thought it indecent to be reminded of themselves in that way. The Utopian method was to scrutinize oneself, see that one was all right and then forget oneself.

He had a fantastic idea of adopting Utopian ideas of costume, but a reflective moment before his mirror restrained him. Then he remembered that he had packed a silk tennis shirt and flannels. Suppose he wore those, without a collar, stud or tie—and went barefooted?

He surveyed his feet. As feet went on earth they were not unsightly feet. But on earth they had been just wasted.

A particularly clean and radiant Mr. Barnstaple, white-clad, bare-necked and barefooted, presently emerged into the Utopian sunrise. He came upon two Utopians gardening.

THEY HAD two light silvery wheelbarrows and they were cutting out old wood and overblown clusters from a line of thickets that sprawled over a rough heaped ridge of rock and foamed with crimson and deep red roses.

"You are the first Utopians I have actually seen at work."

"This isn't our work," smiled the nearer of the two, a fair-haired, freckled, blue-eyed youth. "But as we are for these roses we have to keep them in order."

"Are they your roses?"

"Many people think these double mountain roses too much trouble and a nuisance with their thorns and sprawling branches, and many people think only the single sorts of roses ought to be grown in these high places and that this lovely sort ought to be left to die out up here. Are you for our roses?"

"Such roses as these?" said Mr. Barnstaple. "Altogether."

"Good! Then just bring me up my barrow closer for all this litter. We're responsible for the good behavior of all this thicket reaching right down there almost to the water."

Mr. Barnstaple discovered Ridley and Penk approaching him. Ridley's face and ear were still adorned with sticking plaster and his bearing was eager and anxious. Penk followed a little way behind him, holding one hand to the side of his face.

Ridley began to speak as soon as he judged Mr. Barnstaple was within earshot.

"You don't know where these 'ere decadents shoved our car?"

"I thought your car was smashed."

"Not a Rolls Royce—not like that. Windscreen and mudguards and the one footboard perhaps. We went over sideways. I want to 'ave a look at it. And I didn't turn the petrol off."

Mr. Barnstaple had no idea where the cars were. "Have you asked any of the Utopians?"

"Not us. We don't like the style of 'em," said Ridley.

Mr. Barnstaple was considering Penk. "You haven't hurt your face?" he asked.

"Nothing to speak of," said Penk.

Ridley looked at Penk and then at Mr. Barnstaple. "He's had a bit of a contusion," he remarked,

"We better be getting on if we're going to find those cars," said Penk.

A GRIN of intense enjoyment appeared upon Ridley's face. "E's bumped against something."

"Oh—shut it!" said Penk.

But the thing was too good to keep back. "One of these girls 'it 'im."

"What do you mean?" said Mr. Barnstaple. "You haven't been taking liberties—?"

Ridley smiled and winked at Mr. Barnstaple. "Regular 'ard clout she gave 'im. Knocked him over. 'E put 'is 'and on 'er shoulder and *clop!* over 'e went. Never saw anything like it."

"Rather unfortunate," said Mr. Barnstaple.

"Don't you go making any mistake about it, Mister, and don't you go running off with any false ideas about it," said Penk. "I don't want the story to get about—it might do me a lot of 'arm with Mr. Burleigh. Pity Mr. Ridley couldn't 'old 'is tongue. What provoked her I do not know. She came into my room as I was getting up and she wasn't what you might call wearing anything and she looked a bit saucy to my way of thinking and well—something come into my head to say to her, something—well, just the least little bit sporty so to speak. One can't always control one's thoughts—can one? A man's a man. If a man's expected to be civil in his private thoughts to girls without a stitch, so to speak—*well!* I dunno. I really do not know. It's against nature. I never said it, whatever it was I thought of. Mr. Ridley 'ere will bear me out. I never said a word to her, I 'adn't opened my lips, when she hit me. Knocked me over, she did—like a ninepin. Didn't even seem angry about it. A 'ook-'it—sideways. It was surprise as much as anything floored me."

[Continued on page 124]





On the face of it, Britain's beer is to flow as long as water runs in the Thames. The tradition of ten centuries and the thirst of thirty generations guarantee that—on the face of it.

# Is ENGLAND Going Dry?

*By Frazier Hunt*

## Part IV of THE WORLD WAR ON BOOZE

IT WAS a Sunday evening in London. For hours a cold, foggy drizzle had been falling, until the whole great city was heavy and soggy with the penetrating mist.

Huddled in the tiny entrance of the "Public Bar" door of a second-class "pub" were two or three shivering children and a woman with a baby in her arms. I stepped into the doorway ostensibly to get out of the wet but really to study the children.

They were tired little folks and they wanted to get home and to bed. They were not allowed inside the bar and they were too young to be left alone at home.

The woman, rather poorly dressed, was crooning a song to her baby. Father, I thought, was laying in a supply of eight per cent beer while the young wife and the baby were waiting outside. I swallowed a lump in my throat.

And then the door of the pub was pushed open and a hand holding a glass of dark brown "bitter" was extended. The mother eagerly reached for it and, before the door closed, muttered a quick thanks and buried her face in the glass.

I wanted to step up and pat her on the back. I wanted to tell her that when it came to standing about in damp doorways waiting for father to beer-up alone I was for the single standard of drinking. I watched her with approval.

Then the sturdy young yearling in her arms reached up a pair of chubby hands and clutched at the half-empty glass.

"Alfie want 'is beer, too. Righto!" This is approved mother talk to the yearling.

Thereupon little Alfie was given a hearty swig. He made a wry face but he didn't cry out for help.

"He likes it, doesn't he?" I volunteered.

"E does that, sir," she answered. "Beer is mighty good for the young 'uns."

"Everybody drinks beer in England, don't they?" I questioned.

"Everybody what 'as the price does, sir. We couldn't get along without our beer."

"But they say England is going dry like America," I innocently suggested.

"Yes it will—when the blinkin' world comes to an end, sir."

And that's just about what the prohibition status is at this moment. The whole dry idea is still in its swaddling clothes and the voice of every-day England still cries for its bottle just as belligerently as does the voice of a hungry child. It has as yet not even reached the Local Option teething stage. It is fully twenty-five years behind where America was even before the Eighteenth Amendment was passed—on the face of it.

I say "on the face of it" because great world ideas have a way



about them that often passeth understanding. Ideas work on somewhat of a "process of osmosis"—they silently penetrate, they seep in, they capture the heart and the imagination just as a slow tropical fever captures a sturdy body. And the only way they can be defeated is by a better idea.

On the face of it Britain's beer is to flow as long as water runs in the Thames. The tradition of ten centuries and the thirst of thirty generations guarantee that—on the face of it. And yet England *may—may*, I say—go dry, pathetically parched, bone dry—or at least semi-arid—in ten—twenty—thirty years. And a prohibition England is the certain harbinger of a dry Europe—and a dry world.

England doesn't even suspicion it yet—but in no way does that affect the possibilities. Because England is up against an idea—and ideas are terribly dangerous to the status quo.

I PROBABLY should have called this story The Power of an Idea—or The Power of an Economic Idea, or even better still, The Power of an American Idea, because the THING in the background that is keeping the wisest members of "the trade" in Britain awake at night is the unquestionable fact that if America gains efficiency and thus foreign trade through prohibition English big business will see to it that through control of propaganda and politics any booze or beer handicap that British industry is laboring under, will be eliminated. And that means either a dry or a semi-arid Britain.

This is the idea that is seeping in slowly but surely. Common England is not as yet conscious of it. Most of the press, half the pulpit, three-quarters of public opinion, ninety percent of tradition and custom is for English beer and Scotch whisky—and against it is only a small moral idea but with a great determined, unanswerable economic idea lying in the background in reserve. It is to be a great terrific drama—this battle of booze against an Idea. It is America against the inertia of the world and the strength and power of hundreds of years of custom and tradition and thought.

It is fascinating for an American to study "the trade" in England—and one always refers to the liquor business in Britain as "the trade." Except among the foreign born in America it

# 1921 DRINK BILL 403 MILLION POUNDS.

Compare the following expenditures

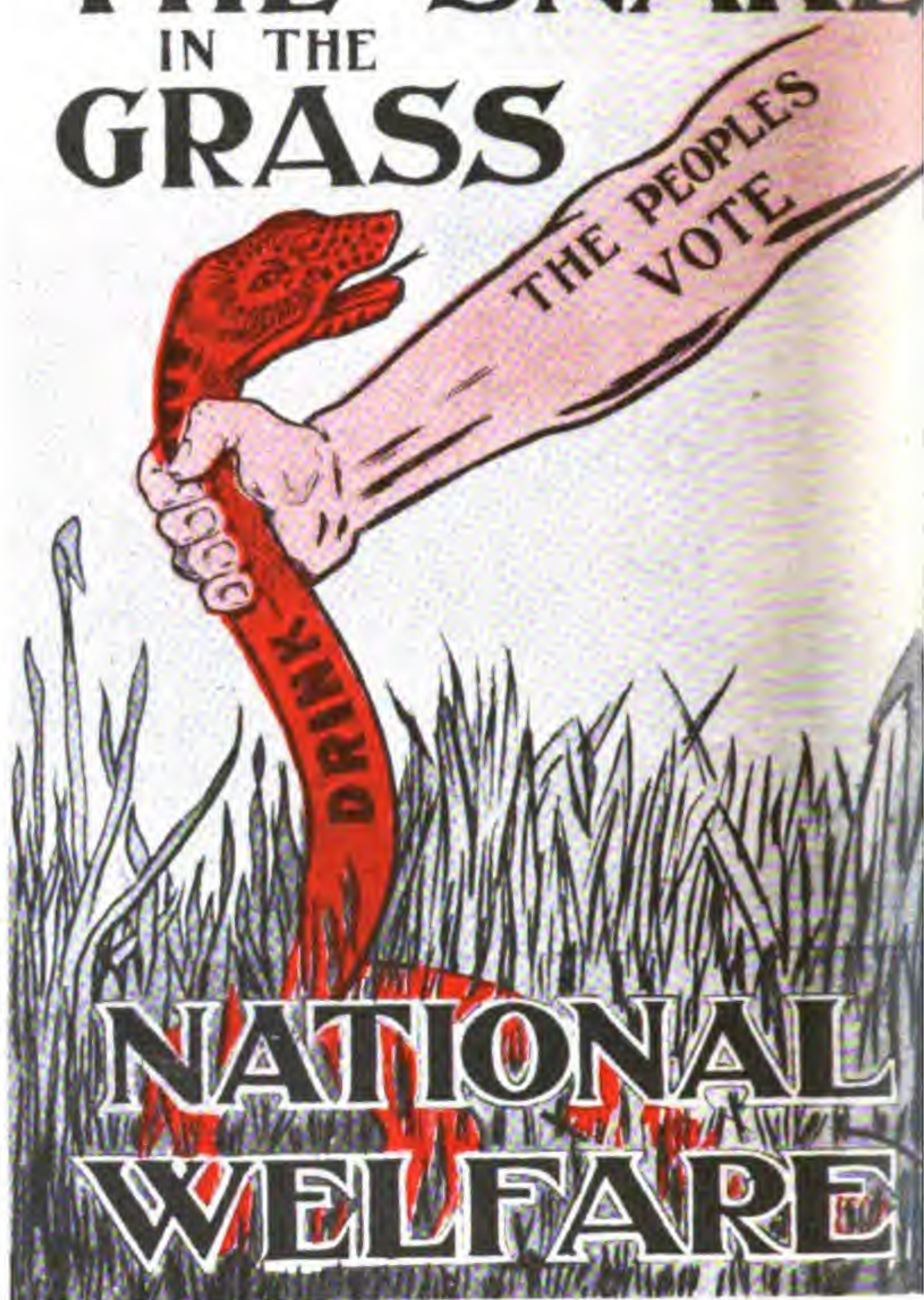
INTOXICATING LIQUORS	403	MILLIONS
WAR PENSIONS	111	"
OLD AGE PENSIONS	27	"

For every

1,000 GALLONS OF MILK DRUNK,  
1,800 GALLONS OF BEER WERE DRUNK.

B. B. HAYLOR, General Steam Printer, 91, Albert Road, Richmond, Surrey

## THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS



is an entirely different game from what it was in the States, least for the past two or three generations.

Instead of the saloon that was often if not usually the center of everything that was filthy and degrading in the social and political life of the community, England has a "pub" that, and large, is conducted on very strict and lawful lines by a "publican" who is usually a man of considerably better character than was the average saloon-keeper in America. For one thing he does obey the laws—under the eternal threat that he will lose his license if he breaks them. Today in England pubs are permitted to open but seven and eight hours per day, varying in different localities, but usually from 11:30 to 2:30 p. m. and from 6 p. m. to 10 p. m. And that's that.

Sunday the law permits beer and booze to be sold for five hours—as a rule from 12 noon to 2 p. m. and from 7 p. m. to 10 p. m.—and that's that. And the drinks are a certain price and of a certain set quality: a half-pint of bitter at ten cents; a small Scotch and soda at twenty cents; a double at thirty cents—and that's that.

But all this fails to convey anything of the real difference in tone of the British pub as against the one-time American saloon. To the average good beer-drinking male Briton his pub is almost his family club. He takes the wife there of an evening and when he probably buys her a half-pint he takes a full pint for himself.

FIRST there is a saloon bar where the middle class gentry go. It's a little better furnished and the drinks come a halfpenny higher. Next to it, but separated by a seven-foot partition, is the "public bar," with a separate entrance. This public bar is where 'Arry and his Missus would go of a Sunday evening for a half-pint of bitter.

The third section of the ordinary pub is the "private bar" where the jug and bottle trade is usually attended to and where a poor workman or a lone woman would probably drop in. The same bar and the same barmaids serve all three sections.

This rather intimate discussion of the inside workings of a typical pub is necessary because if one is to understand the hold of beer and booze on the imagination of England he must appreciate that for one thing there is no such despicable saloon establishment here as America had—and such as caused the violent repudiation

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of our saloon. The whole "trade" is so deeply and skilfully entrenched that to the casual observer it seems almost impossible that it will ever be dislodged.

Nothing has been overlooked or omitted in the securing by the beer and booze business of an almost impregnable position in the very life of the country. In politics, in all avenues of propaganda, in financial circles, in the church, in the home, in all social intercourse, and in the court itself, "the trade" rests securely on deep foundations and age-long traditions.

**I** WOULD take up these one at a time and show the depth and stability of the Trade's hold—and at the end the Big Idea that may crumple up these fortifications like the great Allied guns and men crumpled up the supposed impregnable positions on the Western Front.

First, the Trade's hold in politics. There are, according to the 1921 Alliance Year Book, twenty-nine Members of Parliament directly connected with the beer and booze business. Some of these men are among the strongest and most influential men in the House of Commons. Sir George Younger, active head of the Younger Breweries, is the guiding spirit and leader of the Conservative party.

For more than a half century this Tory party has been the brewer's own political party. There has not been the least subterfuge or deception about this; it has openly, brazenly been the friend, guide and philosopher of the beer and booze interests. It has stoutly and determinedly stood out against any drastic liquor control and regulation and has fought shoulder to shoulder alongside the House of Lords against every attempt at Local Option.

In the now moribund House of Lords there is a long list of beer and booze Peers. Hardly a great brewery or distillery but has its Lord, made within a generation. But this House of Lords no longer counts greatly in the situation because its veto can be overridden.

Against the Conservative party, acknowledged at the beck and call of the Trade, stands the Liberals, who for a generation have favored more and more restrictions and have flirted with the question of a Local Option Law. But that's all that they have really done—just flirted and broken its heart.

It's always been a side issue. It's never been fought over

and out on clean cut lines. And that holds true today. At present there is a Temperance Group in the House of Commons of some thirty members, headed by P. Wilson Raffan. It is a non-party group, and consciously so. Most of the thirty are Liberals, but there are several labor members and one or two from the Conservative party—notably Lady Astor.

"We don't want the Local Option Temperance issue to be injected too violently into party politics," Raffan told me. "We want to make it a non-political movement if we can. There must be a temperance education in this country before much can be done. Why, we don't even use the word Prohibition."

I questioned Raffan on what the immediate steps of his Temperance Group would be. He replied:

"We can expect nothing from the present House. If there is a new General Election and either the Liberals or the Labor party or even a coalition of Liberal-Labor gets in power, then in all probability there will be a Local Option Bill passed. There would probably be a term of years from the Bill's passage until the Local Option went into effect, but we would keep this as low as possible. Local Option will be a great step in the right direction, and it must come first of all."

**A**T present there are three Local Option Bills being considered by the Parliament. The first is being put forward by Mr. Raffan and bears his name. Briefly it confines itself to local option on the straight proposition of "no license" or "no change"—going dry or remaining wet—a single majority carrying a choice one way or the other.

The second bill is sponsored by T. T. Broad, one of the secretaries of the Temperance groups in the House. It carries a threefold local option proposition: (a) no change: (b) reduction of number of licenses by fifty percent: (c) no license. Incidentally, it raises the age of sale from fourteen for beer and sixteen for spirits to eighteen years for either.

The third bill is that of Lady Astor and provides for local district voting on a triple proposition: (a) no change: (b) "reorganization"—meaning the purchase of the local liquor trade including local breweries, out of money collected from the Trade by special levies. It also provides that the country shall be divided into districts and the whole Trade in each to be man-

## ENGLAND & WALES

# 2,000

IS SPENT ON  
**DRINK**

EVERY MINUTE  
LICENSED PREMISES  
ARE OPEN.

## JUST THINK OF IT!

Original from  
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



aged by Local Committees under a plan of semi-state management: (c) no license. In such cases where districts are voted dry compensation shall be provided by the Trade over a period of twelve years.

The real "professional" temperance leaders oppose Lady Astor's bill because they claim it greatly complicates the straight out and out wet and dry issue, and provides for what might be a hated state management. But all of these are merely bills and are probably years away from being laws.

Eventually the woman vote here, as in Northern Europe, will be one of the great unknown quantities in all political calculations of the temperance movement.

AT PRESENT, drinking tradition and the British conception of personal liberty are so firmly imbedded that the great majority of the women will vote with their husbands. But among women the moral note of temperance will have more appeal than among the men—and after all, that is a powerful and growing idea that is gaining more and more momentum. But it is traveling an uphill grade.

For one thing the Trade is deeply entrenched and well protected in the matter of all the avenues of propaganda. It has what is known over here as a "good press." English papers, magazines, movies and the whole theatrical and vaudeville profession are, with few exceptions, for the beer and booze business. American national prohibition is presented deliberately and carefully in the most unfavorable light possible. Only spectacular garblings about the American failure are usually printed.

According to most of the English press, with the coming of the Volstead dynasty, we have suddenly become a nation of dope fiends and criminals. Life is quite as unsafe in an American city today as it was in No Man's Land on the Western Front: except for a few high officials in Washington, the whole nation is honeycombed with bootleg graft. In short, American prohibition has been a rank, terrible failure—and worse, it has turned millions of ordinary sane drinkers into raving hop-heads. Even the children are cutting their teeth on opium pipes, and mothers are giving their babies cocaine to sniff in order to cure their perennial colds.

Here is a typical headline over a New York dispatch published in a prominent place in none other than the staid old London Times of May 14th:

#### COCAINE TRAFFIC IN U. S.

Children Importuned to  
Take the Drug.

And that's nothing to what one encounters almost daily in the London press, and particularly in some of the lower grade evening papers.

There has been no decent attempt to give fairly and accurately the facts of the success and failure of the prohibition law. In some instances the direct influence of "the trade" dictates this course: in others it is the anti-prohibition determination of the rich owners: and in others, of course, it is only because the easy and sensational stories are about cocaine and criminals, etc.

THIS HOSTILITY and perversion, incidentally, is similarly reflected in the greater portion of all the news dispatches from America published in British papers. The harvest that will eventually be reaped from these seeds will be a deep and hidden anti-American public sentiment that may furnish the breeding ground for real and perhaps tragic misunderstandings at some future date of international history.

Almost as deep is "the trade's" influence in all but Non-Conformist church circles. Only a small percent of the Church of England clergymen take any interest in the liquor problem, and I have been informed again and again that fully seventy-five percent of the High Church clergy are accustomed to modest drinking in their own homes.

A few years ago the United Kingdom Alliance—which is the British equivalent of the American Anti-Saloon League—made a very careful survey of the 100,000 odd investors in brewery and distillery stocks and bonds. At that time they found 1,400 church families owning either liquor stocks or bonds. It is probable that this number is slightly less at this time, but unquestionably hundreds of church families have their wealth centered in British distilleries and breweries.

But all this is vastly different among the Non-Conformists.

If seventy-five percent of the other church people have no moral objection to the Trade, certainly an equal percent of the Non-Conformists have a violent and fighting objection to it. The majority of the older church members are teetotalers and they will follow any anti-Trade slogan or down-with-beer cause. As far as the moral side of the British temperance movement is concerned these Non-Conformists represent practically the whole of it. They are unpopularly known as "Pussyfoots"—in honor of our own Pussyfoot Johnson.

After all, this moral issue of temperance meets with very little response from the average Britisher. He has an extraordinarily vivid sense of personal liberty and he wants no one to interfere with what he considers his private affairs—and in return he refuses to meddle with the private business of anyone else. He distinctly lacks the large humanitarianism of the average American. "For the good of the majority" makes little or no appeal to him.

With the exception of the final push given by American big business, there is little question but that prohibition in America was put over by the power of the moral idea. It was the little church at the end of Main Street that furnished the backbone to the whole movement. It was a puritanical sense of intense humanness—a willingness and a determination to force our idea of good down other people's throats, that made more than half the population and more than two-thirds the country dry territory even before the passing of the national amendment.

England doesn't have this humanness—except, as I have pointed out, among its Non-Conformists. Millions of Englishmen drink in their homes. Millions of them drink sanely and soberly. They have been accustomed to home drinking for countless generations. In Eton and Harrow and other great English Public Schools—which are really the most exclusive private schools—schoolboys are still given their mugs of beer at dinner. Some of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge still brew their own beer for their students.

FROM CHILDHOOD the ordinary Englishman is accustomed to moderate home drinking. He can see no wrong in it. And if Bill Jones spends three-quarters of his wages at the pub and his wife and children are half-clothed and half-fed—well, it's too bad. But after all, you know, that's Bill's business.

It's an old saying that an Englishman's home is his castle. It's the quiet, safe retreat that he enters—closing the strong gate of the high wall that surrounds it. None, he says, shall dictate to him what he should drink or eat or do within his citadel—and least of all the Non-Conformist cranks and bigots and Pussyfoots. So sayeth the average middle class Englishman.

And he can point to the whole social life of England—and to the court itself for silent approval. Even Royalty has its own special beer and booze makers. Haig and Haig bear on their bottles the legend, "By Special Appointment to H.H. The King." It is of no mean advertising value to be thus signally designated.

Statistics are tricky things but I'll chance two or three. In 1913 throughout the whole United Kingdom every man, woman and child consumed 27.76 British gallons of standard beer: seven-tenths gallons of spirits and one-quarter gallon of wine. In 1918 his beer was cut down to 9.99 gallons and his spirits to one-third of a gallon. In 1920 he was again merrily guzzling 20.61 gallons of beer and .47 gallons of whisky; in 1921 this had dropped to 18.5 standard gallons of beer and .39 proof gallons of spirits and .24 gallons of wine.

But that isn't as interesting as the price he was paying. In 1913 Britain's drink bill was 166,000,000 pounds sterling—or a per capita cost of 3 pounds 12 shillings and 5 pence—roughly 15 dollars. In 1920 Britain spent 469,700,000 pounds sterling on her beer and booze—10 pounds sterling or 45 dollars per man, woman and child. This is more than three times what the pre-war bill was—and more than fifty percent of the total debt to America.

Of this 1920 bill of 469,700,000 pounds—which is the tidy sum of 2,113,650,000 dollars for one year's drinking—197,000,000 pounds or forty-two percent went to the government in taxation. This left 272,700,000 pounds sterling—1,227,180,000 dollars—as the net drink bill.

In 1921 due to unemployment and the general economic depression there was a reduction over the 1920 drink expenditure. This 1921 drink bill was 402,713,000 pounds sterling—about 1,800,000,000 dollars. The 1922 drink bill will show a decrease, likewise, over the 1921 bill—economic causes again being responsible. And it is interesting to [Continued on page 118]



# *The Intimate LIFE* of HENRY FORD



Q "Ob, you mean reincarnation," Henry Ford said to his biographer, Allan Benson. "You believe in that? I do, too." Ford is a good deal of a mystic. He has a profound faith in "things unseen."

## MR. FORD *as a Maker of* MILLIONAIRES

*By Allan L. Benson*

Q *In which is recorded the story of the growth of the Ford Motor Company. James Couzens invested \$900 in cash in the original venture; \$39,500,000 was what he got; his sister put up \$100 in cash, she got \$355,000. On the other hand Albert Strelow invested \$5,000 and sold for \$25,000. Strelow's stock would now return him \$4,000,000 a year and it would be worth \$50,000,000*

THERE are stories told in Detroit that even Mrs. Ford often tired of the long vigil and begged her husband to abandon the idea of trying to build a horseless carriage. These stories are untrue. She was always "the believer"—that is what Mr. Ford still calls her. From the first, she has always believed he could do whatever he set out to do. When he was building his first gasoline car, working far into each night to conquer unparalleled difficulties, Mrs. Ford oftentimes went out into the shop and watched him work a while in the evening, but she encouraged him to go on rather than urged him to stop. "I was never discouraged in my life," said he to me one day while this book was being written. "Discouragement comes from fear and haste. Fear is the great canker that eats at the hearts of men. Most men are entirely too confident of their ability to fail—and they fail. If they were as confident of their ability to succeed, most of them would succeed. No man can think straight when he is scared to death. Clear thought comes

to those who believe in themselves and the things they are doing.

"What the world needs is more faith. We haven't half enough of it. We are always saying 'I can't,' when we should be saying, 'I'll try and I'll never stop until I succeed.' All of the things we are failing to do and a million others will be done some day. Why not do more of these things now? Here we are, living in a world that is the finest piece of raw material that ever was, and most of the time we are feeling sorry for ourselves because of our hard lives. That is not the way to go about it. We should proceed to improve whatever is not now good enough to suit us. The world will be improved a lot before it is finished. Some people seem to think it is finished now. Instead, it has hardly been begun. The world of today bears about the same relationship to the world that will yet be as the first automobile bears to the best machine now on the market.

"Haste is also a great maker of discouragement," he continued. "Now why should anybody be in such a hurry to accomplish



*Henry Ford's Rules for Success*

what he sets out to do? He should work diligently, of course, but why should he be discouraged if success be somewhat delayed? The idea of human beings in a hurry always seemed a little absurd to me, considering the fact that there is an eternity behind us and ahead of us. It was nearly twelve years from the time that I built my first car before I put one on the market.

"These were very useful years to me and very well employed. What better use could I have made of my time? So far as I was concerned, I was never happier in my life. I was learning something every day and what I was learning was of use to myself and everybody else. I did not get much sleep, of course, but I was then, as always, in fine health and never felt tired. People think Mr. Edison is a wonderful man because he does with so little sleep. I think he is a wonderful man because he is able to generate so much interest in his work. Anybody who is deeply interested in his work does not become sleepy very easily. And he does not become tired. It is work done against the will that wears. Or work done merely for wages. Wages are necessary, of course, but mere wages are not enough to keep anybody awake or prevent him from becoming weary. I never gave a thought to wages in my life. All I ever sought was the kind of work I wanted to do and the best place in which I could learn to do it."

Out of this philosophy came, step by step, the first Ford gasoline engine. It had two four-cycle cylinders, bore two and nine-sixteenth inches, stroke six inches. The wheels were twenty-eight inches in diameter, wire-spoked and solid rubber-tired. The wheelbase was sixty inches and the gauge forty-two inches. The engine was water-cooled. Power was applied with a belt from the engine.

The car was finished at three o'clock in the morning. Mr. Ford at once took it out for a spin. He did not spin very far—just to the end of the street.

I asked him if it was true that he could not turn around.

He put on a very sheepish smile. "Yes, I could turn," he replied, "but I could not back up. I had to get out and lift the rear end around."

But the car would run and that was the main thing. It would make twenty-five or thirty miles an hour. And it would make noise. Some of the neighbors did not like to be awakened at two or three o'clock in the morning by the heavy explosions of the Ford engine. But William C. Maybury was then Mayor of Detroit, and he was both a kindly man and a friend of Ford.

"Maybury told me," said Ford, "that he would protect me if a complaint were made against me."

This was the first automobile license issued in America. It was verbal and it was irregular, but it answered the purpose.

Ford had devoted two years to the building of his first gasoline car when, in 1893, it was completed. What he produced represented a great advance over his attempt to build a steam-car. He had made a relatively high-speed gasoline engine that would drive a light buggy twenty-five or thirty miles an hour. But an automobile that could not be backed up had no commercial value. Ford took another two years to think and in 1895 began a new car.

**H**ENRY FORD was thirty years old when he began building his second gasoline car, a task that occupied his nights from 1895 to 1898 while working days for the Detroit Edison Company.

It is interesting at this point to note how his achievements and his prospects might have been regarded at that time by a weak-willed man and a money-hungry man; also, how they were regarded by Henry Ford.

A weak-willed man, if he had been in Ford's place, might have said: "I built a farm locomotive that went forty feet and stopped. I started a mechanical buggy that I never finished because I became convinced that steam generated by wood or coal was not the proper thing to use for motive power. I made a gasoline automobile that would run forward but not backward and therefore could not be used or sold. I have wasted ten years of my life trying to do things that can't be done, and I am going to quit and go back to the farm."

A money-hungry young man, if he had been in Ford's place, might have said: "I am within sight of great riches. My gasoline car, though it cannot be run backward and is therefore no good, nevertheless represents a great advance over the old farm locomotive. All I have to do is to perfect this gasoline car and I shall have a fortune within my grasp."

All that Henry Ford thought was this:

"The thing can be done. I am doing it. I shall keep at it."

I asked him if he ever thought of money either at this time or

**Q** Fear is the great canker that eats at the hearts of men. Most men are entirely too confident of their ability to fail—and they fail. If they were as confident of their ability to succeed, most of them would succeed.

**Q** What the world needs is more faith. We haven't half enough of it. We are always saying "I can't," when we should be saying, "I'll try and I'll never stop until I succeed."

**Q** The idea of human beings in a hurry always seemed a little absurd to me. Haste is a great maker of discouragement. It was nearly twelve years from the time that I built my first car before I put one on the market.

**Q** It is work done against the will that wears. Or work done merely for wages. Wages are necessary, of course, but mere wages are not enough to keep anybody awake or prevent him from becoming weary.

**Q** I never gave a thought to wages in my life. All I ever sought was the kind of work I wanted to do and the best place in which I could learn to do it.

**Q** Nobody who is willing to get money legitimately need think about money. It is only the people who want to get money without earning it who need think about it.

**Q** Right now there are thousands of opportunities to make fortunes. People don't see them; that is all. Let anybody who wants money to come to him take the simplest useful thing he can think of; let him study it, improve it and refine it until it is better than anybody ever made it before. Then let him manufacture it on a big scale and money will come to him.

**Q** Thinking about money really interferes with one's efficiency. If a man is doing work worth while, the thing he is at requires all his brain power.

**Q** Money mixes with nothing that is worth doing. The right way to get money, therefore, is not to try to get it. Money, when it comes, should come as an incident to something else—as the result of doing something useful.

**Q** One of the reasons why American business men, as a class, are not as efficient as they might be is because they think first of profits and next of service.

**Q** It is often possible to make money by selling below cost. In the early days, I sold my car below cost. What was the result? The increased volume of business reduced cost and gave us a profit.

**Q** When I cut the price of the car a year ago, one of our men told me that the price I had decided upon was below cost. "Just for that," I said, "I will take off ten dollars more"—and I did.

**Q** If American manufacturers and business men generally would, for a period of five years, cease thinking of profits and devote all of their energies to giving the greatest values and the best possible service to the public, they would make more money and they would revolutionize American business.

**Q** Let no man believe that the way he is doing is the best possible way. Nothing is being done in the best way.





**H**enry Ford was thirty years old when he began building his second gasoline car, a task that occupied his nights from 1895 to 1898 while working days for the Detroit Edison Company.

at any other time before great wealth really began to roll in upon him.

"I never thought of money at any time," replied Mr. Ford. "All I thought of was making an automobile and making it as good as I could. Nobody who is willing to get money legitimately need think about money. Let him make something useful, better than anybody ever made it before, and make it in quantity and money will come to him. It is only the people who want to get money without earning it who need think about it. I could have made money in a good many other ways than the way in which I did. I thought once of going into the watch-making business on a big scale, and I am sure I could have made a fortune at it.

"**R**IGHT NOW there are thousands of opportunities to make fortunes. People don't see them; that is all. Let anybody who wants money to come to him take the simplest useful thing he can think of; let him study it, improve it and refine it until it is better than anybody ever made it before. Then let him manufacture it on a big scale and money will come to him.

"Thinking about money really interferes with one's efficiency. If a man is doing work worth while, the thing he is at requires all his brain power. When my problem was how to make the mechanism of an automobile, do you think I would have been as efficient if I had complicated this problem with money? To

have done so would have reduced my capacity for achievement just as an engine's capacity for work is reduced by mixing a little water with the gasoline. Mechanics and money don't mix. Money mixes with nothing that is worth doing. The right way to get money, therefore, is not to try to get it.

"One of the reasons why American business men, as a class, are not as efficient as they might be is because they think first of profits and next of service. They are adulterating their own mental gasoline with water. They should not think of profits at all. They should concentrate every particle of brain power they have upon the problem of how to do the things they are doing in the best possible way. And let no man believe that the way he is doing is the best possible way. Nothing is being done in the best way. Do you believe the automobile has evolved to the point of perfection? Well, it hasn't. The best automobile is still a very crude affair. The evolution of the automobile is in its infancy.

"If American manufacturers and business men generally would, for a period of five years, cease thinking of profits and devote all of their energies to giving the greatest values and the best possible service to the public, they would make more money and they would revolutionize American business.

"Employers tell workingmen not to watch the clock. Employers do not seem to realize that it is just as foolish for them to watch their profits as it is for workingmen to watch the clock. Nor do they seem to know that it is often possible to make money



by selling below cost. In the early days, I sold my car below cost. What was the result? The increased volume of business reduced cost and gave us a profit.

"Too high a price kills many a profit. The great art of price-fixing is to hit the figure that will bring out the maximum demand, drive to the minimum the cost of production and still show a margin. If the margin is too large it is a sure sign that the price is still too high. I have cut the price of my car from the first, and during the last year have cut it four times. I have also cut the price of the tractor, again and again. I remember that when I cut the price of the car a year ago, one of our men told me that the price I had decided upon was below cost. 'Just for that,' I said, 'I will take off ten dollars more'—and I did; and I have cut the price two or three times since. If I hadn't cut prices as I did, a relatively small factory would have been large enough for us yet. Before I get through, I intend to make automobiles, trucks and tractors so cheaply that people will come and take them away."

It is hard to keep Ford's mind on the past—even his own past. The present and the future are the only periods that interest

him. During the months that I spent at his Dearborn plant, he would often drop in toward evening in the office in which I was working to talk. I would begin with a question about some period in his past. This was during the winter and the nights came on early. Two hours later I might realize that darkness had come; that we were sitting in semi-darkness looking out on a little lake, frozen over except in the middle where an intermittent geyser of boiling water from the engines kept the ice melted—and that he had been talking almost all of the two hours on other things than the subject with which we began.

Ford's second gasoline car upon which he worked three years was larger and better in every way than the first one—and it could be reversed. The wheel-base was increased from sixty to eighty-four inches. It had a two-cylinder, four-cycle engine, four-inch stroke and pistons of four inches in diameter. The engine was water-cooled. The wheels had wire spokes and rubber tires. The car was tried out in 1898 and showed that it was a real car, in the sense that it could be controlled and could travel.

Ford felt that it was time to quit the Edison Company and



**I**n his first car which made noise enough to disturb the seven sleepers, Mr. Ford was far from popular with his infuriated neighbors who loved peace and quiet.



at all his time on his automobile. His father advised him to stick to his \$135 a month job. Henry Ford, believing at last that his hour had struck, flung caution to the winds and told Alexander Dow, manager of the Edison Company, that he was through.

If "A bad beginning makes a good ending," Henry Ford did well by organizing, immediately after he left the Edison Company, the Detroit Automobile Company. The situation in which he found himself proved uncongenial from the start. He had but one-sixth of the company's \$50,000 of capital stock and a salary as chief engineer of \$100 a month. After the concern had built two cars, one of which was a delivery wagon, Ford sold his stock and resigned his position.

It fell to the lowly delivery wagon, however, to write an important chapter in the motor world's history. That chapter appeared in a Detroit Sunday paper early in March, 1900. It did not appear as news but as a Sunday feature in what would now be called the magazine section. What had happened was that the first practical gasoline car ever produced on this continent had made a trip about the city, with Henry Ford at the throttle. The purpose of the trip was to demonstrate to the public, through a reporter who had been invited along, that the car existed and was a success.

THE newspaper account of the affair now seems very droll, because of the impressions created upon the mind of the reporter both by the car and the journey. The impressions were substantially the same as would have been created upon the mind of anybody who might have taken his place, which is what makes the narrative interesting. It is difficult to realize that the automobile was so recently a novelty.

The first thing that staggered the reporter, upon getting aboard, was to discover that there appeared to be no machinery on deck, "it being placed practically under the floor."

That was surely marvelous enough in itself, but there was more to follow.

"There was really little or nothing," the writer added, "to show that there was an engine aboard at all."

Just as they were ready to start, Mr. Ford inspected the tank and found that there was no gasoline on hand.

While Ford was finding gas with which to fill the three-gallon tank, the secretary of the company, who was also along, regaled the reporter with a tale about the difficulties connected with the making of an automobile, citing an instance when a week was consumed "at a cost of almost Fifty Dollars" to discover that a screw a sixteenth of an inch too long, was what prevented the steering gear from working properly.

We learn from the article that the one who runs an automobile is an "automobileer" and that "beyond all doubt he will be the most important manager this coming century."

THE three-gallon gasoline tank having been filled, the story goes on:

"Mr. Ford, the automobileer, began by giving his steed three or four sharp jerks with a lever at the right hand side of the seat; that is, he pulled the lever up and down sharply in order, as he said, "to mix air with gasoline and drive the charge into the exploding cylinder." After he had compressed a few of these invisible cartridges back somewhere in the internal affairs of the engine under the floor, Mr. Ford slipped a small electric switch handle and there followed a puff, puff!

"By and by a man opened the factory door and with incomparable swiftness the machine picked up its speed and glided into the snowy wind-blown street.

"First, we'll try her on the rough country road," said Ford, as he veered around an unexpected corner.

"The puffing of the machine assumed a higher key. She was flying along about eight miles an hour. The ruts in the road were deep, but the machine certainly went with dream-like smoothness. There was none of the bumping common even to a streetcar.

"Bang, bang went the warning bell underneath the seat. A milk-wagon was coming ahead. The horse pricked up his ears, his eyes gleamed ominously; he shivered as though about to run away.

"By this time the boulevard had been reached, and the automobileer, letting a lever fall a trifle, let her out.

"Whiz! She picked up speed with infinite rapidity. As she ran on, there was a clattering behind—the new noise of the automobile.

"There has always been, at each decisive period of the world's

## One Way to Win Millions

Ford and Malcomson were to be equal owners of fifty-one percent of the stock in a \$100,000 company.

Malcomson lost interest and wanted to sell out. He had invested, in actual cash, \$7,000. For his stock, he demanded what was at that time regarded as a big price—\$175,000. Ford bought the stock at this price, though he had to borrow money and give notes to do it.

Malcomson was supposed to be the better business man. Yet the "business man" of the two threw away a fortune of \$250,000,000 to get \$175,000.

Albert Strelow of Detroit put \$5,000 into the Ford Motor Company. James Couzens offered to buy Strelow's stock for \$25,000. Strelow took the \$25,000. The stock that Strelow once owned would be bringing him in today, if he still owned it, \$4,000,000 a year, and the stock itself could be sold for \$50,000,000.

Mr. Couzens had saved \$400. He tried to borrow \$200 from his sister, but owing to their father's caution, she lent him but \$100. Malcomson had promised Couzens a bonus of \$1,000 if he would bring the year's profits in the coal business to \$100,000, but the profits fell short less than \$10,000 and Malcomson gave Couzens \$500. Mr. Couzens therefore had in cash an even \$1,000. To this he added a note for \$1,500 and bought \$2,500 worth of the Ford Motor Company's stock. When the company made good Mr. Couzens, instead of paying his sister the \$100 that he had borrowed from her, gave her one share of the company's stock. It was this share of stock from which she drew, in dividends \$95,000, and from its sale \$260,000, a total of \$355,000. Couzens's actual cash investment in the company from which he drew \$39,500,000 was therefore \$900.

Ford needed somebody to make his engines. He made arrangements with the Dodges to take \$10,000 worth of stock and pay for it in work. The Dodge Brothers drew from the Ford Motor Company in dividends \$9,871,500, and from the sale of stock \$25,000,000, a total of \$34,871,500.

Malcomson guaranteed John S. Gray against loss if he would invest \$10,500 with Ford. His estate afterwards sold his stock to Henry Ford for \$26,250,000, after having drawn dividends of \$10,355,075, a total of \$36,605,075.

Horace Rackham and John Anderson went in with Ford to the extent of \$5,000 worth of stock each. Their investment ultimately yielded each of them \$17,435,750.

This completes the list of original Ford stockholders which, with the amount of stock subscribed for by each was as follows:

Henry Ford.....	\$25,000
Alex Y. Malcomson.....	25,000
John S. Gray.....	10,500
John F. Dodge.....	5,000
Horace E. Dodge.....	5,000
Horace H. Rackham.....	5,000
Albert Strelow.....	5,000
John W. Anderson.....	5,000
C. H. Bennett.....	5,000
V. C. Frey.....	5,000
James Couzens.....	2,400
C. J. Woodhall.....	1,000
Miss R. V. Couzens.....	100

Total.....\$99,000



history, some voice, some note, that represented for the time being the prevailing power.

"There was a time when the supreme cry of authority was the lion's roar.

"After that it was the crackle of fire.

"By and by it was the hammering of the stone-axe.

"Then it was the slapping of the oars in the Roman galleys.

"Next it was the singing voice of the wind against sails.

"It came at last to speak with a loud report, such as announced the reign of gunpowder.

"The roar of dynamite was a long time later.

"The shriek of the steam-whistle for several generations has been the compelling power of civilization.

"And now, finally, there was heard in the streets of Detroit the murmur of this newest and most perfect of forces, the automobile, rushing along at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

"What kind of a noise is it?"

THAT is difficult to set down on paper. It is not like any other sound ever heard in this world. It is not like the puff, puff of the exhaust of gasoline in a river launch; neither is it like the cry of a working steam engine; but a long, quick, mellow, gurgling sound, not harsh, not unmusical, not distressing; a note that falls with pleasure on the ear. It must be heard to be appreciated. And the sooner you hear its newest chuck, chuck, the sooner will you be in touch with civilization's newest lisp, its newest voice.

"Down an asphalted street, Ford rushed her. People came to the windows and looked out with apparent curiosity. Pedestrians stopped to see her pass. She picked up speed as she traveled; and excepting that new noise, the run was as smooth as it might have been in a dream.

"By this time, the automobileer had turned into the thick of Woodward Avenue, as far south as Montcalm Street, and was whizzing along through the crowd of vehicles. The speed was about eight miles an hour, but there was not the slightest danger.

"A loaded truck lumbered slowly into sight. As the auto approached, the irate truckman glared fiercely and then shook his fist. The passengers on the auto saw his lips move, as if he were framing a curse, but not a sound came, for whiz, the auto flew past like a flash of light.

"The clanging of streetcar gongs mingled with the sound of the auto bell, adding a new noise to the alarms of daily life. But she slid over the earth with infinite ease, and careened in and out among trucks, delivery wagons, carriages and bicycles; and everywhere people had a welcoming smile and an expression of delight. The new chuck, chuck, the newest voice of civilization, sounded like rare music in their ears—a music as yet involved with the delight of novelty.

"Meantime, the auto had slipped like a sunbeam around the corner.

"Manager Ford is an expert in cutting circles and other fancy figures with an automobile. He turns sharp curves with the grace and ease of a wild bird, under full sail, and if at times he grazes the curbstones, so that the newcomer on the automobile seat hangs on for life, Mr. Ford only smiles. There is not the least danger. Besides, the spice of possible peril adds zest to the ride."

THIS article, which is here rescued from oblivion, is of historic interest for two reasons. It has to do with an important period in the life of the world's richest man, and it tells of the impressions created when the automobile came into the world. The article was illustrated with a pen-and-ink drawing showing a gasoline delivery wagon making a sharp turn in front of a team of frightened horses, and under the cut was the caption: "Showing How Easily An Automobile May Be Steered Out of Danger." The following headlines were over the article itself: "Swifter Than A Race Horse, It Flew Over the Icy Streets; Thrilling Trip on the First Detroit-Made Automobile, When Mercury Hovered About Zero."

The automobile may and probably will stay on earth a long time, but in a little while there will be nobody on earth who saw the automobile come. Already there is a new generation, old enough to vote, who cannot recall a time when there were no motorcars.

Henry Ford left the Detroit Automobile Company in 1901, bought a workshop at 81 Park Place, Detroit, with his own

hands built a bigger and better automobile than he had ever built before and then set about to organize the Ford Motor Company.

The Ford Motor Company! How that name has reverberated around the world! John D. Rockefeller has characterized it as the "industrial marvel of the age." No gold mine ever gave up such treasure. The Kimberley diamond mines carried to the ends of the earth the name of Cecil Rhodes, but it carried it to no place where the name of Henry Ford does not sound more loudly and more clearly. Yet, in the spring of 1903, the Ford Motor Company was but a dream—"the dream of a mad inventor."

So people said. This one and that one was urged to buy stock in the company. This one and that one declined. *Buy stock in the Ford Motor Company?* The idea was ridiculous. Where was the company and what were its assets and prospects?

There was no answer to these questions except that the company did not exist. What did exist was an inventor's rainbow, at one end of which was an idea and at the other end a basket of hopes.

Yet such is the quality of the human mind that here and there can be found those who will take a chance on almost anything. Henry Ford and his friends, by hard work and much talking, found a few of this kind. They might double their money. They might lose it all. Let the gods decide. Having yielded in a weak moment to his importunities, they washed their hands of the affair and left it to Ford to produce what results he could.

Some of the most astounding of the results may best be stated quickly and in paragraphs. The figures are all from the Ford Motor Company's books.

MISS R. V. COUZENS, school-teacher, sister of James Couzens, put in \$100 and drew out \$355,000. She would have put in \$200 except for the fact that her father cautioned her not to risk more than half of her savings.

James Couzens put in \$900 of actual cash and \$1,500 in notes and drew out \$39,500,000.

Henry Ford put in himself and his car and is now the sole owner of industries that he told me he could capitalize and sell for a billion dollars.

These are the "high spots" of the Ford Motor Company's story. What happened, in more detail was this:

Henry Ford, while employed by the Edison Company as chief engineer, frequently had occasion to go to the office of Alex Y. Malcomson who furnished coal for the plant. In this way, he became acquainted with Mr. Malcomson. When the time came to organize the Ford Motor Company, Malcomson was in a frame of mind to consider it. He had heard Ford talk so much about his car that he believed there might really be something in it.

The arrangement that was finally made between the two was this: Ford and Malcomson were to be equal owners of fifty-one percent of the stock in a \$100,000 company. For Malcomson's twenty-five and one-half percent of the stock, he was to guarantee the company's bills up to \$3,000.

"I was Malcomson's bookkeeper and manager when he went in with Ford," said James Couzens to me, "though as soon as the Ford Motor Company was organized, I became a stockholder and secretary and treasurer of the company. As Ford's bills began to pile up and finally went over the \$3,000 limit I warned Malcomson many a time. Malcomson was committed for \$7,000 before the company got on its feet. Malcomson was afraid that his credit with the banks would be injured if it were publicly known that he was backing anything so risky as an automobile venture, so he gave me funds to deposit in my name with which to pay Ford's bills. Nobody knew me then and it was safe to have my name on checks."

THERE is no stranger story in fiction than the story of Alex Y. Malcomson. All his life he had been a money-seeker in the sense that all business men are. As a money-seeker he had been fairly successful. His coal business had prospered. But in all his ventures, he had never hit the trail of "big money." He had prospered only in the ordinary business way.

But here, in the spring of 1903, Fate had flung him into what was destined quickly to become the greatest money-making house in all history. Nor did he come in as a small player at the gold game. He sat at the big table, beside the big man—an equal owner with the big man.

Fate spun the wheel of Opportunity [Continued on page 110]





# *The One Beloved*

*By F. Britten Austin*

*Illustrated by Baron de Meyer*

**I**F THE high gods sit as in a theater to watch us, diverting themselves with our human comedy—and stirred at times, let us hope, to a divine pity at our tragedies, it is improbable that they restrict their interest to the dramas of that minority of mankind which provides material for the majority of novels. In the immense complexity of life, those fortunate ones who need give no thought to the manner of getting their incomes, who play their parts on a stage set with beautiful country houses, luxurious town apartments and fashionable restaurants, who walk amid their fellows with the easy consciousness of being a race superior to those who toil for the daily wherewithal to live, are so few as to be possibly imperceptible—pace Homer and his petted favorites of the gods—from the sublime heights of Olympus. The great seething mass of humanity, whose infinite interreactions make the warp and woof of life, is composed of individuals with extremely simple souls, of limited outlook and indifferent education, whose chief conscious purpose is to fight off starvation by whatever occupation offers itself. And in the infinite interreactions of that mass of very

ordinary people arise tragedies as soul-shattering as those of Shakespeare, and comedies that Molière could not have bettered. It is true that the players are imperfectly articulate, but to the high gods it is possible that a drama in a garret is at least as absorbing as the drawing-room intrigue that terminates in the divorce court.

When the play is done and the players go off-stage, king and beggar doff their costume and—so humanity believes—pass on, indistinguishably equal. The high gods perhaps looked down one night, with a thrilled anticipation which more pretentious personages failed to inspire—for the high gods, doubtless, have some inkling of the plot—at a couple of middle-class young men half-undressed in a barely furnished cubicle at the top of one of those dingy Georgian mansions that so commonly front each other in deserted streets close behind the pouring, roaring traffic of London's main thoroughfares. This particular house was the "living-in" establishment for a percentage of the young men employed behind the architectural grandeur of Messrs. Comwrights's granite-pillared façade in Regent Street





Q. "Is anything worrying you, Mr.—Mr.—?" Vera asked him. She didn't even remember his name. Henry went hot all over at the thought of the letters he had written her, the letters, unconsciously, she had written him.

In several similarly dilapidated Georgian houses across the way, Messrs. Comwrights's "young ladies" lived under similar conditions. To the lofty intelligences which controlled Messrs. Comwrights's colossal business, the two young men were merely "hands" in the Men's Hosiery Department. To the two young men themselves, they were, very emphatically, highly important human souls whose lives distinctly mattered. They were, in fact, of the same essential type as the majority of those seven million human beings who, since they find advantage in living in propinquity, create London.

One of the pair, an untidy-headed young fellow with a squat nose and a large mouth in unbeautiful congruity with his freckled face, sat on his bed with an open letter in his hand. His companion had thrown it across to him with a, "What d'you think of that?" He sat now lost in the serious thought evoked by the perusal.

"Denis," he said, looking suddenly up to his companion, "are you really in love with her?"

His roommate ceased unlacing his boots, removed from his mouth the cigarette he was smoking in defiance of the regulations, and laughed shortly in mockery of this simplicity.

"Come off it, Henry!" he said, brutally.

Henry stared at him and did not smile.

"I think it's rotten of you!" he declared with some vehemence.

"Oh, chuck it, Henry! None of your Sunday-school. When

a fellow goes for a holiday, he isn't expected to be serious with all the girls he meets."

Henry Coggin looked down at the letter in his hand and his normally plain enough features twisted themselves into an unconscious grotesque.

"She's taking it seriously, though," he said, and his tone was unappeased.

Denis Trevor rid himself of his other boot.

"I can't help that, man!" he protested, with irritation. "It's not my fault if girls get gone on me."

HENRY COGGIN glanced across at the curly-headed young man, handsome, after the magazine-hero fashion. Fatuous though it sounded, it was true. He had normally the admiration of the inherently humble for the dazzling Denis Trevor, whose impudent liberties even the departmental manager tolerated. But now he felt suddenly hostile.

"She doesn't seem to be the ordinary sort of girl, though."

"She isn't," agreed the other. "I don't know what made me pick her up. She's not my sort. Not enough go in her for me."

"Where did you meet her?" asked Henry.

"On the pier. Orphan, she told me. Long yarn—I've forgotten it." He yawned.

"She's pretty, I suppose?" queried Henry.





Q. "Vera, I want to introduce Mr. Coggin. Henry, this is my fiancée," said Denis, glib and debonair as usual. To Henry it was as though a sword went through him as he clumsily extended a lifeless hand to the girl.

"Oh, pretty enough—in a sort of way. Tragedy queen style. On her high horse before you know where you are. She's not my sort, I tell you. She's about your mark, Henry—reads books and all that—takes life seriously."

Henry Coggin flushed a little at the implied sneer, but he ignored it.

"Then you don't intend to marry her?" he asked.

"MARRY HER!" echoed Denis. "Good God, no! When I marry, it's going to be a woman with money, I assure you. I'm going to start a business of my own, and I don't mind telling you, Henry, I'm going to make a fortune. I'm that sort. I wish to heaven little Kitty had some money—I'd marry her like a shot. She's got the brains, she has." Kitty Fisher was the fluffy-haired bright particular star of Messrs. Comwrights's millinery department, and might be seen on any evening of the week entering expensive restaurants in clothes certainly not purchased out of her exiguous salary.

"But this girl," said Henry, "—it sounds from her letter as though you had promised to marry her."

"God knows what I promised!" Henry Coggin's frown deepened. "Just as if a fellow meant all he said!"

Henry got up slowly.

"Denis," he said, "you're a cad!"

Denis, on the point of getting into bed, turned and faced him.

"What do you mean?" he challenged angrily.

"This girl——" Henry Coggin stammered awkwardly in the vehemence of his feeling—"this girl you've played with—she isn't the ordinary sort—this," he waved the letter nervously in his hand, "this is the real thing—it's—it's," he hesitated as though before pronouncing a sacred word, "it's love!"

"I don't care what it is!" Denis flared back at him. "And mind your own business anyway!"

Henry's grotesquely plain features went grotesquely stern.

"Denis," he said, "do you mean to tell me that you're going to let this girl down?"

"I'm going to drop her, if that's what you mean," he answered.

"You're not going to answer this letter?"

"Of course not!"

He flinched from the look in Henry Coggin's eyes, and clambered into bed. Henry stood over him.

"D'you realize what you're throwing away?" he asked.

"Good God, if a girl wrote a letter like that to me——"

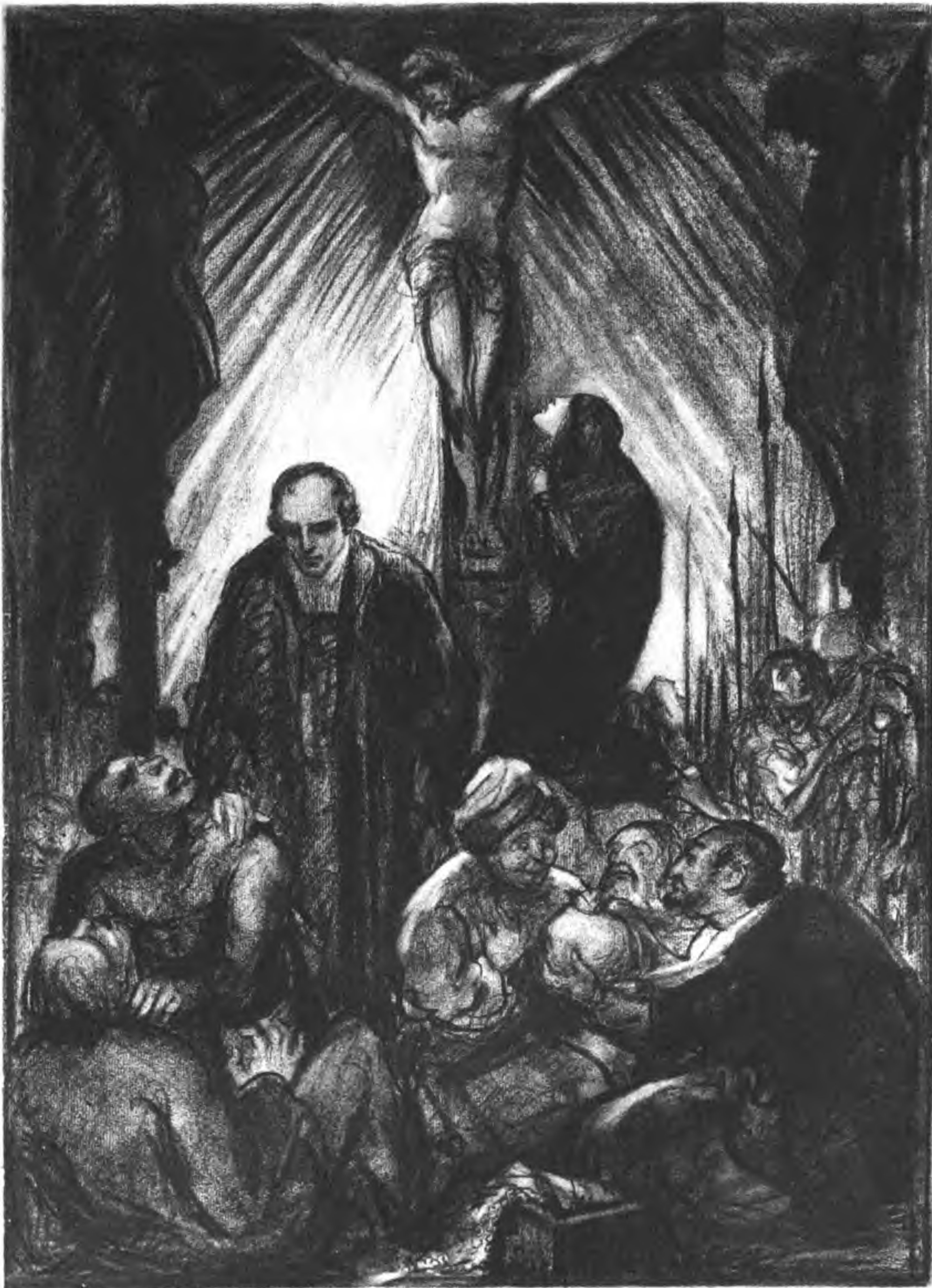
Denis pulled the bedclothes over himself.

"Well, answer it yourself then, if you take so much interest in her. You can keep the damned letter!"

"It's you she wants, not me," said Henry Coggin.

"Well, answer it in my name then, if you're so keen about it. She doesn't know my writing. I don't [Continued on page 109]





Albert Sterner 1922

Drawn by ALBERT STERNER  
to illustrate "Hebrews,"  
by James Oppenheim

Ho! we have turned against the mightiest of our young men  
And in that denial we have taken on the Christ.



# HEBREWS

By

James Oppenheim

I COME of a mighty race . . . I come of a very mighty race. . . .  
Adam was a mighty man, and Noah a captain of the moving waters,  
Moses was a stern and splendid king, yea, so was Moses. . . .  
Give me more songs like David's to shake my throat to the pit of the belly,  
And let me roll in the Isaiah thunder. . . .  
Ho! the mightiest of our young men was born under a star in the midwinter. . . .  
His name is written on the sun and it is frosted on the moon. . . .  
Earth breathes him like an eternal spring; he is a second sky over the Earth.  
Mighty race! mighty race!—my flesh, my flesh  
Is a cup of song,  
Is a well in Asia. . . .  
I go about with a dark heart where the Ages sit in a divine thunder. . . .  
My blood is cymbal-clashed and the anklets of the dancers tinkle there. . . .  
Harp and psaltery, harp and psaltery make drunk my spirit. . . .  
I am of the terrible people, I am of the strange Hebrews. . . .  
Amongst the swarms fixed like the rooted stars, my folk is a streaming Comet,  
Comet out of the Asian tiger-darkness,  
The Wanderer of Eternity, the eternal Wandering Jew. . . .  
Ho! we have turned against the mightiest of our young men  
And in that denial we have taken on the Christ,  
And the two thieves beside the Christ,  
And the Magdalen at the feet of the Christ,  
And the Judas with thirty silver pieces selling the Christ,  
And our twenty centuries in Europe have the shape of a Cross  
On which we have hung in disaster and glory. . . .  
Mighty race! mighty race!—my flesh, my flesh  
Is a cup of song,  
Is a well in Asia.

## "WE HAVE TAKEN ON THE CHRIST"

By James Oppenheim

MR. HAPGOOD and I talked over my poem "Hebrews." An interesting question came up. And so the poem is reprinted on this page, with my comment—a Jew explaining his race as best he can.

That question was this:

"There is one expression in the poem that I do not get quite clearly," said Mr. Hapgood, "and perhaps others would not, and that is the exact significance of 'taken on' in the line,

"And in that denial we have taken on the Christ."

"Of course, one can guess at it, but it does not carry a sharp and inescapable meaning, at least to me."

As we talked further, certain interesting things about the Jews came up. For instance:

What was the meaning of that old story about the Wandering Jew? I happened to open an O. Henry book the other day, and this is what I read:

"There is a man come to Paris in this year 1643 who pretends to have lived these sixteen hundred years. He says of himself that he was a shoemaker in Jerusalem at the time of the Cruci-

fixion; that his name is Michob Ader; and that when Jesus, the Christian Messiah, was condemned by Pontius Pilate, the Roman president, he paused to rest while bearing his cross to the place of crucifixion before the door of Michob Ader. The shoemaker struck Jesus with his fist, saying: 'Go; why tarriest thou?' The Messiah answered him: 'I indeed am going; but thou shalt tarry until I come'; thereby condemning him to live until the Day of Judgment. He lives forever, but at the end of every hundred years he falls into a fit or trance, on recovering from which he finds himself in the same state of youth in which he was when Jesus suffered, being then about thirty years of age. "Such is the story of the Wandering Jew, as told by Michob Ader."

If we think of the Wandering Jew as the Jewish race, the story becomes an allegory, and we see the history of a wandering people. Every hundred years, says the story, the Wandering Jew shall be reborn. That is to say, every hundred years he shall know the bitterness of the crucifixion followed by the glory of the Resurrection. The race which [Continued on page 126]



# CORDELIA, *The*

*By Leroy Scott*



**C** A Synopsis  
of the  
First Instalment

CORDELIA MARLOWE was so beautiful, fascinating and popular that the younger society set of New York called her "Cordelia, the Magnificent." That of course was before her mother lost her money. This reversal of fortune presaged a great change in Cordelia's life; it made it necessary for her to go to work. But Cordelia had no training—she had only accomplishments. Having published a rather ambiguous advertisement, Cordelia at the request of Mr. Franklin of Kedmore and Franklin, lawyers, called at their offices. There Mr. Franklin agreed to pay her \$30,000.00 a year provided she continued to live exactly as she had hitherto. Her duties consisted in helping Mr. Franklin with difficult cases. To Cordelia it seemed all right but in reality Mr. Franklin and his partner were skilful blackmailers, and they were using Cordelia to secure the informa-

tion upon which their blackmail could be levied. According to Mr. Franklin, one of his clients was Gladys Norworth at whose home Cordelia had promised to spend the summer. Even Gladys's friends realized there was something strange about her life. She and her stepsister had returned from Europe after working in a fashionable hospital during the war with an orphan whom they had jointly adopted. Since that time, Gladys's Long Island home, Rolling Meadows, had not been open to her friends, and the very wealthy young woman had taken small part in social activities. Cordelia's invitation to Gladys's home had been a surprise as the two young women had quarreled over the rich and marriageable Jerry Plimpton. Almost immediately upon arriving at Rolling Meadows, Cordelia became convinced that there was something mysterious going on around



# MAGNIFICENT

*Illustrated by*  
*Charles D. Mitchell*

*A*  
*Mystery*  
*Novel,*  
*and more—*  
*The story*  
*of an*  
*American*  
*girl of*  
*1922, by*  
*the author*  
*of*  
*Children*  
*of the*  
**Whirlwind**



“What is it?” Esther demanded sharply. “Gladys says you are François’s mother,” explained Cordelia.

the place. Her interest was first attracted by the butler, Mitchell, who seemed to her to occupy a position not wholly that of a butler. This suspicion was confirmed when she did a little eavesdropping one night and overheard part of a conversation between Gladys, her stepsister Esther, and Mitchell. Mitchell no longer used the tone of a perfect butler. “Soft pedal your talk a bit, Gladys,” Cordelia heard Mitchell say. “You are not using the best sense in the world.” “You don’t expect me to take any such talk from you calmly,” Gladys cried. “You must acquire better control of your nerves, my dear,” Mitchell answered. There was more talk of the war orphan but just at the moment when the conversation became most intimate and interesting, Mitchell closed the window and Cordelia could hear no more. The task of escaping from her eavesdropping position

then occupied her attention. She stood palpitating with fear, waiting until the way was clear for her to return to the house.

Now go on with the story.

CORDELIA stood a motionless dryad among the branches for half an hour, until each stiffened leg had changed into a column of prickling anguish. But at last she heard the three leave the house, one after another. She waited on despite the torture of limbs that had gone to sleep, until finally she judged that her path was safe. She parted the branches and attempted to step outward, only to have the paralyzed legs collapse and send her toppling to the soft earth.



For several moments she lay there, a helpless agonized cripple. That was an absurd anti-climax to such an adventure—her legs asleep!—but the discomfort of that condition was a mild sensation compared to the dismay she felt when, after swaying tinglingly across the lawn, she found that all the doors of the darkened house were locked. She had never thought of this contingency, so had not brought her latch-key, and Mitchell, after his return, had seen to his butler's duty of securing the house for the night.

Her legs still unsteady beneath her, she leaned against the door-jamb, considering. She thought of ringing the bell; but, no, that wouldn't do—it might in some way lead the three to suspect that she had been eavesdropping upon them. She thought of sleeping in one of the guest-rooms out in the play-house and returning to her own room when the servants opened the house in the morning; but this would not do either, for such a procedure might rouse just as much suspicion as ringing the bell.

All the while that she had stood there thinking, she had been fumbling at the knob of the main door, unconsciously rattling it; and now, suddenly, the overhead porch light went on, and the door swung open, and before her stood Mitchell.

"Pardon me for locking you out, Miss Marlowe," he said in his impersonal servant's voice, so unlike that cool assured voice that had been coming to her through the open window. "I thought everybody was in."

SHE WAS afraid she had been caught. Also she felt very absurd. She had to attempt some explanation, since she had publicly announced two hours before that she was going to bed; but the only words she found in her mouth were those same words that had stumbled awkwardly forth that first time she had slipped from her room in the middle of the night and had encountered the butler near her door.

"I couldn't sleep, so I went out for a walk."

"There's nothing better for sleeplessness, Miss Marlowe," Mitchell said.

She stepped inside on her still uncertain legs. He closed the door.

"It's rather late, and perhaps you are hungry. Shall I get you a little something?"

"No, thank you, Mitchell. Good night."

"Good night, Miss Marlowe."

She started for the stairway. Then her tingling, undependable legs buckled under her, and the next moment she was sitting on the floor. Instantly he was on his knees beside her.

"You're hurt—you're sick!" he cried.

For the first time, before her, his butler's grave impersonality had left him. Face and voice were alive with quick concern. Even though Cordelia had just been listening to him when he had certainly talked like no butler, she was nevertheless startled by this swift transformation, by this glimpse at someone else.

She tried to cover the very absurdity of her posture on the floor with a little laugh; and in explanation she told a half-truth.

"I'm not sick or hurt. I got tired walking and sat down on the ground. My legs went to sleep—that's all."

She tried to struggle to her feet. That other person that Mitchell had been departed as swiftly as he had come, and Mitchell was once more the butler.

"Let me help you, Miss Marlowe," he said, slipping his hands beneath her arms.

"Oh, I can make it all right."

"You really need assistance," and he lifted her to her feet.

"I'd better help you to your room."

She protested; but with his servant's formality he insisted. So they went up the stairway, she clinging to the banister with one hand, his two hands beneath her shoulders. Cordelia was for some reason acutely conscious of those hands, not helping her too much, but alert for her to topple and strong as steel if she should need such support.

"Thank you very much, Mitchell," she said at her door. "Good night."

"Good night, Miss Marlowe."

But as she started in, he spoke again.

"I beg your pardon—I wonder if I might venture to tell you something—ask you something?"

At this her heart raced wildly and she stared at him. But his expression was exactly as before; impersonal, respectful.

"Of course you may. Go on."

He seemed to consider for a moment.

"After all perhaps I'd better not, Miss Marlowe. Thank you just the same. Good night."

"Good night, Mitchell."

Presently she managed to get into bed, and she lay there excitedly thinking, trying to arrange in order the fragments she had discovered that night, and from the fragments trying to reconstruct the whole.

At last she had something worth while to report to Mr. Franklin. She would see him the next morning—as early as she could make it.

AT HALF-PAST NINE Cordelia was at the wheel of her roadster bound for the city. As explanation for the trip she had mentioned casually to Gladys that she had an appointment in town with her mother that morning; and had protected herself by actually making an engagement by telephone to meet her mother at their Park Avenue apartment at twelve.

At half-past ten, throbbing with excitement over her achievement and also with suspense as to how Mr. Franklin would take her report, Cordelia was ushered into Franklin's office.

"I've been hoping you wouldn't forget your promise to call when you were in town," he said as he pushed a chair into place for her.

"This isn't a call. Not a social one anyway. I've come on business. To tell you what I've learned."

"Then you have learned something already?"

"I think I have. And something big! But you are to judge what it may be worth."

Excitedly, rapidly, Cordelia told of the conversation she had overheard the night before—of Mitchell's hidden authority in the household—of François—of the possibility of there having been a secret marriage; and she outlined the possibilities, repeated the questions, that had come to her during the night.

"What you have told me, Miss Marlowe," he said, "helps much toward filling up the many holes in my information. You are helping me a great deal in this case. A very great deal, indeed."

For a time they discussed the possibilities and the questions Cordelia had propounded. This discussion ended, Cordelia asked:

"Have you any particular directions you wish to give me for my further action?"

"I'd like to have you pay especial attention to that butler, Mitchell, and learn all you possibly can about him. He seems the center of things out there."

"I had intended watching him and studying him."

"Good. And of course you will do the same with Miss Norworth and Miss Stevens."

"Of course."

"I hardly need warn you that you must be most careful not to let a soul suspect you. Not a soul must know your mission there, much less guess your connection with me."

"I'll be most careful."

ANOTHER point. Concerning that week-end party you said Miss Norworth is going to give." Cordelia had told him of Gladys's plans for a larger hospitality, and that Gladys's first function under this new program was to be a party over the following week-end. "I'd like very much to size up the individuals in this case, and I might have a better chance while a party is going on than when they are alone and on their guard. I presume you can secure me an invitation? As a"—he hesitated—"as one of your friends? It would be much better," he hastened to explain, "if they were not to suspect that I was there for a business reason."

"I can invite anyone I wish. Only—only the people there—my old friends, you know—may be a little surprised at my knowing you as a friend. You see, following out the spirit of your instructions, I have never mentioned you to anyone as a friend."

Franklin perceived that he had been trying to move too rapidly. "Perhaps, then, it will be wiser if I write you toward the latter part of the week that I wish to consult you at once concerning your affairs. You of course cannot come into town, and that will give you an excuse to ask me out Saturday. I will then come as your attorney, and not as a friend or guest. In half a day I can probably gain all the first-hand impressions I desire."

He saw her out with his gracious courtesy which did not presume too far. Then before calling in Kedmore to give his partner the news, he walked over to one of his lofty windows and excitedly gazed down at the broad panorama of the outspread city, seeing none of it. His highest excitement was over Cordelia



just as Cordelia; over a somewhat different arrangement for her. In the days which had passed since he had met Cordelia and had conceived his bold plan for using her, that plan had become a dozen times bolder and more embracing.

It had come to him as an inspiration that he should marry Cordelia. He was making enough money, at least enough for present purposes; she had incomparable position. What a combination! His good fortune had brought her right to his hand!

As Cordelia drove uptown she was thinking what a gentlemanly, considerably appreciative man Mr. Franklin was. It was a pleasure to do one's best for such a man. As far as she



Q "See here, infant," Cordelia said, "how about this boozing?" "Don't be a gloom, Cord," cried Lily. "I'm the sister of the great Cordelia Marlowe and that means I've got to travel."





could she was going to be nice to him. In a social way, too. Perhaps he would like that.

Toward herself, Cordelia felt immensely pleased. Inside she was celebrating a national holiday that was all her own. The sense of power she had always had, the consciousness of the ability to do anything she set out to do, had just proved both its authenticity and its reliability. She had achieved what she had said she would achieve, and she would achieve all the rest.

Near Fortieth Street, a man stepped up to the side of her car, his head bared, his face a close-up of surprised delight, his mouth a fount of conversation. It was Kyle Brandon, the motion-picture director-producer. Cordelia was really glad to see him.

This Kyle Brandon, in his youth merely a poor relation of a socially important family (that still very important lady, Mrs. Phipps-Morse, was his aunt) had become a successful portrait painter of smart ladies; then he had gone into motion-pictures as an art director. He had been the right man at the right time, and now, still under forty and looking even younger, he was reputed worth his millions and was the presi-

*Cordelia started for the stairway. Then her tingling legs buckled under her, and the next moment she was sitting on the floor. "You're hurt—you're sick!" cried Mitchell.*



dent and director-in-chief of the famous "Brandon Pictures."

"This is a piece of luck, my meeting you," Brandon was saying in his brisk, confident, ingratiating manner. "I was going to write you and ask for a talk. About something my aunt, Mrs. Phipps-Morse, has wished on me. She is giving a pageant—big thing of its sort—at her place near Huntington early in September. She's trying to raise money for devastated France, or some French milk fund, or French orphans—don't know just what. And I don't know yet what the pageant's going to be; she told me there was some fellow, some poet, writing it for her. My aunt asked me to put the show on for her, be director-general, and of course I had to say yes. But this much I do know about that show, Miss Marlowe; I certainly want you in it, and if it shapes up right I'll probably want you for the lead. And if I'm any good as a director, I'll see that you get my best. How about it?"

CORDELIA could not help being pleased, used though she was to being singled out.

"I'll be glad to. That is, if you think I can do it."

"Of course you can! Then that's all settled for the present." Kyle Brandon could not long keep away from what he at times called his business, at other times reverently called his art. "Tell you what, Miss Marlowe—why should you and I stop with this pageant? Ever think of going into pictures?"

Cordelia laughed. "Pictures? I can't act!"

"How do you know? I bet you could! And with me directing you, I know you could!" He appraised her with admiring eyes. "Why, with me directing you, picking your story, getting you the right cast, launching you with the right publicity—you'd be a knockout! Society star deserts social life to become screen star—just think of that publicity! You'd be a sure-fire knockout!"

Cordelia was pleasantly flattered, but her response was a soft laugh of unbelief. There had been a playful quality behind his words, for he knew that such a person as Cordelia would not seriously consider anything in his business power to offer.

"Oh, I hardly thought you'd take it seriously—not with what you have before you," he conceded. "But it's nothing to be laughed at. The money end's not bad. I'm not paying any Mary Pickford salaries, but among my people there are three girls working for me—all really nobodies—not one of whom had a fifth of the qualities to start with that you have right now; and of these three, each girl cleared over a hundred and fifty thousand last year."

"So much as that!" breathed Cordelia, mentally comparing the amount with her own income.

"Not bad, is it, for just letting someone point a camera at your face? Promise to give Brandon Pictures the first chance at you. I'll offer you a better contract than any other producer."

Again Cordelia laughed. "I guess I can promise that with perfect safety."

As she rolled slowly northward along the curb, Cordelia saw that which made her start. This was Mitchell, walking south. His gaze was fixed casually over her head; she was certain he had seen her; but he passed without meeting her eyes. She had thought herself prepared for anything from Mitchell, but she was nonetheless surprised to see the butler strolling along Fifth Avenue, apparently quite at home.

At twelve o'clock Cordelia was in their closed-up Park Avenue apartment, talking to her mother. Mrs. Marlowe was a kindly, warm-hearted lady, and she had the greatest affection and concern for her two daughters.

JUST now she was well pleased with the world and well pleased with herself. "I hope you appreciate, Cordelia, what I have done for you in this matter," she explained in her tone of self-approval. "If I hadn't had the wisdom to see what Mr. Franklin could do for me, where would we all be today, and what would have happened to you?"

Mr. Franklin was the bright spot of Mrs. Marlowe's conversation. But she had her worry—Lily. It was a dance or something else every night with Lily. She had suddenly become unmanageable! And the way Lily had begun to drink!

Cordelia went into the bedroom where Lily, having changed into a fresh frock, was now carefully applying a lip-stick. Lily was slight, with dark, bobbed hair, and had that pert audacity, that shameless inclination to shock, which sometimes seems the dominant instinct and delight of present-day feminine fifteen.

"Hello, Cord, old girl. Don't touch me, for I don't want to be mussed. Going to meet my best beau."

"See here, infant, how about all this boozing you're doing these days?"

"Mother been telling tales?"

"Never you mind! Better cut that stuff out before it gets you."

"Oh, don't be a damned pill! If a fellow doesn't drink her share, the crowd doesn't want her along."

"How much do you drink?"

"Just keep step with the others—that's all. Don't be a gloom, Cord! Besides, you just please remember I've got a reputation to live up to. I'm the sister of the great Cordelia Marlowe, and that means I've got to travel. So there!"

Cordelia bit her lip. She wanted to slap the cheek of this pert piece of sophistication.

"I can stop boozing if I want to," Lily continued. "Can wean myself without anybody's help. Can taper off on one of these infant's what-d'you-call-'ems rubber pacifiers. So there's nothing for you to worry your old bean about. Let's change the subject. I've got a new beau. Now what d'you think of that?"

"Who is he?"

"Can't claim yet that he's *all* mine. You may marry him, or mother may beat me out. But I rather think he'll prefer little Lily. He's been mighty nice to me. He's our brand-new good angel, Mr. Franklin."

Mrs. Marlowe came in and five minutes later they were down in the street. All were lunching at the Grantham, but Lily refused Cordelia's invitation to ride in the roadster; she wasn't going to make a mess of her fresh dress by crowding three in that little seat; and besides she was going to look at hats. So away Lily and Mrs. Marlowe went in a taxicab, and Cordelia rode off alone in her famous car.

Jerry Plimpton was waiting for Cordelia in the lobby of the Grantham. Cordelia hadn't seen Jerry since the evening before she had gone out to Rolling Meadows. Her heart pumped warm pride through all her arteries as he came eagerly, smilingly, toward her.

Just being with Jerry, though she knew nothing important was going to be said or done, seemed to her the proper culmination of an expansive, glorious day.

While the luncheon progressed, and they talked gaily of nothing in particular, Cordelia definitely came to a decision. Some day she was going to marry Jerry Plimpton.

There came an interruption: Lily advancing on their table, followed by her mother and Mr. Franklin. Cordelia introduced the two men. They bowed and shook hands formally.

"Just what Mr. Franklin is that, Cordelia?" Jerry asked, when he and Cordelia were again alone.

Cordelia told him about Mr. Franklin; not quite everything, to be sure.

"So he's *that* Mr. Franklin—and your family's new lawyer," mused Jerry. "He should prove quite a help to you. I've heard quite a bit about him. They say he's an able citizen and a comer."

AT ANOTHER table the irrepressible Lily was whispering, "I say, Mr. Franklin—what do you think of that pair? I'll bet you anything Cordelia marries him!"

"Indeed," remarked Mr. Franklin. He glanced across at Cordelia and Jerry, and his pleasant expression did not change. "If appearances count for anything, Miss Lily, you'd likely win your bet, for they do look a well-matched pair."

Cordelia drove back to Rolling Meadows in soaring spirits after her gratifying day in town. Her thoughts were inclined to play about Jerry Plimpton, and that brilliant future whose brilliance was to be jointly hers and Jerry's.

When, a little after five, Cordelia hurried up the terrace at Rolling Meadows, there was Mitchell, again in his formal black coat, starting into the doorway with the tea-tray. He saw her, and waited with that impersonal formality of his until she was upon the porch.

"Shall I serve you tea, Miss Marlowe?"

"If you please, Mitchell. Have Miss Norworth and Miss Stevens had theirs?"

"They finished just a few minutes ago. They are now playing with Master François."

She thought rapidly. "If I am to have tea alone, then bring it to my sitting-room."

"Yes, Miss Marlowe. I'll have fresh tea up there for you within five minutes."

She hastened to her suite. This might be her chance, through adroit questioning, to learn something [Continued on page 118]





# Soft Boiled

*The Story of a Gun Man who mixed Sentiment with Business*

*By Clifford Raymond*

*Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele*

**S**HE—turned—her—azure eyes—upon—him.”

Hophead nearly always read the subtitles aloud. Generally that annoyed other people. Sometimes they said it did. Hophead did not mean to be offensive but he was emotional and a slow and painful reader.

Someone told the movie producers that the populace had the mind of a fourteen-year-old child. Hophead had time to read out the subtitles because they remained on the screen long enough for a fourteen-year-old child to read them very carefully at least three times.

He was at the Tivoli, seeing “The Woman Pays.” There were four moving picture theaters within two blocks of the offices of the General Council and already this day he had seen “Danger in the Home,” at the Arcanum, “The Soul of a Wife,” at the famous Top Notch, and “Innocence and the Wolf,” at the Acropolis.

Hophead wanted sentiment. He wanted something leading up to the clutch and fade out, lovers entwined under a Norway spruce against a purple sky and a golden moon, with a lateen rigged ship in the moonlight.

He disliked gun-play in the movies. He had two guns in his own pockets. If Bill Hart or Tom Mix ever had made the gun passes at him they made in doing their stuff they would have been coroner’s exhibits in a second. He thought they rode horses well enough. He did not know anything about horses. He used a gas car at sixty an hour, or at seventy when it was needed.

“Gerald—still—treated—her—with—contempt,” Hophead read aloud, forgetting his neighbors.

A woman who had been fidgeting in the row ahead of him, turned half-way around in her seat.

“How do people get that way?” she asked angrily. “Annoying everybody by making a noise. Don’t they think anyone else can read? Maybe they think they’re part of the show.”

**H**OPHEAD kept as quiet as a mouse near a cat. He was ashamed. He was quiet for an entire reel and then was swept off his feet by the title: “Her—arms—ached—to—contain—him—in—their—embrace—and—he—did—not—know.”

The woman ahead had been waiting for just this for she was a vindictive soul.

“I’ll call an usher!” she exclaimed. “People don’t have to stand for this.”

Hophead slid out of his seat and went to the back of the theater. There were empty seats and he began again to read subtitles aloud.

“In—the—still—midnight—she—sobbed—out—her—grief. Gerald—was—seeking—life—in—the—gambling—houses.”

“Where do you get this stuff?” asked a man who had sat down beside him. “You poor cake, shut up.”

This was a man and Hophead was outraged. The man had the terrific shock of his life. He felt the end of a pistol barrel



in his ribs and twitched with fear but Hophead read with sentimental ecstasy:

"At—last—she—saw—him—coming—in—the—moonlight."  
Then he withdrew his gun from his neighbor's ribs and was out of the theater and into the crowd on the street in a second.

The man followed him shrieking for a policeman. Ushers followed the man. A traffic cop ran toward the nucleus of the noise. Hophead also went toward it and by gentle, insidious movements penetrated the increasing group until he stood by the side of the outraged and frightened citizen.

**M**R. GREY SMALLEY, president of the General Council, had seized control of that association of building labor organizations. Several prison sentences for extortion, arson and bombing had given him a permanent pallor and had turned him gray. He had lost his name of Angus.

No prosecutor had been able to persuade a jury to bring in against him a verdict of guilty, as charged, of murder. Two had tried. He had become an adventurer in the labor world in which he was not a unionist but an alien, a Tartar invader. He had ingratiated himself into a union which had a jurisdictional war and welcomed a rough worker. Then he organized a group of earnest gun men and seized control of the association of building trades.

There were two other candidates for president, legitimate unionists. Their candidacies were discouraged by the murder of one and the hospitalization of the other. The subsequent election was ruled in an orderly fashion by Mr. Smalley's young men who counted the ballots.

As an audacious adventurer Mr. Smalley was completely successful and his subsequent rule was to treat them rough and make them like it. By that rule one came to the big money. In the beginning of this enterprise Hophead had been assigned to discourage one of the two legitimists and his job had resulted in hospitalization and not murder.

When Grey asked him why the bum had not been bumped the route Hophead told a lie.

"He was at a bad angle," said Hophead, ashamed of himself, "and there was a cop on the corner. I had to do my stuff fast. Get me? I had to do it fast. Anyway he's put away, ain't he?"

The truth was Hophead had followed his man into the Palace Dream and had seen "The Miracle Man." Hophead's morale had been weakened. The picture made a bum out of him. He cried. Later when he was hiding in the bushes by the man's house and when the wife came out with a baby in her arms, and two children at her side, to meet her husband, Hophead was no good for the job in hand.

Hophead had the big stiff cold but all he could do was to break a wing for him.

One of Hophead's virtues was accuracy—in shooting. Hophead lied to Grey Smalley and felt that he was a dog.

While Hophead had been reading the subtitles of "The Woman Pays" in the Tivoli. Mr. Smalley had been yelling for him. Mr. Smalley sat in his inner office with his assistant and friend, Small Dan Burleigh. In the outer office were several members of the earnest and active band of hope which was Mr. Smalley's instrument of control, gentlemen known to the police as Trap Weisman, Spick Lagorio and Doc Otter.

"He's gone to a moving picture show, the poor nut," said Weisman, voicing his deep-seated scorn.

"Nut?" said Mr. Smalley to Mr. Burleigh. "He's a loose egg. I've had that cake followed. The bum goes to these Norma Talmage things. He's a hop but he's the sweetest thing on the trigger we've got. Those other bums out there are bums. If we gave them this job we might just as well walk right over to the criminal court. Hophead just does his stuff. He's the only thing we can use. It's Friday for us if they ever trace it back."



☛ She was a new girl at the Dirty Dozen restaurant. "I ain't in a hurry, sister," said Hophead, "and I know a swell movie. Let's go!"





"Oh, you've made Friday a holiday at least twice," said Small Dan, who was fond of his own grim humor.

"I start beating the rope in the beginning, not in the end. That's why I want Hophead now for this particular job."

Our hero, with tender eyes, entered the outer office, at peace with his emotions.

"They want you, Hop," said Trap.

"Do they?" said Hophead. "I never found I got much out of people wanting me. Some of these days I may try going straight. I saw the swellest movie just now—a fella and his sweetie. At first she made a bum outa him. They sure can make bums outa you. That was because she doubted him."

"We're telling you," said Spick, disgusted, "that Smalley wants you."

"Maybe you want something," said Hophead in the turn of temper which made him an interesting mental pathological exhibit and dangerous to his associates.

None of the three gun men wanted a thing of him.

"What you getting sore about?" asked Spick truculently.

"We tell you Smalley's been yelling his head off for you."

"I'd better go in and see what he wants."

He went into the inner office.

"I think we'd better get that guy," said Doc Otter, "before some of these days he gets us. He's a set up if you went after him right and moved fast enough."

"I suppose," said Trap Weisman, "that you'd just ask to be given the job they're going to hand the Hop."

"No, I wouldn't," said the Doc.

"Then, you poor fish," said Mr. Weisman, "let Hop live and work and keep us out of danger."

MR. SMALLEY had decided to try a really great audacity. The state's attorney had been getting fresh, entirely too fresh. He was mixing up in things. He was talking about hanging gun men and bombers and sending extortionists and blackmailers to the pen. That meant Smalley's gang.

Mr. Smalley, Mr. Burleigh and their young men were tired of being indicted and tried. It made them sore. Monte Roberts was the first assistant to State's Attorney Fulton. He was a successful prosecutor and was known, in the criminal courts, as Ropes. He might make it fried chicken and the air for almost any murderer almost any Friday morning if anything went wrong with the jury fixing, and Mr. Smalley knew this.

Mr. Smalley's new audacity was to kill Monte Roberts. That, he thought, would teach discretion and bring calmer

judgment. If it didn't he would kill Fulton. Mr. Smalley was out of patience. Hophead was to do the killing.

Hophead had his dinner at the Dirty Dozen, a recess in the walls of buildings which seemed to disown it. It had five tables, a counter with twelve stools, two waitresses and a complexity of cooking odors.

As he paid his check and turned to go out the door the girl who had waited on him, having taken off her apron and put on her hat, jostled him. His turn from the cashier's desk put him in the doorway just ahead of her. The contact was slight but it was a check to both and unavoidable.

"SORRY, sister," said Hophead. He stepped aside to allow her to pass. She was a new girl in the Dirty Dozen.

"My fault," she said when she was outside. "I was in a hurry and I didn't look where I was going."

"Neither did I, sister," said Hophead. "I ain't in a hurry either. Nothing to do till tomorrow, except maybe kill a coupla fellas that have to be bumped."

"I know some I'd like to kill," said the girl.

"Why not?" asked Hophead. "Most of you dames do when you want to. If the dicks say naughty the jury says fair enough, and there you are, free and happy."

They were standing in the middle of the sidewalk.

"I don't know what you're saying," said the girl.

"Never mind, sister, I ain't saying nothing. Where were you going in such a hurry?"

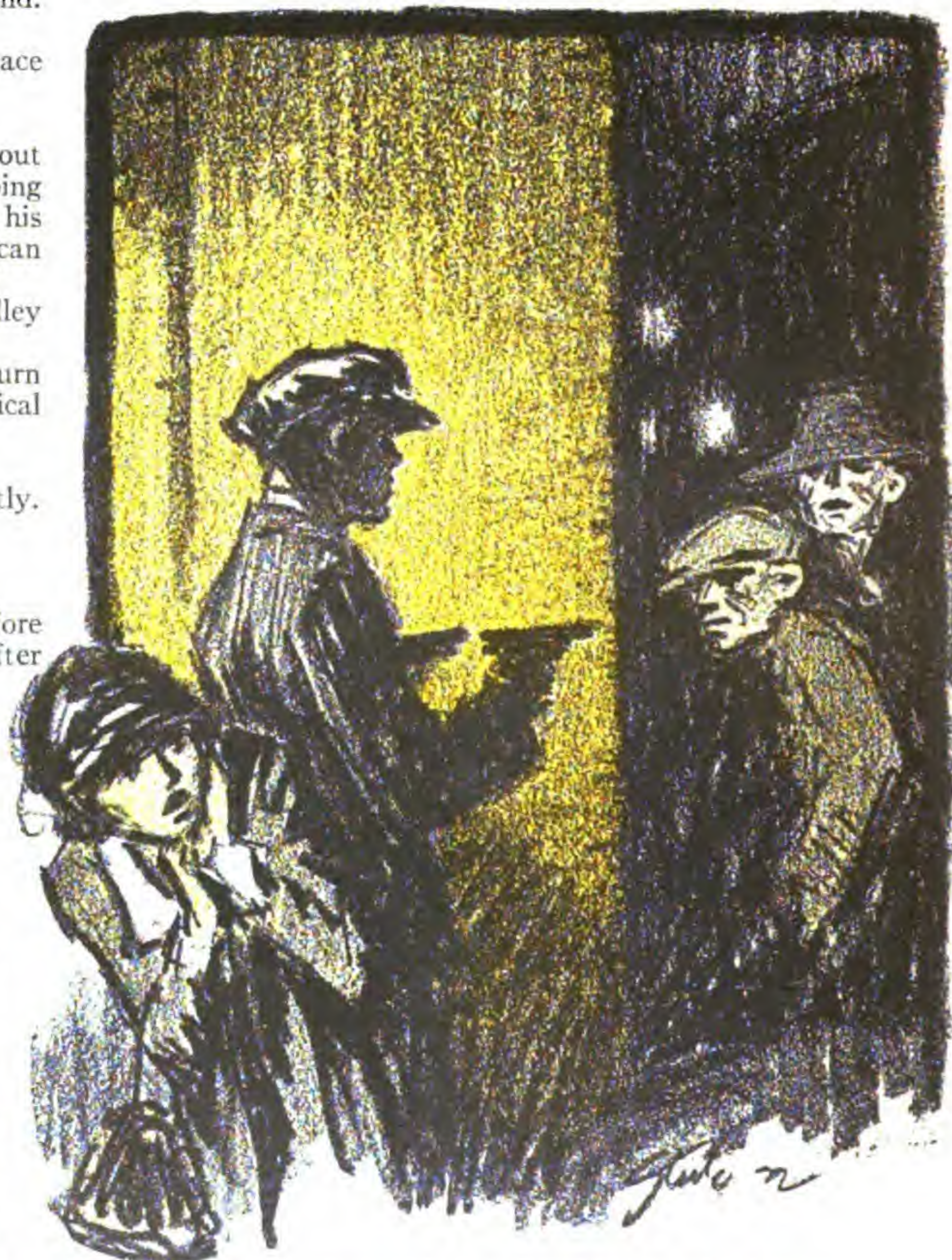
"To get out of there."

"Nowhere to go?"

"I'm sick of men who want to make dates and call me kid. I ain't that kind. There must be a million in there every day."

"In the Dirty Dozen? It couldn't hold that many. It can't be did. You're nervous, sister. I'm a big man. Let's go."

"Where?" the girl asked.



C. "Don't scare the lady," said Hophead mildly, "and look out or you'll wake the cop behind you." As the hold-up men faltered Hophead drew two guns. "Beat it," he ordered with the unmistakable air of the professional. They did.



"To the movies," said Hophead. "I know a swell one—and here's a good comedy after the feature."

"I'm awfully tired and lonesome," said the girl. "I wonder if you're all right and if I better go with you?"

"I'll shoot the man who says I ain't," said Hophead. "This here movie's a grand thing."

"What is it?" the girl asked.

"Smilin' Through," said Hophead.

"Smiling through what?" the girl asked.

"Oh, everything," said Hophead. "Come on. Let's go and you'll see what a real show is."

He took her arm at the elbow and in ten minutes he was reading subtitles aloud.

"You mustn't do that," said the girl, already grown maternal in her attitude toward her new friend.

Hophead felt a comfortable dominance over him. He wanted to feel out for the girl's hand and hold it but he didn't because sister might have misunderstood him and he had just decided that he didn't want her, of all people, to do that.

"Grand film, what do you say, grand film," said Hophead as they came out of the theater.

"It kinda makes you feel good and makes other people seem good," said the girl shyly.

She walked a block with Hophead and then she said good-by and started to leave him.

"You say that when you get home," Hop told her.

"You're not fresh, are you?" the girl asked.

"Honest, no," he said; "but a lot of guys are."

"I know they are."

"You came out with me and so I'm going to see that you get home."

"I can get home all right and you'll have to be on your job in the morning" the girl told him with quiet directness and another touch of the protective instinct.

At that touch of maternalism Hophead, not knowing why, felt as a bird singing after rain.

"What do you take?" he asked.

"The Elevated," she said.



Two young men looked in at the door of the Dirty Dozen. "Duck, Mayme," Hophead cried and began shooting. A second later he was out of the Dirty Dozen and gone. The Dirty Dozen had a wounded man on its threshold and another just outside of it.



They rode three miles and got off at a station in an unattractive and badly lighted district.

"It's a four-block walk to where I live," she said.

"Too far," he said, looking about him with professional perception of the conditions.

"I go fast."

"Never can tell when fast is fast enough."

"What makes you different?" she asked suddenly.

"From what?"

"From what I ought to take you to be."

"I get you," he said. "I don't know. I like the movies."

Two men, approaching them, came near at the opening of an alley where the light from the street lamps was dim.

"Stick them up," said one of the two. The girl cried out.

"Don't scare the lady," said Hophead mildly. "You'll wake the cop behind you."

Both men faltered just an instant. In that instant Hophead drew two guns.

"Beat it," he said. The professional reveals himself. Any person who could have ascribed Hophead's expertness to the instinctive defensive qualities of the armed citizenry would have been crazy. The two hold-up men were not crazy. In two guns thus flashed they recognized an artistry. They had pulled a boner. They were invited to beat it. They did, up the alley. Hophead's guns were back in his pockets.

The girl had not half seen the event. She was shuddering and still gripped with cold fear.

"It's all right," said Hophead. "They're gone. Stop shakin.'"



¶ Hophead knew he had to kill Monte Roberts—but here was Monte bending over a girl's hand. "His sweetie," muttered Hophead. "Damn men for having sweeties." He put up his gun and bolted.



"We were held up," she cried in a tone of dismay.

"That's all right. We ain't any longer," Hophead replied.

"What did you do?" she asked as though still confused.

"I talked to them," said Hophead dodging explanation.

"You must have done something else," the girl insisted.

"Aw, they were easily scared. A coupla kids. That's the trouble with this town. Kids hang around tough joints. There oughtn't to be anything but movies."

"THAT'S my place in the middle of the block," said the girl.

"You ain't told me your name," said Hophead.

"It's Mayme," she said, and again a tenderness enveloped Hophead. "What's yours?"

"I ain't heard my name for a long while," he said. "My name's Bill, but they call me Hophead."

"Why?"

"Because I go to the movies."

"I don't see."

"A hophead is a snowbird."

"What's a snowbird?"

"A cocaine sniffer, or a hophead can hit the pipe. Dope. Any kind, but a snowbird inhales it."

"You don't!"

"No, but they call me Hophead because I like the movies. I don't care. I'm better than lots of them."

"I'll say you are, Bill."

"Good night, Mayme. I'll get you tomorrow night," he said.

"Good night, Bill," Mayme said, her voice very friendly.

Hophead went back to the Elevated station, smiling through.

Thus far it had been the margin of his evening. His information was that first assistant State's Attorney Monte Roberts was at the theater. He was in the Grand and would be there until eleven fifteen when the show was over, at which time Hophead was to pick him up and end matters.

Hophead was in the fringe at the theater entrance as the people came out. He saw Monte and he saw him with a girl. The girl was different from the girls Hophead had intimately known or cursorily observed.

She was, to Hophead, Moonyeen of Smilin' Through. Monte Roberts tenderly made motions of assistance to the young radiance as she preceded him into a cab. Hophead should have followed them in another cab. He didn't. He turned around and walked away.

In his mind was running a subtitle.

"She—turned—her—azure—eyes—upon—him."

HOPHEAD knew he had to kill Monte Roberts even if he had faltered once. Roberts did not bother him much. He did not know any reason why Roberts should not be killed. Roberts was in the killing business.

It was not Monte that bothered him. It was the radiance he had seen with Monte coming out of the theater—the girl who was different from other girls.

"The—young—wife—with—tear—dimmed—eyes—sat—all—night—at—the—window."

"Damn men," said Hophead, "for having sweeties." It crabbed his stuff. He was going to lunch at the Dirty Dozen at noon and see Mayme again. Then he would have the afternoon, probably at the movies, have dinner at the Dirty Dozen, take



C. "I noticed you are pretty quick with guns, Bill," said Mayme. "I don't get you." "I'm all right Mayme, he answered. "I ain't a bad guy at all, but this is a bad town. What would you say to a farm?"

Mayme somewhere and then once more he'd go home with her.

Afterwards a confederate from the bunch Smalley had trailing Monte Roberts would meet him and tell him where Monte was. Then he'd do his stuff and get it done with.

WHEN HOPHEAD entered the Dirty Dozen he was much out of breath. He could hardly speak to Mayme or smile at her as she came to wait on him.

"What's the matter, Bill?" she asked.

"Been running," he said. "Bad gang. Went into the Keller wein stube. All wrong. Didn't want trouble. Got away."

"Got away from what?" Mayme asked.

"Coupla guys don't like me. One took a shot at me. I didn't shoot. Ran. Don't want trouble now."

Two young men looked in at the door of the Dirty Dozen.

"Duck, Mayme," Hophead cried, and began shooting.

A second later he was out of the Dirty Dozen and gone. The Dirty Dozen had a wounded man on its threshold and another just outside of it.

Nick Populos, the proprietor, came forward with a rush.

"You got something to do with this," he said to Mayme.

"Making this Hophead. Look what he's done. You're fired."

Hophead came back to the Dirty Dozen in two hours. He wanted to see Mayme and explain that he had tried as hard as he could to avoid this most recent trouble. [Continued on page 116]



¶ *The world's foremost botanist tells what science has done for plants. Also he hints what it may do for mankind. Perhaps it will make us what Wells pictures in Men Like Gods*



¶ *The wizard of the plant world robbed the cactus of its spines and converted the prickly pear into a New York delicacy.*

# WHAT PLANTS *Have Taught Me* ABOUT MEN

*By Luther Burbank*

IF PLANTS could understand human life, they would marvel at the extent to which it resembles plant life.

Life among us is in a ferment. So is it among plants.

We are producing an unparalleled number of lunatics, paupers, criminals, rich men, vigorous men and weak men.

The plant world is producing an unparalleled number of new types that roughly correspond to these human classifications.

The reason, in both cases, is the same.

It is the crossing of types that does it.

Something akin to an explosion is created when two types are crossed that are just as dissimilar as they can be and still have an affinity for each other.

There is a great variation in the next generation. Some of the descendants are far above the average and some far below it. Further crossing may indeed create a new species. By crossing and selection, I have created many new species—forms of plant life that never before existed on this earth. What man can do consciously, nature is doing blindly.

More types of plants are being created than ever before because the law of geometrical progression is at work. As more types come into existence, the opportunity for crossing is enor-

mously increased. That explains what is happening now in the plant world.

What is happening in the world of human beings is explained by the great migrations. The United States, at this moment, is the scene of such furious crossing of types as never before took place anywhere. This is due, of course, to the fact that so many representatives of so many types were never before assembled in any country.

The "explosions" that are following as a consequence are beyond all precedent.

We are producing more lunatics, more criminals, more men of fine ability and more men of little or no ability than any other nation.

We lead in great men and gunmen. Our prisons are full and we are constantly adding to the number of our asylums, but it was America that taught the world to fly; it was America that took Marconi's wireless and set it to broadcasting, and it is America that is showing the world how to manufacture.

Great men are always the products of mixed types. China does not mix much. Look at China. Behold the result. Where are the great Chinese?

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



But the blind crossing of types produces only accidental excellence. And this excellence, in the second generation, is likely to fade away. It should be explained here, perhaps, that every type produced by nature is, in a sense, an accident. The operation of natural laws is inexorable, but nature does not plan. Nature is not trying to produce great men or great plants. Nature is neither good nor bad and is trying neither to help nor to hurt us. Nature is simply a force in operation. If what it blindly does helps us, we say nature is kind. But nature is never either kind or cruel. Nature is unconcerned.

If we had depended upon nature, we should have but few useful forms of plant life and none of the best forms. Take corn. Originally it was a Mexican grass, with a few kernels on each stalk and no cob. The patient labor of Mexican Indians for perhaps 10,000 or 20,000 years was required to evolve what we know as corn. Nature, left to herself, never would have produced corn. Intelligence, which the Indians possessed, was necessary to select and cross the proper types. Yet I have taken Mexican grass and in eighteen years produced excellent corn.

In human breeding, as in plant breeding, there is no substitute for intelligent selection and crossing. Crossing, even when guided by intelligence, produces a host of inferior types along with a few good ones. I have often produced a million types of plants to find one or two that were superlatively good. But I breed only from the best. The inferior types are destroyed. Scores of brush-heaps of seedlings that cost me \$700 or \$800 a pile are burned every year because they are not up to the mark.

Inferior human beings cannot, of course, be treated as if they were inferior plants. But if what we call civilization is to endure, some way must be found to produce more of the fit and fewer of the unfit. In my opinion, there is no escape from this conclusion. Otherwise, we shall be overwhelmed. We shall sink from the weight of our own insufficiencies.

One law governs all. It governs the plants and it governs us. Nature, as represented in plant and human life is exceedingly pliable, but it is not intelligent. Nature is so pliable that I have produced a tree, all the branches of which lay flat on the ground. I have put new colors and new perfumes into flowers. I have put a hundred years growth into a walnut tree in ten years. And I have barely begun doing the things that might be done, and know only an insignificant part of what there is to know. Some of these things nature, unaided, could not have done.

WHEREVER you see a person of very unusual abilities, you may be sure that somewhere, not far back in his line, was some exceedingly fortunate crossing of types. Abraham Lincoln was no accident, so far as nature is concerned. As I have said, when dissimilar types are crossed, a great number of new types are produced, most of which amount to little or nothing. But in plant breeding, it is worth while to produce many inferiors to get one superior.

But what would happen in plant breeding if we were to sow in one field all the seeds—the great number of inferiors and the one or two superiors? Almost what happens to the human race. With us there is a little attempt at selection. The most brilliant are not crossed with the most stupid. But at that, the high peak is pretty well leveled down in a few generations. When superiority in human beings persists for a number of generations, it is because there was at least fortunate if not intelligent selection in the crossing of types.

Now, in plant life a superior type can be indefinitely maintained. After a plant's habits have been so changed that it becomes a superior type, a little time is required to fix its new habits. But once they are fixed, plants may be bred true to type. A seedling branch, bud or graft will never fail to grow into exactly the kind of tree from which it was cut.

If a hair from a man's head had the power to grow into a man it would also be possible indefinitely to reproduce superior human beings. But human beings cannot be grown from buds, grafts or cuttings. Sex comes in. Sex, as I understand it, brings to us an enormous opportunity for the improvement of types, but this opportunity is coupled with a handicap. The handicap lies in the danger of haphazard crossing of types by means of which a good type may be spoiled. The opportunity presented by sex is in the ability to combine the heredities of two good types. Unicellular creatures remain ever the same because they are bred from a single ancestry.

We are making very little use of the opportunity for racial improvement that sex gives us. We are little more than a field of wild human weeds in which, here and there, is a superior type. The superior types are the result of fortunate crossing rather than



Mr. Burbank took the tall flaunting sunflower, dwarfed it and made it turn its blossom, five times as large as before, toward the ground, away from the destructive birds.

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of intelligent selection. The crossing that produced Lincoln was accidental. Nobody even knows when it took place. The fortunate combination of heredities may have been made two or three generations back.

Nature is so plastic that it is a crime so to waste her forces. Instead of doing so little, we might do so much. Racial improvement, like plant improvement, is all a matter of heredity, environment, selection and crossing of types. Whoever believes there is a great gulf between plant life and human life is wrong. I have seen a water plant that is half plant and half animal. I hated to cut into it, because when I did so, it seemed to have vitals. I am of the opinion that plants can feel. It is quite probable that a wave of pain goes through a forest when a fire sweeps through it. I know plants have minds. The plant mind is subconscious, but it is there. What is mind, anyway? Is it not the ability to respond to environment? Plants can do that, though they cannot reason. Some plants can do more. There are plants that will permit only a certain type of insect to take away their pollen. The hop-vine, because of something in its subconscious mind, will wind around a pole only in one direction. You may reverse it much as you please, and it will go right back to its old path. The director of a great scientific institution in India recently visited me and told me that he had demonstrated the existence of something akin to heart-beats in trees. That is the way the sap is raised. Certain cells contract and expand, fourteen times to the minute, pumping sap just as our hearts pump blood.

Plants are distant relatives. A flower is something like a child rooted to the ground, and a man suggests a tree that walks. With proper heredity, environment, selection and crossing we can do with plant life almost what we will. Why should we

neglect to do with human stock what we will? Plant life is no more plastic than human life. We see this in the great variations brought about in human types by accident. We are all familiar with the occasional person who seems to have a sixth sense—who has telepathic powers or subconscious wisdom that, for lack of a better word, we call intuition. Is it to be supposed that such persons came to exist without cause? Is it not plain that they are the inevitable products of the forces that brought them into being? What were those forces? What could they be except heredity and environment? Two strains of heredity that were suited to each other happened to blend. Why let such things "happen"? A plant breeder would not get very far if he waited for things to happen.

I have mentioned the ten-year-old walnut tree into which I put a hundred years' growth. I mean by that that the tree, at the age of ten years, is as tall and as large as the normal walnut tree is at the age of one hundred years. The tree at the base is nearly three feet in diameter.

THIS is wonderful, I am told. How was it done? I did not do it by waiting for the tree to "happen," nor did I do it by planting a great number of seedlings and waiting to see if one of them would not grow into a miracle tree. What I did was to cross a California walnut with an English walnut. The California walnut tree is fitted to extract the maximum of moisture from the depths of the ground. The English walnut is equipped to get water from near the surface. By crossing the two types, I combined the best qualities of the two.

The inevitable "explosion" that comes from crossing types occurred. A great variety of seedlings followed. Some were



Mr. Burbank minutely inspects thousands of plants to discover the one that he desires for further cultivation.





**C** *The patient labor of Indians for perhaps twenty thousand years was required to evolve corn. Nature would never have produced it. Yet Luther Burbank has taken Mexican grass and in eighteen years developed excellent corn.*

very tall and some were very short. Some grew more than six feet the first year and some less than an inch. By breeding from those that grew most rapidly in three generations I had the tree, now ten years old, that is nearly three feet through at the ground and more than sixty feet tall.

This seems like a miracle. In a sense, it is—a hundred-year-old tree produced in ten years. But is it any more of a miracle than the young man or woman who, without any experience in life seems to have plumbed life to the bottom? Such prodigies occasionally appear. Where do they come from? Who taught the wonderful Chatterton boy? How came Keats by all he knew? Among the billions of common people who have lived have been a few who, in wisdom, understanding and perception, were as marvelous as this wonderful walnut tree is in size at its age. But when nature blindly produces a superior type it as blindly allows it to disappear. Plant breeders do not do that. When they produce a superior type, they hold it.

Plant breeding is in its infancy. We have barely begun to do what will yet be done. Of the great number of species on earth that might be developed into foods, only a few are used. More than that, the blind crossing of types that nature is doing is creating more new types that will ultimately be developed and made useful. Our descendants are destined to taste fruits of which we have never heard and to smell flowers, the fragrance of which is unknown to us.

It will not be long until we shall be compelled to develop paper trees. The printing presses are eating up our forests more rapidly than they grow. What will soon be needed is a tree, suitable for conversion into pulp, that will grow rapidly and to great size. Such a type of tree can be produced.

A few months ago, a Japanese silk producer visited me and

asked me if I could produce a mulberry tree, the leaves of which should be extraordinarily large and tender. I have produced it and it is now in my experimental gardens at Santa Rosa, California. The leaves are ten times the size of an ordinary mulberry leaf and tender enough to suit any silkworm. It seems to me as if this tree, when it comes fully into use, should have a great effect upon the output of silk, and perhaps a considerable effect on its price.

**I** HAVE originated a new type of wheat that should add hundreds of millions of bushels a year to the world's crop of wheat. On California land that would produce but twenty-five bushels to the acre of the best wheat hitherto known, I have produced forty-nine and one-half bushels of "Quality Wheat," as I call it. It is white, hard and makes more nutritious bread than any other wheat that was ever grown. I have had reports on it from Australia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Minnesota, and every other great wheat-growing area in the world. Everywhere it is a success.

It is often supposed that extraordinarily keen eyesight enables me to detect the slight variations that exist in types of plants. This is an error. My eyesight is good, but nothing wonderful. I should say, rather, that it is the ability to observe carefully. I try to let nothing get past me. Artists have told me, however, that I have a very extraordinary sense of color. There is a great difference in our ability to perceive colors. People did not used to see as many shades of color as they do now—it is a sense that is developing with the race. In the Bible only a few colors are mentioned—purple and gold and crimson. Green is not mentioned. To this day there are many persons who cannot see green. That is to say, Original from [Continued on page 114]



**A** story that has somewhat to do with Golf,  
a lot with Fair Play and more about LOVE



# Out of the Rough

*By William Slavens McNutt*

*Illustrated by George Wright*

**B**RICK MCGREGOR was a ragged, skinny, unkempt little thirteen-year-old, wild animal, when he leaned over a fence at the roadside and first saw Jerry Farley step jauntily up to the tee with a driver in his hands and lash a golf ball three hundred yards down the smooth, cool, green fairway. There was stuff in McGregor's heart that took fire at the sight of the action. But a moment before he had been sullen from the crown of his bright red head to the soles of his ill-shod little feet. His father was an oiler who did his work deep in the greasy bowels of a transatlantic liner and his father was home.

He was home and he was drunk: wherefore young Brick was absent from home and sour on the world. He had tramped five miles over the hot Long Island roads since sneaking out of the house before breakfast to make sure of escaping his father's morning-after temper; five miles of aimless, sullen plugging along, head down, scuffling in the dust, intent on planning the various extravagant, futile schemes of revenge that bitter boys devise in their imaginations when the world goes wrong. He was debating in his mind whether to jump in the water, drown, and overwhelm his father with remorse by being brought home cold and dead, or run away to Alaska, find a gold mine and come back in a tremendous great big shiny red automobile, get his mother and take her away to live a life of luxury, while his dad kneeled in the dust in the wake of the departing car, begging forgiveness and pleading not to be left behind in his poverty—when he saw two young fellows in knickerbockers, followed by their caddies bearing bags of clubs, strolling along the links.

Brick leaned on the fence and watched them, a sneer on his face. They were something special to hate; and the red-haired bitter youngster did a good job of it. He enjoyed despising the two caddies because they bore burdens for a pair of sissified dudes. He took deep pleasure in hating Farley and his companion because they were so clean, trim and well-dressed and were manifestly having a good time.

And then young Farley stepped up to the ball with that quick decisive manner that was later famous in the big tournaments of two countries, drew back his club and exploded in a burst of effort as perfectly timed as the movement of a hand on a split-second watch, and as vicious as the knuckled fist of a Dempsey set for a knock-out punch. The little white ball flashed away down the course as straight and true as though it were speeding along an invisible groove set in an arc in the air. Low and true and straight it went and when it seemed that its momentum must be spent, it rose and flew yet farther, seeming to carry within itself the propelling energy to overcome gravity indefinitely.

As young McGregor watched, the bitterness went out of him and a warm glow spread throughout his being. A lump came in his throat and a mist of tears filmed his hard gray little eyes. He had the impulse to cheer for young Farley. He felt suddenly something of that quality of fanatic admiration that troops know in following a beloved and utterly brave officer into battle. His emotion demanded expression. He squirmed and wriggled his toes inside his shapeless worn shoes, screwed up his freckled face and said, half under his breath, "Gee!"



Then Farley's opponent stepped up to the tee and drove. It was a good effort as the drives of fifteen or sixteen-year-old golfers go on the average, but following Jerry Farley's smash, it was as Morvich compared to a selling plater; and watching, young McGregor enjoyed an ecstasy of derision. He was thrilled with delight at seeing the perfection of Farley's drive, highlighted, so to speak, by the mediocrity of his opponent's work. Again his emotion demanded expression, and again he squirmed and wriggled his toes and said scornfully and half under his breath: "Yah!"

THE PLAYERS moved on and young McGregor moved with them as far as the road paralleled the course, which was only some fifty yards. Then he stood by the fence, staring wistfully at their figures against the smooth green of the fairway. He wanted to see young Farley hit that ball again. He wanted to feel the thrill that came to him as the slim, tanned, well-groomed youngster with the sleek black hair and large dark, almost insultingly steady eyes, brought the club back with the seeming carelessness of championship perfection, and lashed at the ball with the apparent abandon that is the trade-mark of the truly great. He wanted to feel again that little thrill that went down his spine as the true flying ball confirmed his estimation of the quality of the effort exercised by the player.

Desire overmastered both embarrassment and fear. He slipped through the fence and skulked after the players, scuffling along—well out in the rough—with his head down, watching without seeming to watch, peeking eagerly out of the corners of his eyes. Young Farley did not fail him. A perfectly placed brassie, long, low and straight, was followed by a high mashie pitch, which fell dead on the sloping green, surrounded by sand traps, and a ten-foot putt that sank into the cup as swift and sure as though irresistibly drawn there.

And then the drive from the next tee, and again McGregor felt the keen, wild thrill as the ball flashed down the course; a thrill that altered to a sick feeling inside of him as, after traveling straight for a hundred yards, it began to swerve to the right. He heard Farley laugh as the sliced ball disappeared in some heavy rough among the trees. Young Brick knew nothing of the game of golf, for this was in the days just before the rise of the sport to its present wide popularity—in the days when a bag of golf balls, a wrist-watch and a handkerchief up the sleeve were looked upon by the many with an equally suspicious eye—but he felt again a glow of admiration for the trim, black-haired youngster, when the latter laughed. He didn't know what it meant to Farley for the ball to curve to the right and disappear in the trees, but he knew that he had seen perfection and that this fell short of it. There was a gameness in him that approved of the tone of the mirth of this boy who could achieve perfection and had fallen short of it—and laughed.

He watched from a distance while Farley and his caddy hunted the ball and understood that they had not found it when Farley tossed one over his head and played on. Young Brick made for the spot where he had marked the first ball's fall. He was not a half minute in locating it. When he found it, he was in an agony of embarrassment. He was afraid to approach Farley and offer it to him; yet he felt that he must. He had no knowledge of the game that Farley was playing, but he wanted him to win and he thought that perhaps the return of the ball might help him. For the length of one long hole he skulked along the rough, until he gathered sufficient courage to approach Farley. So miserable with embarrassment that he looked sullen and stupid, he touched Farley on the arm and held out the lost and forgotten ball to him.

Young Jerry turned and saw what he supposed to be one of the caddies, or boy hangers-on around the club, offering him a

ball for sale. "I don't need any," he said shortly, "and besides, you know it's against the rules to buy balls from you fellows on the course."

Brick McGregor didn't understand. He knew nothing of the practice of finding lost balls and selling them. He was hurt by Farley's tone, but stubborn in his purpose of returning the ball. So he stood, silent, looking down at the ground, continuing to hold the offering out in his palm.

Farley frowned with annoyance and then looked again more closely at the ball. "Oh, I say! Is that my ball that I just lost?" he asked.

Brick answered with a faint affirmative nod, not looking up.

"Thanks awfully," Farley said, taking it from him. Then he reached in his pocket, drew forth a half dollar and held it out.

Brick McGregor looked up at him, his small bitter gray eyes looking straight into Farley's. Brick spoke for the first time. "You go to hell!" he said fiercely. He turned and walked rapidly away.

YOUNG FARLEY stared after him for a moment puzzled. A ragged boy on a golf course who said go to hell, when offered money, was something new in his experience. His first reaction was of anger; but something very decent in him answered true to the expression he had seen in McGregor's eyes. He walked after him. "I'm sorry," he said, as McGregor stopped and turned. "I didn't mean any offense. I'm very much obliged to you for bringing my ball back." He nodded, smiled and walked on away down the course.

"You ought to have slapped his face," his companion said, as Jerry caught up with him.

"I felt like it for a minute," Jerry admitted smiling, "and then all of a sudden, I got ashamed of myself. Funny! The little devil made me feel rather cheap. Queer little wretch!"

While Jerry and his companion played on, Brick McGregor stayed behind, scuffling around in the rough near a clump of trees, a little bit elated and most terribly hurt. There, ten minutes later, one of the caddies of a foursome found and recognized him. He was a boy who had moved away from Brick's neighborhood in a mean section of the little manufacturing town, five miles distant.

"You caddying here?" he asked McGregor.

"Caddying?" Brick repeated with an interrogative inflection.

"Carryin' the clubs like me," the boy explained. "Whyn't you get a job at it? Some days you make pretty good money."

"How do you get it?" Brick inquired.

"You come along with me till we get back to the club-house an' I'll tell the caddy master you're a friend o' mine," the boy said. "They're short o' kids here now."

Then began for Brick McGregor a strange new life in new surroundings. Every morning early, he walked or hooked rides the five miles from his home to the low, wide-spreading white club-house. From the beginning he was the caddy that every golfer hopes he'll get some day. He loved the game as a congenital dipsomaniac loves booze. He was in it heart and soul from the moment he carried a bag of clubs to the first tee until he regretfully relinquished it to its owner at the end of the round. He instinctively knew that it was wrong to talk or move in the line of the player's vision while the latter was making a shot, and he had an eye for the flight of a ball as keen and true as the nose of a thoroughbred dog for the hidden partridge.

He loved the class of the links as a miser loves money, as an actor loves applause. He was drawn to it as a moth is drawn to the light. He loved the low white club-house with the broad, heavy pillared veranda. He loved the sight of the waiters moving about among the small tables, set with snowy linen and glistening silver. He loved the game and the place it was played and the men who played it well. More than all he



C. Brick McGregor, after angrily refusing Farley's tip for returning the golf ball, scuffled around, a little bit elated and most terribly hurt.



loved Jerry Farley, the slim, black-haired youngster, whose perfect drive from the tee near the roadside had first awakened his admiration.

In the first two weeks of his service as a caddy at the Shady Nook Club he saw Farley occasionally and learned much of him from the other boys. He learned that Farley had just turned sixteen and was looked upon as the brightest golfing promise of the club and a strong contender for national honors, when time should have added stability to his natural brilliance; that Farley's mother was dead; that his father was a wealthy man who dealt in copper in a big way and that a slender, tomboyish girl of ten, with a thick mass of blue black hair and snappy black eyes, occasionally to be seen making mischief around the club-house, or being objectionably obstreperous on the links, was Jerry's young sister, the only other child of James K. Farley. He learned that Jerry and his sister lived in the large gray stone house about a mile from the club.

AS TO NORMA, McGregor was in hearty agreement with her critics. From the first, the hoydenish girl irritated him. Her laughter got on his nerves. Watching her playing noisily about the first tee one afternoon while her brother and a companion were preparing to drive off, he said to himself: "If she was my sister, I'd teach her what's what. You bet I would! I'd teach her!"

He had been caddying at the club for several weeks when young Farley first noticed him. It was early on a clear, sweet smelling morning. Farley came from the locker room alone, strolled toward the first tee with his clubs over his shoulder, looked about and saw only McGregor standing near. He nodded, smiled and held out the bag of clubs. McGregor took it, his heart pounding hard.

Farley, driver in hand, about to turn away, stopped, looked

more closely at the redheaded youngster and smiled again with evident recognition.

"Oh, hello!" he said pleasantly.

"Hello," McGregor mumbled.

Farley laughed. "Mind if I don't go to hell this morning?" he teased gaily.

McGregor flushed and fidgeted.

"I—I didn't mean it like it sounded, Mr. Farley," he muttered. He wanted to explain further, but embarrassment born of the sincerity of his emotions forbade.

Young Farley eyed him intently for a moment and arrived at an approximate understanding.

"All right," he said casually, walking off toward the tee. "I'm going to play down to the fifth hole and practice driving there for an hour or so while the course is clear. I've been slicing lately."

He teed his ball, took his stance, waggled his club and grinned impishly at McGregor. "All right," he said exuberantly, "let's go!" He lashed viciously, joyously at the ball and laughed as it rode true and fast and far through the clear bright air, over the yet dewy fairway; and Brick McGregor, hurrying along with Jerry Farley's clubs over his shoulder, experienced an ecstasy of delight so keen that it almost hurt.

FOR MORE than an hour young McGregor retrieved the balls that Farley drove off the fifth tee, one after another.

"You must be able to smell 'em," Farley said approvingly, when he had finished. "How do you find 'em?"

"I watch where they go," McGregor explained. "And then I go there an' get 'em."

Farley laughed. "That's scientific," he said. "Simple and scientific, just like the essentials in playing the game. You look and see where you want the ball to go and then you take a







**C** Farley looked closely at the redheaded youngster and smiled with recognition. "Oh hello! Mind if I don't go to hell this morning?" he teased. "I—I didn't mean it like it sounded, Mr. Farley," Brick muttered.

club and hit it there. How long have you been caddying here?" McGregor told him.

"Played any?"

McGregor shook his head.

Farley proffered him his driver. "Hit one," he said.

Trembling with eagerness and embarrassment, Brick McGregor teed up his first ball and clumsily hit it. But hit it he did! Not properly, to be sure, but hard and reasonably clean.

"Let me show you," young Farley offered. "You hold the club like this."

For twenty minutes then Jerry Farley, the slim, favored son of the copper magnate, and the most promising golfing youngster of the Shady Nook Club, explained and demonstrated to Brick McGregor, the ragged and none too clean offspring of a hard-drinking oiler on a transatlantic passenger boat, the proper way to hold and swing a driver. At the end of the instruction, Brick McGregor complimented his teacher by poking one low and straight for a clean 225 yards down the middle of the course.

"You'd make a player if you kept at it," young Farley complimented him. "Bat 'em around whenever you get the chance."

Nearing the club-house, he spoke again to McGregor. "I've a match on this afternoon with Ted Hastings from Garden City. We'll be driving off about two o'clock. Caddy for me?"

"Sure," said McGregor. "Sure thing. Yes, sir, Mr. Farley."

He heard Farley a little later speak to the caddy master: "That kid McGregor's a good caddy. I've engaged him for this afternoon."

He did not hear him yet later in the locker room speak to

Charlie Betts, the club pro; but next day Betts gave McGregor an old mashie and the following advice:

"When you get the chance, take this club and hit the ball. Hit it! Keep on hitting it till you think you're as good as you ever can be. Then come back to me and I'll show you how rotten you are. After that, if you're ever going to be a golfer, you'll slowly begin to get better; and when many years have passed, it may be that you'll be able to play well enough to realize how rotten you are without being told. If you do that, then you can start in and begin to learn the game. And maybe some day you'll play it with less shame to yourself than most."

**T**HAT WAS the beginning of Brick McGregor's real march to golfing fame; a march that was only seriously threatened with interruption once. It happened in this way:

In the fall of that year, young Farley reached the finals in the New York State Junior Tournament, held at the Shady Nook Club. McGregor was caddying for him as usual. In the final round Farley was pitted against a boy by the name of Hornaday. The morning round ended with Farley three up.

At the beginning of the afternoon's play, young Hornaday developed an insane putting streak. On the first hole he sank a fifty-footer from off the green for a win. On the second hole he sank a forty-footer for a birdie and another win, leaving young Farley only one up. On the third Farley was within three feet of the cup with a good drive and a perfectly played mashie pitch. Hornaday was fifty yards from the green with his drive, but his mashie pitch, played high, caught the sharp upslope of





**C.** Norma Farley, her face working, followed Brick off the fairway. "Everybody thinks Jerry is afraid of getting beat. Is he?" Brick walked away sullenly muttering things under his breath.

the green, immediately to the right of the pin, rolled down in a semicircle, hesitated on the lip of the cup and plopped in. The gallery applauded.

Farley had a three-foot putt for a half, which would still leave him one up.

He stepped up to the ball and placed the head of his putter behind it, but did not make the stroke. He remained bent over for a full minute while the people in the gallery grew restive, looking at one another and wondering. Finally Farley straightened up and took a deep breath. His face was chalk white. He was trembling. Beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. He fumbled in his pocket for a handkerchief and wiped his brow. The boy was evidently in deep distress. When he again bent over to make the putt, his hands were trembling so that he could not hold the shaft of the club steady. He hit the ball sharply off line, missing the cup by at least a foot and overrunning it to the edge of the green. The match was all square.

The crowd was restless as it followed the players to the next tee. Young Farley had cracked wide open under pressure. Hornaday's putting streak had got on the boy's nerves. For the moment, at least, he had gone yellow. There was many an interchange of significant glances, much uplifting of eyebrows and guarded whispering.

As MCGREGOR walked down the course to wait for the drive, Norma Farley followed him. Her face was working. Tears stood in her eyes.

"What's the matter with Jerry?" she asked angrily. "Everybody thinks he's afraid of getting beat. Is he? Is that what's the matter with him?"

Brick said nothing. His instincts at the moment were not those of a gentleman. He walked on, keeping his eyes averted.

"I don't care!" she blurted out. "If he lets that boy beat him now, when they all think he's afraid, I'll never speak to him again!" She

walked away rapidly while McGregor, looking sullenly after her, muttered strange and bitter things under his breath.

Hornaday was away with a clean, straight drive. Farley was still trembling when he teed up. He took his stance and addressed the ball time after time, for so long a period, fighting so desperately for control all the while, that men who knew and liked him turned their eyes away, unwilling to endure the sight of his humiliation. He topped his drive miserably for a scant seventy-five yards, and from then on failed to win a hole, or execute a single shot that even a first-year dub could boast about.

The end of the match came on the twenty-ninth green with Hornaday eight up and seven to go. When it was over, McGregor walked away to a thicket, threw himself on the ground and wept for half an hour.

When he reached the club-house he walked into a torrent of ridicule from the other caddies. They knew of his devotion to Farley and they made the most of their opportunity, which was short. It lasted only for the length of time it took Brick McGregor to reach his nearest tormentor.

The caddy master got a black eye and a pair of badly kicked shins as his reward for prying McGregor loose from a boy he was beating with merciless ferocity and fired him forthwith.

Brick walked home and spent two bleak days there in bed, refusing to speak, eat or get up, stoically oblivious to his mother's arguments, both verbal and physical.

There young Farley found him and from there took him away for a long drive in his roadster and mutual explanations.



**C.** Farley in evident distress took a deep breath. He was trembling and beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. Then he hit the ball sharply off line missing the cup by at least a foot.





**C** Tense and white-faced Norma came to watch the game between McGregor and her brother with herself as the stake. A devil was shouting in McGregor's soul. There was a way to win if only his conscience would let him.

"I came over as soon as I found out the caddy master had fired you," Farley told him. "Why didn't you come to me right away, Brick?"

McGregor was silent. He wanted to answer, but he knew that he would bawl if he opened his lips.

"You're to come back, of course," Farley went on. "What was your fight about?"

"Some—some of the other caddies said—said you were yellow!" Brick blurted out, and immediately gave way to a wild convulsion of sobbing.

Farley drew the car to a standstill along the side of the road and got out, ostensibly to tighten something under the car remaining busy at his mythical task till McGregor's sobs had ceased. Then he crawled out and stood leaning with his elbows resting on the car.

"Your nickname fits you, McGregor," he said. "You are a brick. But the other caddies were partly right. There is a spot in me that's just as yellow as your hair is red. It's a little spot and it isn't often exposed. When I was eight years old, I was nearly killed by a bolt of lightning. A tree near me was struck and I was knocked unconscious. Just before the lightning struck, one of my father's friends, who was standing near me, said: 'I've lost my handkerchief.' He just had the words out of his mouth when the flash came and I was bowled over.

"I didn't remember what the man had said until several months later; in the library one evening, my father repeated those words. He said, 'I've lost my handkerchief.' I screamed and began to cry, and for hours after that, I trembled so hard I couldn't stand up alone. That particular combination of words simply knocks me off my pins wherever I hear it. During the match the other day, just as I was getting ready to putt on that third hole, someone in the gallery said: 'I've lost my handkerchief!' I felt as if somebody had pushed me off a high building. For a second I was simply scared out of my wits. Then I began

to tremble all over, and I simply couldn't get myself together again until after the game."

"That's not being yellow," Brick said stoutly. "You can't help that."

Farley shook his head. "It's being yellow all right," he insisted. "It's just a spot, but it's there. I suppose people that are yellow all through can't help it either; but their not being able to help it doesn't make them white. Anyhow, thanks for putting up a battle for me, Brick, I won't forget it."

So BRICK MCGREGOR went back to the Shady Nook Club as a caddy, and from then on his rise in the golfing world was steady.

At eighteen he was assistant pro at the club where he had begun as a caddy. At twenty-two he took over the job of the old pro. By then there was little left of the ragged, bitter boy who had hung over the fence and been thrilled by the perfection of Jerry Farley's drive. A knife thrust in a drunken brawl had sent his father to the final accounting some years before. His mother had passed on peacefully after a last few years of comparative leisure, provided by her son's revenue from the game of the land of his ancestors.

Men of social and financial prominence labored eagerly under McGregor's eye, striving with wood and iron to win his word of approval. His world was the world of golf and in that world golf, and golf only, counted. In that world he was the equal, and more, of both men and women whose names were the stock in trade of society editors. Nothing in his speech or manner marked him as different from other young men of the club.

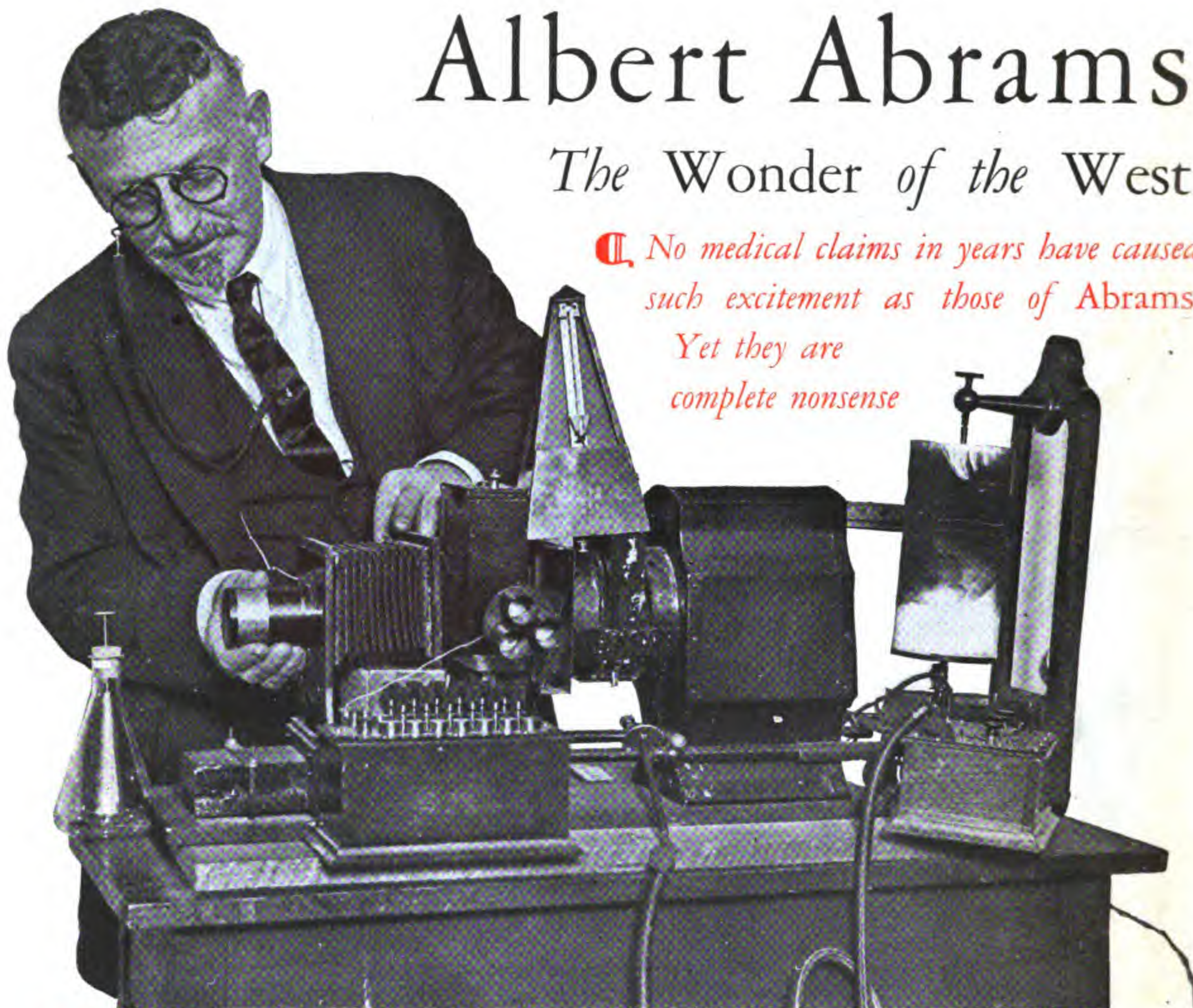
Excellence on the links had freed him from the restraint of any inferiority complex that his origin and early life might have bred in him, with one exception. He never could beat Jerry Farley at golf. He constantly trimmed men who held Farley even, but not once in all the years. [Continued on page 122]



# Albert Abrams

*The Wonder of the West*

*¶ No medical claims in years have caused such excitement as those of Abrams. Yet they are complete nonsense*



*No. 5 in the series of*

*¶ Doctor Abrams's strange machine, the "sphygmobiometer," in which one binding post is connected to nothing at all, throws some doubt upon the doctor's knowledge of mechanics.*

## DOCTORS AND DRUG-MONGERS

*By Paul H. De Kruif, Ph. D.*

MANKIND always listens eagerly to anyone who claims the power to deliver it from disease. It flocks to such a savior and lays its treasures at his feet, and its dismay when such promises prove false is a tragic thing. The popularity of such alleged healers is often astounding, and they frequently are able to fool people of supposedly high intelligence. A man of this type flourished a little over a hundred years ago in Connecticut. His name was Elisha Perkins, and he believed he could cure all of our ills by means of an instrument called a tractor. This wonderful machine, shaped like a pair of calipers, was made of copper, zinc, gold, iron, silver and platinum.

Perkins had only to stroke the sick one with this remarkable instrument and his ills vanished, thanks to the "Galvanism" or "animal magnetism" that it conferred. The vogue of this idiotic tool was amazing, not only here but in England. In the latter country Perkins worked his "cure" upon the highest people in the land. Riches and acclaim were showered upon him. But in a little while a skeptical doctor blew up his claims by showing that the same kind of cures could be got by stroking people with tractors of wood.

In the past few years a modern cult has arisen in the West. Its presiding elder is Doctor Albert Abrams of San Francisco.

There is no limit to his fantastic claims. They defy all hitherto accumulated knowledge, both in physics and in medicine. In spite of the essentially absurd nature of his doctrines, he is at present having a tremendous and always growing popularity. People are stepping on each other's toes to get to his office for treatment or diagnosis. Doctors are flocking from all parts of the land to San Francisco. Here they take "courses" of several weeks duration. Then they go back to their home towns, to try this solemn nonsense on their defenseless patients.

The American Medical Association offices have been deluged with hundreds of letters from doctors all over the land, asking for information in regard to Abrams. Pearson's Magazine has accused the medical profession of being engaged in a plot to suppress him.

THE great popularity of Abrams must not lead you to suppose that his system has value. People rushed after Perkins in the same way, and as soon as he was shown to be an impostor, they promptly forgot all about him. All that is required for a sensible person to put Abrams out of his mind for once and all, is to listen to some of his claims.



In the first place, if you are ill, and wish to find out from Abrams what ails you, it is not necessary for you to visit him personally. All you have to do is to send him a drop of your blood, or if that lacks, a sample of your handwriting. He can cure syphilis, cancer, tuberculosis and many other diseases by a mysterious machine called the "Oscilloclast."

This machine has become very popular all over the land. In 1910 only five doctors were using it. In June, 1922, Abrams lists over two hundred who are "lessees" of the contrivance. Some doctors have only one of the contraptions, others rent two or three, one of them actually is using fifteen if Abrams may be believed. The primary payment by the doctor renting the machine is two hundred dollars, and five dollars a month as long as he keeps it. It is evident that this is good business for Abrams, and apparently it is for the physicians who rent the machines, as well. Advertisements, in the guise of testimonials, appear in Abrams's journal from time to time. They tell of doctors who have "doubled their business," et cetera.

FOR SOME ills this machine is not necessary. It suffices simply to paint you yellow, and your sickness will vanish as if by magic. When you are seriously sick, and the germs of your disease are distributed throughout your body, he has a novel method of gathering the microbes in one place, so that he can annihilate them at one fell swoop. To do this he gives you a few slaps over the spinal column. This causes the germs to stampede to the spleen. Here he kills them easily by painting them yellow, or shooting some of the vibrations of his oscilloclast at you.

From a drop of her blood, he claims he can tell an expectant mother whether her baby is to be a boy or a girl. From the same material he can tell a suspicious father whether he really is the proud father of his children. No disease can exist, he says, unless one first has syphilis! Those who do not get this infection from unfortunate experiences in love, may come by it innocently. For, according to Abrams, cows have syphilis, and we may catch it from them, either through milk, or by being vaccinated.

These are some of the least of the wonderful discoveries he has made. He can tell from a sample of your handwriting what part of the world you are in at the present moment. More amazing still, by analyzing your handwriting he is able to determine whether you are alive or dead. By investigation of samples of their handwriting, he has discovered that various literary celebrities were the victims of syphilis. Even poor old Longfellow had this dreadful disease! Finally he has made a discovery that will surprise astronomers. He finds that there is a great deal of water and ice on the surface of the moon.

WHO IS this wizard, working these wonders in the West? Like many great men, the date of his birth is obscure. He was born, according to his various assertions, in 1862, '63, or '64. Sometimes he gives one date, at other times another. He received his medical degree from the University of Heidelberg in 1882, he tells us, so he graduated as a doctor at the tender age of eighteen, nineteen, or twenty, take your choice. In addition to the degree from the German University, he states that he bears a similar degree from the Cooper Medical College, and LL.D. from some source not disclosed, and A. M. from the University of Portland, long since defunct. For some years he was professor of pathology in the Cooper Medical College of San Francisco. He resigned this position under peculiar conditions that remain shrouded in mystery. The American Medical Association has tried to find how he obtained his degree from Heidelberg at such an early age. In former days in Germany degrees were sometimes obtained in curious and not exactly regular ways. So far the Association has been unable to discover how long Abrams stayed at Heidelberg, or how he obtained his sheepskin.

His writings have been profuse and show a trenchant style and a wide acquaintance with the classics. He is fond of inventing strange new words and resurrecting obsolete ones that have a scientific sound. He likes to make simple statements in ponderous phrases, and to illustrate his points by learned quotations from the Latin. His "theories" and "discoveries" are told about at length in his book called "New Concepts in Diagnosis and Treatment," and in his medical "journal," called "Physico-Clinical Medicine." This writer has spent desperate weeks in wading through these works and the following story is in part the fruit of this long and sweating struggle.

According to Abrams, all matter consists of electrical charges in vibration. These are known to physicists as electrons. Like

inert matter, living things are made up of electrons. So far, so good. These ideas are not new and are agreed to by all scientists. But now Abrams steps in to explain the mysteries of disease by his own discoveries in regard to electrons. He claims to show that our electrons vibrate at a definite rate in every disease. The clumsy methods of the greatest physicists could never have discovered this. But by using the human body as an indicator, Abrams is able to register the effects of these wicked vibrations that cause disease. This method of detection, which he modestly says is many times more sensitive than the most delicate apparatus of physicists, is called the "Stomach Reflex."

The patient whose vibrations you wish to study does not have to be present. All that Abrams needs is a drop of the sick one's blood, and the "vibrations" from this can be recorded on the abdomen of a healthy person, called the "subject." The blood is placed in a little box, connected by wires to some resistance coils. The latter go by the formidable name of "biodynamometer." The energy of the vibrations from the blood sample is supposed to pass through these coils, then goes through some more wires to an electrode held against the forehead or some other part of the anatomy of the human subject. It is necessary during this process for the subject to face west! This mysterious energy then passes from the subject's forehead to his lower regions. Its effect can be detected by certain sounds that occur when Abrams taps on the subject's abdomen. That, briefly, is the way Abrams claims to diagnose disease.

IF DISEASES are due to an increased rate of vibration of electrons, how are they to be cured? According to our hero that is easy. Simply apply to the patient a rate of "vibration" equal to that of his disease. This will neutralize the bad vibrations and so destroy them. These vibrations are applied to the patient by a fearful and wonderful machine called the "Oscilloclast." But if you haven't an Oscilloclast, don't worry. You may also destroy the wicked vibrations by painting your sick man yellow, or some other suitable color! The book is full of evidence that Abrams knows nothing whatever about electricity. In one place he speaks of "the voltage being very high and varies from two to seventeen ohms." Every high school boy knows that voltage is measured in *volts* and *resistance* in ohms. Apparently Abrams is completely innocent of even such rudimentary knowledge as this, for he repeatedly makes the same mistake. In his book he gives a picture of a machine called a "sphygmobiometer." As you see in the picture on page 76, one binding post of the coil is connected to nothing at all! A schoolboy could see that this "mechanical genius," as his admirers call him, would have difficulty in hooking up a doorbell.

It is not necessary to cite further examples of ignorance of the most fundamental and simple principles of physics on the part of Abrams. The book abounds in these, and in peculiar chapters containing successions of disconnected statements without logical sequence. Such obvious claptrap as this would ordinarily cause one to dismiss the claims and to forget the deluded claimant. But a cry has lately been raised by the supporters of Abrams in regard to the "organized plot" of the medical profession to persecute and suppress this genius. This, together with the increasing number of doctors who begin to pay attention to him, and the hordes of sufferers who clamor for his help, has led this writer to meet the man in his laboratory. This gave the priceless opportunity of watching "genius" in action, shaping—the phrase is his—the "dawn of a new era in science."

ACCORDINGLY an appointment was made. Accompanied by a friend, I was ushered into an elaborate office and reception room. The stage properties were imposing. The place had a mysteriously Oriental, exotic appearance. Expensive draperies hung from the walls. Huge bowls of bright colored flowers graced the tables. Beautiful carved chairs with dragon-shaped arms stood about the room. The atmosphere reeked of necromancy and the black arts. After presenting names and credentials we were conducted by a mysterious and discreet secretary into a darkened room—Abrams's "laboratory." In a narrowly confined glare of light stood a man, stripped to a little below the waist. Before him was seated Abrams, small, a little rotund, bald-headed, with shrewd roving eyes. He greeted us cordially, and talked rapidly between nervous puffs at a cigarette. He smoked incessantly, having a peculiar habit of breaking his cigarettes into a number of small pieces and taking a few puffs at each fragment.



After polite exchanges of compliments, he proceeded with his work, which was that of diagnosing a disease from a small drop of the blood of a patient in a far-off city. The blood was placed by a female assistant into a little container of hard rubber. The lid of this box was made of aluminum and was connected by a wire to some resistance coils. From these coils a wire passed to an "electrode" held against the forehead of the half-naked man. The electrode is a metal disc with a loose-fitting cover. There is a hole in the center of the cover, but the *electrode does not touch the skin of the patient's forehead!* A curious electric circuit, surely! For the "energy" from the blood drop must here pass a resistance measuring millions of ohms! Yet, marvelous to relate, Abrams is able to detect, by his thumpings on the subject's abdomen, differences of a fraction of an ohm. Even the sounds made on the abdomen are a hoax, perhaps unconscious on the part of Abrams. For there is every reason to believe that here is a case of the magician believing in his own magic. This is not the place to go into the technicalities of the art of "percussion." Most of you know how a doctor taps on your chest when he suspects you may have pneumonia or is outlining the position of your heart. It is enough to say that the "dull" sound is due to a trick on the part of Abrams, and not to any condition existing in the subject's abdomen.

**A**FTER the demonstration of this wonderful method, more sensitive than any of the most highly developed methods of physics, the curtains were raised, and it was possible to examine the "laboratory" and its occupants.

The room had anything but the appearance of a place where the fundamental problems of physics and pathology are studied. Against one wall was a blackboard with NO SMOKING scrawled across it in huge letters. Opposite was a platform with classroom benches. In a corner stood what appeared to be an apparatus in a state of arrested construction. This we were informed was the "oscillophone," which, when completed, was destined to replace the human "subject" as a detector of the energy of disease. It consisted of a large box with some wires stretched over it and attached to the recording discs of a graphophone. One or two of the wires hung loose in an odd dispirited fashion. The machine resembled nothing so much as one of the apparatuses of Goldberg for committing suicide or waking up in the morning. Goldberg's machines are imagined only to divert us in our reading of the evening newspapers. They are frankly foolish and serve their purpose in delighting us. Still, if they were actually constructed, they would probably work. Abrams's oscillophone is really an improvement on Goldberg's idiotic contrivances. To anyone with any knowledge of physics it is obviously a piece of nonsense, and unlike the machine of the cartoonist, would not even work.

Abrams next endeavored to show us some of what he called his "basic experiments" with the "electrobioscope." We were prepared for the inspection of some new Goldbergian tomfoolery, but were surprised to find that this high-sounding name described only a pith-ball attached to a glass rod. Every schoolboy knows that this when charged negatively is repelled by negative and attracted by positive energy. The demonstration was disappointing to us. The movements of the ball were uncertain, and might as well have been produced by slight air currents as by electrical forces. They came out wrong in about fifty percent of his predictions. The things that this electrobioscope can do, according to Abrams, are beyond belief. The experiments are supposed to show that even numbers are full of negative energy and repel the pith-ball; that odd numbers are full of positive energy and attract it. That vowels repel and consonants attract; that female hair repels and male attracts! And more ineffable nonsense of the same sort!

**W**E HAVE remarked that Abrams is becoming very popular with many doctors, and that they are flocking to San Francisco to imbibe the waters of his spring of learning. You will ask how this can be reconciled with the essential silliness of his doctrines and methods. The answer is a simple one. Doctors *are* flocking to him, but they are not the well-educated or intelligent type of physician. This was revealed by a glance at the ten or more prospective disciples that filled the room. They were colorless individuals, obscure physicians, dentists, homeopaths, osteopaths from all parts of the country. Conversation with them showed them to be even less acquainted with physics and electricity than their master. None of them showed a critical questioning attitude. They hung on Abrams's words, apparently regarding him as

some sort of supernatural being. It is no wonder then that Abrams has succeeded in achieving fame and popularity among certain members of the profession. For the medical profession, like any other, has its lunatic fringe, ready to swallow without criticism any bizarre idea, so long as it is new.

**R**ECENTLY Abrams has received some free advertising in the pages of Pearson's Magazine. It is noticeable that the persons who write in support of him are not trained in science. His chief supporter appears to be Upton Sinclair, who is an excellent novelist, but is surely not qualified to judge the merits of a new system of treatment and diagnosis of disease. A scientific exposition of Abrams's theories is given by a Doctor Cave of Boston. Careful search fails to reveal any qualification of Doctor Cave to judge of the merits of advances in medical science. Abrams's champion in the August Pearson's is a Doctor Swayze. It is unfortunate for Abrams's cause that this witness was produced, for Swayze has been a notorious advertising specialist in "men's diseases."

To sum up, the whole affair smacks of a monumental piece of chicane. While there is no good evidence of fraud on the part of Abrams himself, the reverse is true of his disciples. Here is a facsimile of an "experiment" by one of his henchmen, named W. J. Caesar, M. D. This report was published by Abrams in his journal, Physico-Clinical Medicine from December, 1918, to June, 1920. The last paragraph is a downright lie, and was made as the result of a fraud of unparalleled daring and impudence. It states that the experiment was a clear demonstration that the electronic reactions of Abrams were absolutely correct in 186 out of 192 specimens examined at the State Hospital at Stockton, California. And that the specimens were submitted to Caesar by the hospital doctors **WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE ON CAESAR'S PART IN REGARD TO THE NATURE OF THE DISEASE FROM WHICH VARIOUS PATIENTS SUFFERED.**

This statement is utterly untrue. Doctor Caesar and Mr. Breeden, the manager of his "laboratory," went to the Stockton hospital on March 4, 1918. They proposed to Doctor Clark, the medical superintendent, that they be allowed to test the blood of a certain number of patients, by the Abrams' method. They assured the doctor that they only wanted to test cases in which a diagnosis was firmly established, and further that they did not want to know anything about the cases beforehand. The diseases to be tested were to be limited to tuberculosis and syphilis, with a few specimens from cancer cases. All that they needed to make the tests, was a drop of the patient's blood, to be received on pieces of blotting paper, which Mr. Breeden had brought with him. The samples of blood were to be collected in Mr. Breeden's presence, and were to be placed in envelopes, with a serial number.

**T**HE collection of the specimens began, and at once Mr. Breeden demanded to know what the diagnosis was *before* the blood samples were taken. This violated the conditions of the test, and many doctors would have refused to go on with it. Not so with Doctor Grace McCoskey, the hospital physician who was in charge of the experiment. This lady consented to give Mr. Breeden the diagnosis in all instances. Then she laid a trap for him by giving him the *wrong* diagnosis in sixty-four out of the 192 samples taken. The next day, Breeden, with Caesar, arrived at the hospital, with their apparatus and a man to act as "subject," as in the methods we have just described. Despite the evident desire of Doctor McCoskey to be present at their test, these "scientists" gave her to understand that they desired to be alone. In any fair and open trial this would never have been demanded. Out of politeness the hospital authorities withdrew. Breeden and Caesar, with their apparatus and "subject" retired to a room, and remained there one hour and twenty minutes. There were 192 specimens to be tested. Each one has to be done separately. This means that twenty seconds were spent on each test! At the end of this time the diagnosis established by the hospital staff and that found by Caesar, were compared. At once the fraud was revealed, for the diagnosis tallied in all but three specimens with those that Doctor McCoskey had given Mr. Breeden at the time of collection. She had *deliberately* given him sixty-four wrong diagnoses. Every one of Doctor Caesar's diagnoses were identical with these bogus ones.

The staff soon discovered the way in which Breeden and Caesar had perpetrated their fraud. The pieces of blotting paper, on which the blood was collected, were of two distinct sizes. When



Dr. McCoskey announced the diagnosis as syphilis, Mr. Breeden collected the blood on a narrow slip. When tuberculosis was announced, he collected the blood on a wide one.

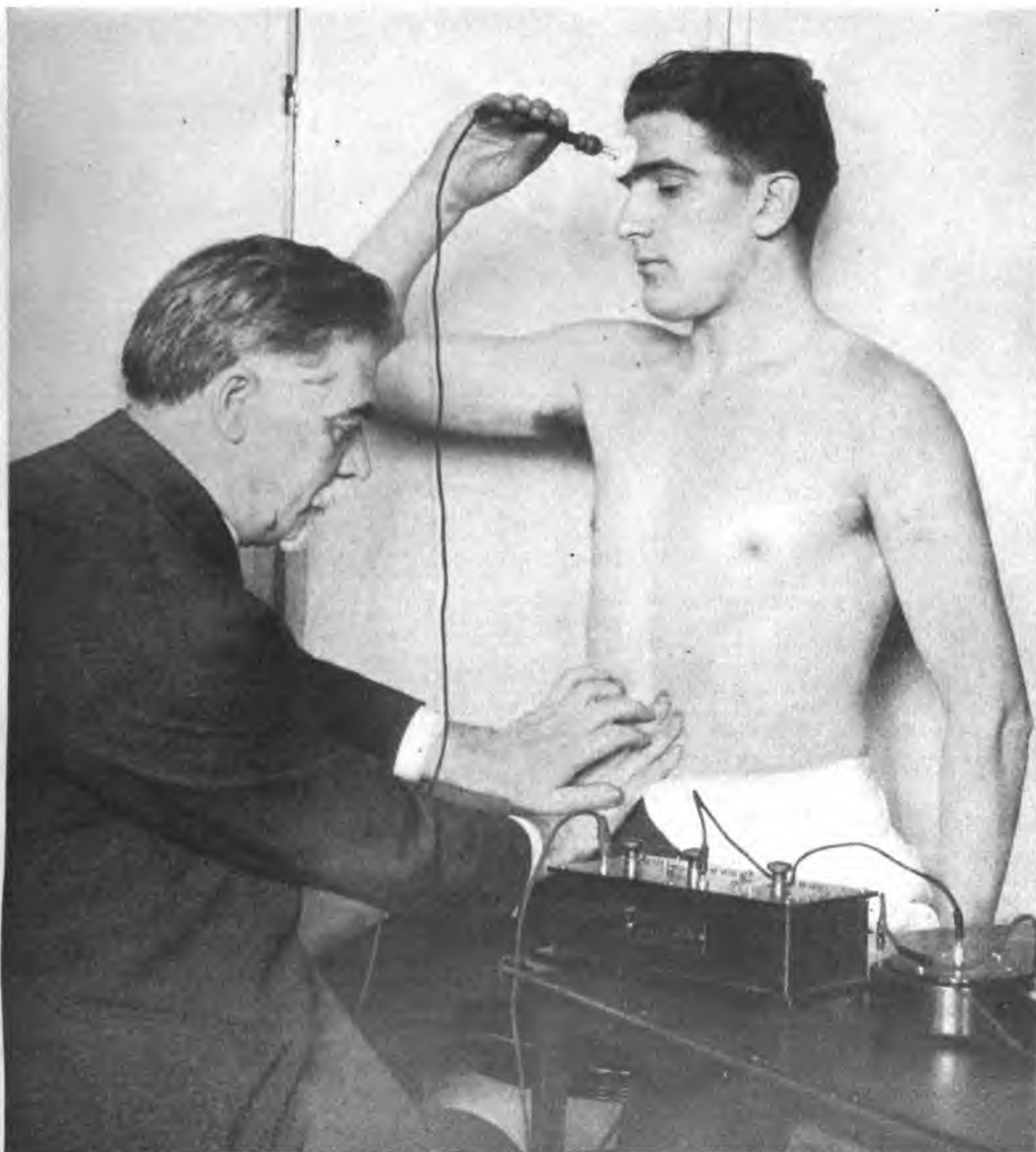
Caesar was notified at once that his fraud was known. In spite of this, the advertisement of this remarkable "demonstration" appeared for almost two years in Abrams's journal. Finally Abrams was informed of this deception by Doctor Clark. The good man expressed great surprise, and in a letter to Clark repudiated Doctor Caesar and all his works, and promised that the lying advertisement would be suppressed. This was done according to promise, but there has never appeared, to this writer's knowledge, any statement of the fraudulent nature of the "report."

**T**HIS incident does not prove that Abrams himself is a fraud. On the other hand it shows him to be lamentably careless in checking up the methods of his acknowledged disciples. The test, if authentic, would have given strong support to his doctrines. Its results were advertised broadcast to the doctors of California. Apparently Abrams believed them without the slightest effort to find out the conditions under which they were

made. What is more, his lack of frankness in making public acknowledgment of the fraud places his sense of honor in a decidedly unfavorable light.

Careful research reveals only one medical man of any prominence among those who whoop so loudly for him. This one is Sir James Barr, an ex-president of the British Medical Association. Perusal of the eminent Sir Barr's articles reveals the same type of pseudo-science, preposterous statement that is to be found so abundantly in the writings of Abrams himself. But let us be charitable. Sir James grows old, as Sir Oliver Lodge grows old, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The remainder of his supporters are for the most part obscure faddists, homeopaths, osteopaths, and such unscientific gentry.

The most wild-eyed of the supporters of the new cult are to be found outside the ranks of the medical profession. They herald Abrams as the greatest living genius, his "facts" and theories are bellowed abroad as "the greatest discoveries of the age." The medical profession is accused of a sinister plot to discredit and suppress his great work. This libel of the poor old medical profession is hardly supported by the facts. In 1917 two prominent and reputable San Francisco doctors, named Hyman and Reed, called upon Doctor Abrams and proposed [Continued on page 126]



**A** "Subject" takes the place of the real patient, in Doctor Abrams's diagnosis. A drop of blood is placed in a box with which are connected resistance coils. The "Subject" faces west, holding an electrode against his forehead. Abrams taps on the abdomen—and the disease is revealed to him.



# His Wife's Shadow



*Q. The Beguiler's eyes were on Lammie urging him to tell his wife the story of Li'l Arthur. The soft mouth was turned toward him too—the mouth he had kissed under compulsion—he had promised to tell that, also!*

EVERETT SHINN/1922

THE bunch of roses or the basket of fruit? Or both? Or neither? Mr. Lamb stood desolate on the platform of the Blue Hills station and gave troubled heed to his right hand which, of a certainty, knew what his left was doing. Roses to the right of him, oranges to the left of him, he had a nervous feeling that Henrietta would disapprove, yet he was slightly heartened by the knowledge that she

would never forgive him if he came empty-handed. He had tried that, too, and had learned to his sorrow how miserably it worked.

A lank, tall, big-boned man of forty-seven, he was equipped with a face which, upon opening, should have thundered volleys of invective oratory before a Senate chamber or flashed terror over the quivering subalterns of a general staff. Superficially, too, he might have been a middle-aged bridegroom, burdened with baggage, laden with fruit and flowers; but something in his mildly puzzled eyes proclaimed him a husband, and more than that, the husband of Henrietta.

He was fifteen minutes ahead of the train. To be early for trains was a part of Mr. Lamb's doxy that had brought him woe these many times during his fourteen years of married life. Once or twice he had been late, just to please her, but it hadn't pleased her.

He settled heavily on a bench. Cuddled against his big shoes

sat Henrietta's patent-leather suitcase, marked with the red initials "H. E. L."—the arrangement of the letters was nothing personal to Henrietta, but five minutes of gazing upon them threw Mr. Lamb into a train of thought.

Henrietta had chosen to travel in behalf of her public career. The trip had been impending for weeks. It had something to do with a Committee and a Movement; she hadn't made herself clear over the telephone, but had informed him distinctly enough that she would be at a meeting—an important meeting—up to the last minute and that Mr. Lamb was to be at the train with her hand-bag. She would be away, so his astonished ears had gathered, for a considerable time.

Mr. Lamb had a queer sense of desertion. He would be as nothing without her, that he realized, because he well knew that he had become but a shadow cast by Henrietta's brilliance. She was one of the delightful people one's wife knows. Everybody in Blue Hills had learned to take Mr. Lamb's dulness for granted and to shun him accordingly. In a colony where people were known to one another by their Christian names, abbreviated, Mr. Lamb had always remained Mr. Lamb. Neighbors spoke to him, were even rather cordial for his wife's sake, but he was well aware of the general pity for Henrietta, held back socially by the man whom she had married impetuously when she was a Colorado schoolma'am and he was something humble on the D. & R. G. Railroad.

Mr. Lamb brought out his thick gold watch and marked nervously that the hour hand had crept another five minutes toward eternity. He wondered if Henrietta would be late again; and already he enjoyed a sense of guilt, knowing that the fault would be somehow his.

Giving things origin Henrietta had been one of the questions



# A story for MEEK and LOWLY HUSBANDS

By  
Wallace Irwin

Illustrated by  
Everett Shinn



Henrietta's round black orbs were hard and polished like shoe buttons. "Poor Peter," she smiled pityingly. "He always yearns to shine as a raconteur. That's his complex."

which had long troubled Mr. Lamb, whose character was naturally serene. Quite early in his married life he had learned that his taste in gifts was about as primitive as his sense of humor. In Cripple Creek days it had been different, because they had married in a delirium of prosperity after Mr. Lamb's first brave speculation in lumber. They had called a trip to Denver, "going East"; an evening at the Tabor Opera House and a room in the Brown Palace Hotel had represented earthly grandeur.

Then had come an era of social betterment when Mr. Lamb almost forgot that they had ever called him Pete and obeyed the signal of his waving lantern at dangerous sidings. He spent his life living down his past and up to his present. Even as the bull elephant, for whose good the ambitious trainer might conspire, Mr. Lamb realized how useless were endeavors to teach him the niceties of drawing-room behavior.

Five minutes before train time passengers began to gather. Mr. Pratz, the Blue Hills grocer, waddled majestically by and bowed in passing. Then came Tony Costello, the barber. Mr. Lamb's massive face brightened a little, because between himself and Tony there snapped the spark of understanding.

"Gonna town, Meest' Lamb?" asked the barber.

"Not this time, Tony," replied Mr. Lamb, his dead eyes awakening to humor. "Sending the wife."

"Aha!" grinned Tony Costello, and his look was wicked. "It would make me verra sorry to see you go away. Wot my barber shop do for snappy stories, eh?"

"Maybe I'll stop shaving when the wife's away," suggested Mr. Lamb, and this drollery was not lost upon Mr. Costello.

"I bet your life you make a joke about ever-a-ting. Some-a-time I like you again tell me dat story about da li'l cat wot had so much kittens in church. I tell dat to my wife—"

"Your wife!" Mr. Lamb whistled.

There were women, then, who relished the style of anecdotes over which rough fellows roared in the railroad yards of Colorado Springs. Imagine Henrietta!

"Good Lord!"

Mr. Lamb sprang clumsily to his feet, aware that he had been caught in another solecism. The J. Dent Peroy's faultless motor-car had warped noiselessly to the curb, six yards from where Mr. Lamb sat in parley with the town barber.

J. DENT PEROY, perfection's self in a neutral green overcoat and gray hat, wore a politely resigned expression as he helped Henrietta down from the tonneau. From the moment of her arrival—heaven only knew how long before—her eyes had been on Mr. Lamb. They were determined black eyes that shone with a sort of fierce kindness out of a soft plump little face. Henrietta advanced slowly, apparently unconscious of her waiting spouse. Mesmerized though he was, Mr. Lamb could see two pretty clusters of feminine feathers sticking up over the sides of the open landaulet.

"You asked me to bring your bag, and I brought it," he said, gesturing toward the patent-leather suitcase.

"But, darling," she instructed him, "I asked you to send the car—I've had to throw myself on the bounty of the Peroys."

"Excuse me," he implored, relying on a formula.

"Peter, you're so helpless," she lectured still sweetly. "I don't know what in the world to do with you while I'm away on this trip."

Peter could offer no suggestion.

"Aren't you going to speak to the Peroys?" suggested his much enduring wife.

Mr. Lamb had always dreaded the Peroys. J. Dent, himself



a comparative newcomer to Blue Hills, represented worldly wisdom, flippancy and social adroitness.

Yet Henrietta's husband advanced creakingly under her guidance toward the open landaulet. He removed his styleless hat and was pleased to meet Mr. Peroy, although he met him on an average of twice a day among the Blue Hill drives. Aware that Henrietta had cautioned him continually not to say "Pleased to meet you," but the more urbane "Hawja-do?" Mr. Lamb barked it at the ladies, settled among their cushions. The one with the red feathers he recognized as Mrs. Peroy, a trim, vapid little thing with saucer blue eyes.

Beside her smiled Blue Feather and gave to Mr. Lamb a look which was queerly encouraging. He had a poor memory for names, but he remembered that Dent Peroy had a sister visiting at his house. Somebody from Wheeling, West Virginia, who, according to Henrietta's scandalized account, had got rid of a husband, either by murder or divorce—Mr. Lamb couldn't remember which. Apparently she added nothing to the intellectual life of Blue Hills. Like Mona Lisa she was ageless; and above her quick, merry hazel eyes her brows were soft and rather heavy. There was a slight blemish in one—the left one—and

Mr. Lamb concluded that it added charm to her appearance. Queer. It had been years since he had noticed a woman, save occasionally when one passed in skirts too short.

"Oh, I'm tremendously excited!" Henrietta lectured on, obviously anxious to divert attention from her husband's necessary intrusion. She talked in the measured tones of the incurable platform speaker. "Imagine my privilege! To carry our Ideal into the country! It has been sporadic up to now—such things must be sporadic in the initiative. But what a privilege to carry the torch——"

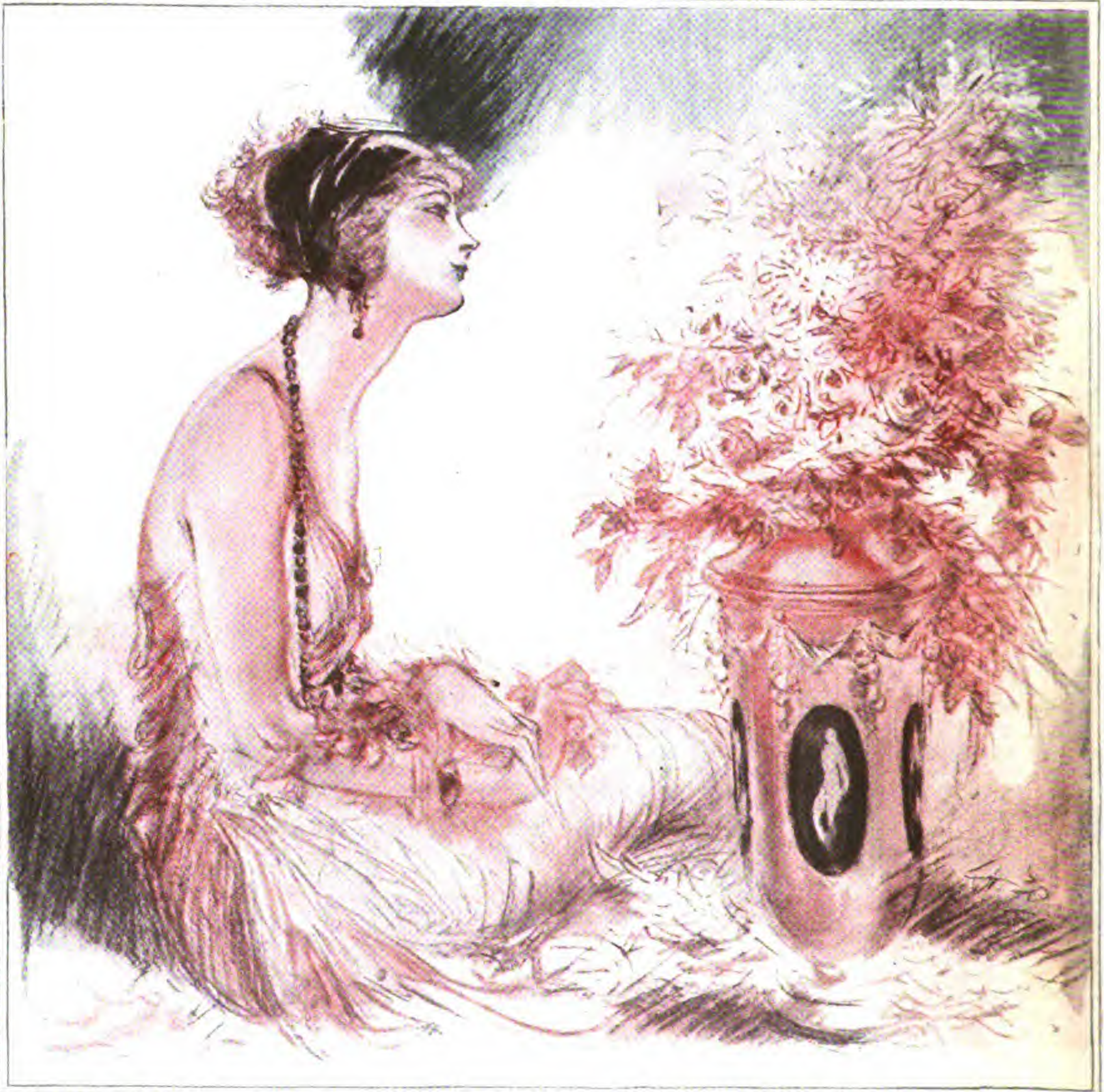
"Did you ever," asked Blue Feather smoothly, "carry a torch at a Republican rally?"

"I was speaking figuratively, Mrs. Carter," Henrietta objected as from the rostrum.

"I'm sorry," apologized Blue Feather. "But I was always c-crazy to carry a torch."

There was a slight syncopation in her speech. It bore the same relation to a stutter that a violet bears to a pansy; like her broken eyebrow it was a blemish which added charm.

"My goodness, there's the train!" exclaimed Henrietta, coming down from the heights. "Peter, dear, you *will* take care of your-



Q. "Look here," the Beguiler was saying to Lammie, "the only way you can keep a mind of your own after your wife comes home is to tell her one of those funny stories—tell it in public!"



elf, won't you! You're so dreadfully helpless when I'm away." "We'll look out for him, Henrietta," volunteered good Mrs. Peroy. J. Dent, who had stood solemnly by, signaled frantically, but the effort was lost upon his wife.

"I hope you'll dine with us tonight, Mr. Lamb," she urged. Quite informally——"

Henrietta's enormous husband stood stark still, like a child afraid of the dark.

"Oh, he'd love to!" Henrietta accepted for him. "It's so darling of you, Gertrude."

Her friendly expostulations were drowned in the roar of the train. A sickening fear filled the breast of Mr. Lamb at this new situation.

People weren't in the habit of asking him to dinner and now he was stunned.

So confused was he with the deadly crisis that he all but forgot his gifts of fruit and flowers. Then he went scurrying with them and caught up with Henrietta while Peroys' chauffeur preceded her with the patent leather bag.

"I—I thought maybe these——"

He fumbled his speech and held his tribute under her nose. Fruit or flowers—which?

"Peter, how extravagant!" she cried, and took the roses. "The fruit looks very nice. But there's any quantity of it on the train."

Clutching the roses, which hung above her little figure like a bower, she stepped up while her husband lumbered after her.

"Try to be cordial to the Peroys," she whispered. "And don't say any of those horrid things."

During the brief farewell J. Dent Peroy had leaned against the side of his car and growled in the language of troglodytes.

"What's the big idea, anyhow?" he put the question flatly to his wife.

**B**LUE FEATHER, whom Blue Hills had already learned to call the Beguiler, giggled unmercifully.

"Prossie," he muttered, "you'd laugh at death—somebody else's."

"I have," said she, "twice. Poor Lamb!"

She was looking with a sort of prankish mischievousness toward the Pullman coach into whose depths Henrietta's husband had followed. "Poor dear! I wonder if she beats me?" the Beguiler said in a thoughtful tone.

"Dent has always been rude about asking him to dinner," complained Gertie Peroy, her saucer eyes pitiful. "Of course he's difficult, but——"

"Whatever made you do it?" insisted J. Dent Peroy. "It's bad enough to have to be dragging Henrietta round to lectures and luncheons—nobody ever asks Mr. Lamb."

"Only this once, dear," coaxed Gertie. "We can send him home right after dinner. I know he isn't brilliant and awfully lentled like Henrietta——"

"Thank God for that!" declared Peroy devoutly.

"How you always talk about her! If you only knew how much she's had to endure. And it's seven years since she's been away from him."

"World without end!" sighed the Beguiler, and her colorless sister-in-law would doubtless have asked what she meant had it not been for Mr. Lamb himself come stumbling out of a moving train.

"If it's going to put you ladies to any trouble," protested the old giant, after he had moved self-consciously up to the platform and within sight of the Beguiler's eyes.

"Don't think of it!" commanded Gertie Peroy.

She made a place beside her in the rear seat. Dent Peroy lumbered grimly up to a safer position beside his chauffeur.

All the way up to Twin Oaks, where the Peroys kept their little renaissance palace, Mr. Lamb sat in dreadful propriety, making mealy-mouthed replies. Gertie Peroy talked industriously, after the manner of an accomplished hostess determined to make the best of a bore.

Up beside the chauffeur J. Dent Peroy heard this and groaned eternally and thought of dinner.

She tried him on polo and, gaining no satisfaction, turned finally to the subject of horses.

"Madam," he replied in measured accents, "I am acquainted with only an inferior breed, the broncho."

"How fascinating!" cooed hard-working Gertie. "You have lived so much out West, haven't you! It must be tremendously stimulating."

"The climate is quite good," he decided after a pause, "but somewhat nervous," a reply that exhausted that subject.

**E**VEN THEN she didn't give him up. She was about to try him on golf, but remembered just in time that no one played with him at the St. Ives Club save Colonel Butter who was stone deaf, eighty years old and able to beat Mr. Lamb a stroke a hole.

In silence finally they approached the grandiose architecture of Twin Oaks. Gertrude was beginning to be a little sorry for herself, and sorry for poor Dent whom she had made the butt of the adventure. Was she sorry for Prossie?

The Beguiler, a woman of wealthy silences, had said never a word. In her corner of the tonneau she sat, her hazel eyes half closed, studying Mr. Lamb.

Because the season was dull the Peroys dined informally at a quarter of eight. In Mr. Lamb's honor there was no dressing, but this didn't mean, of course, that the ladies shouldn't change into dinner frocks with gems to become the modest nature of the meal. Shortly after their arrival J. Dent had retired with his leaden guest to a second floor retreat which he called the Chart Room.

Now it was a holy secret, known only to the Peroy servants and about half the tradesmen of Blue Hills, that Mr. Peroy had caused to be built in the floor of the Chart Room a steel-lined box, auxiliary to his steel-lined cellar, and that the box was accessible by means of a mystic trap, hidden under a cashmere rug. Hitherward he would lead his chosen guests, for J. Dent was proud, among a thousand other things, of his artful mixing. Why in the world he selected Mr. Lamb for such an honor is never to be known.

Gertie Peroy changed quickly and hurried across to Prossie's dressing-room.

"Is it late?" Prossie drawled, the reflection of her hazel eyes regarding Gertie lazily.

"Awfully," insisted Gertie. "And you don't have to be putting on such a lot of lugs for Mr. Lamb."

"I wonder," she asked her reflection dreamily, "if there's anybody in the world who needs it more?"

"See here, Prossie! You aren't going to try to flirt with *him*!" The rangy shoulders dimpled to a shrug.

"Poor Lamb!" she sighed. "It would be like giving pennies to the starving Chinese. Three cents a day will keep one alive."

"The house seems deathly still. What's Dent doing to him?"

"They've gone to the Chart Room to mix a cocktail."

"I didn't know Dent had so much originality. I shouldn't wonder if five or six highballs mightn't start Lammie reciting Rabindranath Tagore or whatever Henrietta teaches him——"

**S**HE AROSE. Mrs. Peroy's maid stood at attention, folds of greenish silk across her extended arms.

"Prossie, darling," Mrs. Peroy said, disapproval in her blue eyes, "you're not putting on a ball gown!"

"It's in wretched taste, isn't it," agreed Prossie.

Try as she would, Gertie had never been able to understand Dent's sister.

"This will be my three pennies for starving China," explained the Beguiler.

Arrayed at last to her own eccentric taste, she was moving toward the door.

It was then that a marvel came to pass in the high halls of Twin Oaks.

A laugh.

It came whooping, snorting, cackling out of the Chart Room to invade the tapestried corridor like a tribe of merry little





demons tweaking tails. It came again, deep, bellowing, then mounting rapidly to an anguished falsetto which died away in helpless titters.

"That's Dent," whispered Gertie, clutching at Prossie's arm. "Nobody else ever laughed like that."

The Chart Room door burst open and into the corridor marched a group which in its behavior was surprising beyond belief. J. Dent Peroy had looped his arm through Mr. Lamb's. Something had happened to Mr. Lamb. His face had grown broader, merrier, redder than ever Blue Hills had seen it. At sight of the ladies he flushed deeper. It was the look of a shy man made uncomfortable by sudden praise.

They moved downstairs. Mr. Lamb had grown silent and ponderous again. Only a footman, following in the rear with a silver shaker, was grinning from ear to ear.

"I say, old boy, won't you tell that story again—the one about Li'l Arthur?"

J. DENT PEROY, beaming over his wine-glass like a handsome and worldly harvest moon, made this friendly suggestion. Mr. Lamb looked up from his alligator pear which he had been handling cautiously, fearful lest it might skid into Mrs. Carter's lap of mermaid green. Old boy! Nobody, not even Tony Costello, had ever called him that.

He was aware that the dinner had gone rather slowly in so far as he was concerned. He had looked shyly upon Mrs. Carter's white neck, craned toward him like a leaning tower of ivory and he had harkened to Mrs. Peroy's gossip—mainly directed at her husband and sister-in-law—with a plaintive effort to understand. Mrs. Carter had remained sphinxlike, cool, a trifle sarcastic. Only Peroy's manner had been encouraging; encouraging with a new enthusiasm which brought discomfort to the big, shy man.

Mr. Lamb drained the goblet of Dent Peroy's excellent wine.

"I—I don't think the ladies would be interested in——"

"Oh, come!" chuckled Dent. Then, by way of encouragement he turned to his wife; "It's really a corker, that yarn."

But it was the soft, slightly stammering words of the Beguile which made up Mr. Lamb's mind for him.

"D-Dent never laughs unless you m-make him."

Her eyes implored. In another incarnation some woman's eyes had looked at him like that. Then he cleared his throat and the fearful walls of convention seemed to slip away. He found himself thinking, talking easily under the stimulus of those humor-loving eyes.

"Well," he began and chuckled a comfortable, deep-throated

chuckle, "I was just saying to Mr. Peroy that it's a fine thing to have advantage so that you won't be at a loss to do something pretty, when the time comes in a social way. Yale and Harvard help, I guess, if you've got a real strong brain. And that's what reminded me of Li'l Arthur."

"Who was Li'l Arthur?" implored the Beguiler, encouragingly.

"He was a flea," chuckled Mr. Lamb.

"A flea!" Gertrude Peroy said in breath-catchingly.

"A flea!" J. Dent Peroy roared it showing wide-spaced teeth.

"A flea!" The Beguiler's eyes were wide, innocent, alluring.

It was a study in inflection, proving—as the Chinese discovered ages ago—that it isn't so much the word you use as the way you use it.

"Now, ladies," insisted Mr. Lamb, his seamy face a merry map of lines, "if you've ever lived on the raw side of the West you'll realize that there are fleas and fleas. I guess it's fleas that make the West so wild sometimes."

"Was Li'l Arthur wild?" the Beguiler tinkled in his ear.

"Tame, madam," replied Mr. Lamb.

"He was an educated flea. He was college bred with a German genius for sticking to one subject."

"A professor named Hopper brought him with a trained troop of fleas to Angel Creek, Colorado, back in ninety-eight. . . ."

The ice for Mr. Lamb had melted, so it seemed; he thawed under human kindness and in the sunny glow the tale of Li'l Arthur was unfolded for the first time in the careful society of Blue Hills.

FROM HENRIETTA'S tame and uxorious husband he developed all at once into the able raconteur, making the best of his drolleries. He displayed an infectious laugh, a sly turn of the eye, a gift of imitation, the story-teller's magic whereby a point which would seem a little dull out of other lips came sparkling forth like diamonds. If Gertrude Peroy regretted her kindness in asking him to the house, she could not choose but wonder as the drama developed from the day when Li'l Arthur, the ten-thousand-dollar flea, performed the Ben Hur chariot race round Professor Hopper's celluloid collar to the fateful afternoon when, escaped from bondage but still hitched to his chariot, the insect prodigy ran his last race round the neck of a Philadelphia bridegroom as he came down the aisle of the First Presbyterian church at Angel Creek.

"You see he'd been trained to stop and to start by music," explained Mr. Lamb toward the finish of the tale. "So when they pulled the bridegroom into the chancel and got him down there was Li'l Arthur, still hitched to his silver buggy, going it hell-bent for home—excuse me, ladies—round and round the bridegroom's neck-band, wheels skidding on the slant, cart turning over now and then, but doing noble. The chariot lost a wheel, but that didn't mean anything to Li'l Arthur. He had an earnest German mind."

"Then somebody went to the organ and told Miss Leota Kegg, who was punishing the keyboard, that the original was off. She choked the Mendelssohn



C. Lammie was in his best form. He had just told a new story and the applause was deafening. Then suddenly his wife was announced.





“There’s another thing I want you to do, Lammie,” the Beguiler was cool and casual. “I want you to kiss me.” Lammie knew not how or why, but almost upon the command he had kissed her.

march in the middle of the second la-dee-da-da. And when the music stopped Li’l Arthur stopped, too. It was his eighty-sixth trip round the bridegroom’s neck.”

“Had it tired him?” asked the Beguiler.

“Killed him,” declared Mr. Lamb with a comedian’s solemnity. “Just heaved a sigh and fell dead in harness.”

At the end of the tale Mrs. Peroy smiled charily and said, “Very good!” but her faint praise was drowned in Dent’s guffaw and Prossie’s appreciative shriek.

“Won’t you have some coffee?” asked Mrs. Peroy, reaching for his cup when they were in the drawing-room a little later.

“No, thanks. Thank you very much.”

He had risen clumsily, all his left-handedness returned.

“I don’t know what got into me, telling that long-winded story,” he apologized with a sheepish grin.

“I say, Lamb,” said Peroy, as with an afterthought, when they had shaken hands at the door, “what’s the matter with our lunching at the country club tomorrow?”

This was a stunner for Mr. Lamb.

“I should be delighted,” he replied, reverting to his ceremonial manner from which it was hard to escape.

“And I’ll come, too!” insisted the Beguiler.

“Did you ever think he had it in him?” marveled Dent, after Mr. Lamb had gone.

“You never can tell till you try,” replied his sprightly sister. “Suppose you were married to Henrietta, those funny little eyes

glued on you every time you opened your mouth. She’s the kind, I’ll bet, who tries to help him out.”

Mr. Lamb was by then far down the Peroy driveway and sauntering pleasantly under the stars. A new elasticity had come into his step. Peroy’s sister—the pretty one with the queer eyebrow—had liked his story. Wasn’t she the nice little woman, thought Mr. Lamb.

Through the latter part of winter and into pleasant spring Mr. Lamb stepped wondrously into that bright adventure since recorded in Blue Hills annals as Lammie’s Vacation.

SOCIETY had taken up Lammie—at this stage nobody who was anybody ever thought of calling him by any other name. The Beguiler had absorbed him, body, soul and breeches. I say breeches advisedly, because those stiff, shapeless bifurcations which had once swathed Lammie’s mighty limbs had given place to pin-check effects or flannels or knickerbockers with green wool tassels showing discreetly above the calf of the leg. The Beguiler had seen to it that he should be presentable to the eye as well as amusing to the ear.

Round the St. Ives course Lammie no longer depended on the peevish whim of Colonel Butter. Beside him walked a little figure in plaid wool stockings and sweater of mermaid green, and at each wild swing of the mashie they laughed uproariously and the world laughed [Continued on page 136]





*C. Their future lay up there in the misty hills. The agent had promised to meet Lilla and David and carry their belongings to their new home. "We'll just have to wait until someone comes along," Lilla said, as she sat down among her bundles and trunks at the lonely forlorn little station.*



*The final instalment of Mr. Herrick's study of a modern woman which tells how Lilla Vance finally won freedom*

# HER OWN LIFE

*By Robert Herrick*

*Illustrated by Dalton Stevens*

LEE SMITH was lying on the broad lounge in the front room of the Wilmette house. Three weeks before on a bitter March day, Lilla had gone to the Chicago station with David to meet the returning soldier. Instead of the plump-faced, rather chubby young man she remembered, a shrunk, huddled little figure had dropped almost literally into her arms from the car vestibule. Lilla had bundled him into a taxi in spite of his feeble protests and taken him home with her and put him to bed. Today he had been out for the first time in the uncertain spring sunlight. Together they had investigated the garden beds and discussed crops for the coming season.

Afterwards, Lee had played a few of his negro melodies, and then she had made him rest, while she read the newspapers to him with the President's last address to the Congress. She had immensely enjoyed nursing and babying the young man, trying to make him forget his disappointments and win back the easy smile and twinkle to his brown eyes.

"You see how it was, Lilla," he was telling her for the fortieth time. "I never amounted to much in life, and this was my one great chance. I had to take it."

"Yes," said Lilla, wondering at the obsession within his simple, direct mind.

"This was something I could do. . . . It felt grand up there in the air. . . . Like as if you had been in prison all your life before and were now free, you know."

"Yes," Lilla said.

"Then this damned bug came along and settled in my throat—and it was all off. . . . and I shall never have another chance."

"Of course, you will!"

"No, they won't take me again. That doctor fellow told me so. He seemed to think I'd like to have it so."

"But the War isn't all there is to life."

"Well, I'll just have to go back to selling text-books, rotten text-books for kids who hate 'em, Lilla!"

They both laughed.

"Gordon is fierce on the war," he said after a time. "I expect he'll be wanting to go over, too."

"He says he is too old. And his voice is needed here, to keep up our morale."

AFTER supper, they played games with David until his bedtime, then Lee idled awhile over the piano, and finally flung himself down on the lounge in a mood to talk.

"Lilla," he said in his pleasant drawl, "what do you really think of this life?"

"What do I think of life?" Lilla laughed. "I think it's better not to think, so long as you have to go through with it!"

"Lilla," he said mischievously. "I'm afraid you are a pacifist."

"Lee, I am afraid I am. Don't tell Gordon."

"I won't! His conscience might oblige him to denounce you."

"Or lecture me, which would be worse!"

So they indulged this form of humor when Gordon was not in the house. . . .

"Lilla," Lee began once more, after their merriment had subsided. "Are you really happy?"

"Is that serious?"

"Yes, I've been thinking a lot about you since I've been back."

"Don't. . . . No, I am not happy. . . . Who is?"

"Most folks are some happy, Lilla. . . . You deserve to be."

"It is only the very young, Lee, like you, who believe they get what they deserve out of life."

"I wish you wouldn't always make me out such a kid," Lee complained, sitting up. "I'm thirty-four, 'most as old as you."

Lilla put a hand lightly on his shoulder and stroked his hair back from his forehead with the other hand.

"I hope you will never be as old as I am, Lee!" she said gently.

YES, GORDON took the war very hard. He came back from Washington more tense than ever, emitting disquieting rumors of dire possibilities.

He had got himself appointed on one of those innumerable committees of zealous middle-aged civilians, who were trying to win the war in an office.

"I am afraid, Lilla, I shan't be out here much," he said to Lilla. "It will be lonely for you and David. But this is no time to consider personal feelings. We are at war!"

Lilla smiled. In these respects, Gordon had been at war all their married life.

"Oh, don't worry about David and me," she said. "We'll get along all right."

"Where's Lee?"

"He's gone to visit his family, and then he hopes to find something to do in Washington. They won't let him go back into the army."

"Plenty to do for everybody," Gordon puffed. "With his experience, he ought to find something in aircraft. But I am afraid that Lee is lazy—doesn't like hard, disagreeable work."

"He got as far as Ireland anyway," Lilla reminded him.

"I suppose you will want to go on here for the present," Gordon said on the eve of his return to Washington. "There is no reason why you shouldn't. The summer is coming on, and the lease on the house runs until next September. But it is hardly likely that we shall want to keep it another year. Indeed, I should not feel justified in maintaining such an unnecessary establishment in war times, with the cost of coal and all."

"What will David and I do?" Lilla asked bluntly.

"An apartment in the city might answer our needs better."

"I don't like living in the city."

"When the country is at war," Gordon said reprovingly, "we can't always do as we like."

Lilla smiled and remarked indifferently.

"You needn't worry over it, Gordon. We'll find some place—and not in the city. . . . Run along about your war!"

The war might also be her release. That idea had flashed through her mind as Gordon had betrayed his desire to get rid of the burden of the Wilmette house.

"I must have been waiting for this," Lilla reflected.

For months she had been accumulating upon her desk a heap of agricultural reports, farm catalogs, farm magazines, which she had read with no very definite purpose in view. Now she saw in a flash what it had meant.



"David," she said at supper-time, "how would you like to live on a ranch?"

The thirteen-year-old David, who was in the boy scout period and wore his khakis at all hours, inquired, "A real ranch? Like the one you used to live on when you were a girl?"

"Not as big as that one—but a real ranch. You could have a horse and round up real live cattle."

"Gee, that would be fine, mother," he agreed. "When are you going to do it? After the war?"

"I guess we can't wait for the war," Lilla laughed. "We must do it right off."

"But don't we have to help win the war first?"

"That will help! We'll have our own little war all right!"

"How?"

"The war with nature—getting a living out of the earth. That's the only war that is really worth while, David."

David studied his mother's face dubiously.

"That ain't any war," he declared after reflection. "Men don't get killed that way! There aren't any airplanes and tanks and big guns."

"But there are tractors and reapers and sprayers, and men live that way and make it possible for others to live, and make life richer. That's the only kind of war that counts in the long run, David, and we are going to enlist, as soon as I can manage it."

LILLA had inherited a few thousand dollars from her mother. Mrs. Vance had divided her small property equally between her two children and Lilla had left her portion in her brother's care. She did not even know how much money she had inherited. She must find out, for she felt that she could never ask Gordon for any help in what she proposed to do.

When she had explained to her brother her purpose in asking for an accounting, Ed began to find objections to her project. "Farm lands are terribly inflated just now," he said. "You don't know what you'll want either. . . . Where are you going, Lilla? Wisconsin? Michigan?"

Lilla laughed.

"Wisconsin, Michigan! Three acres and a cow and chickens! No, I am going to buy a ranch! a real honest-to-God bit of old Mother Earth, with a big horizon. You can't get that kind in these parts, Ed."

Ed looked at his sister and after a few moments objected in a baffled tone, "I don't think it is the patriotic thing to do."

"I was waiting for that argument!" Lilla laughed. "Aren't we told to make food and win the war? See here, Ed. I mean to do this thing and I want that money. It's no good wasting your time and mine in useless talk. You know I never cared much for your opinions."

"Or anybody's," Ed interjected icily.

"That's true. I am one of those natural fools that have to learn everything for themselves. . . . Well, I am going to learn how to ranch and support myself. See? Now how much money have I got?"

"I can't arrange to let you have it like this," he fumbled, "without notice."

"Oh, I haven't bought yet. I'll give you one month's notice."

"I've invested some of it in real estate, which can't be sold just now," he admitted.

"Oh! . . . Well, how much can I get?"

"I might let you have five thousand dollars . . . but you ought to put it in Liberty bonds, Lilla, and save it."

"I am investing it in Liberty!" Lilla joked. "Don't worry. I'll want that five thousand next month, and the rest as soon as I can have it."

She rose and gathered up her hand-bag and papers.

"What have you got there?" her brother inquired disgustedly.

"A list of ranch properties for sale in Colorado and Wyoming and Idaho. You've no idea what bargains there are, Ed!"

"There are always plenty of bargains for suckers—a couple of hundred miles from a biscuit, with no water, and a three-year drought."

"Don't be so encouraging, Ed! Do I look like a sucker?"

"You don't look much like a rancher. . . . Why don't you go in for nursing or something like that, Lilla?"

"Just because I don't want to, Ed. . . . Good-by! Don't forget that five thousand—I'll need it and more, too. I'll see you and Elta before I go most likely."

There followed two of the busiest months of Lilla's life. Once her determination made, the plan came forward rapidly and the methods of executing it busied her day and night. By the end of June, she had the furniture packed and ready for

storage and her tickets bought to Spokane, which she had decided upon after some inquiries as a favorable base for her real estate investigations. In her dismantled home, she sat down one evening and wrote two letters. The first was to Lee Smith, who had written from Washington to tell her of his engagement to "the sweetest girl in all Virginia—a peach, Lilla! You'll be awfully fond of her," etc., etc. To the ecstatic lover, Lilla wrote a number of things, and among them these:

"Dearest Lee: I don't know whether Anna is the sweetest girl in all Virginia but I am sure you will always think so—and that is enough for her and for me. . . . I couldn't help loving any woman you married. You will bring her out to see me as soon as you have finished your war work, won't you? You may have to travel farther west than you expect, for I am leaving very soon for Idaho. Yes, I too am beginning a new life."

The other letter she wrote went less swiftly, but none the less to the point:

"Dear Gordon: I told you when we discussed the future, the last time you were here, that I would make my own arrangements for David and myself without troubling you. I am taking David with me to the West somewhere in Idaho. As soon as we have a permanent address, I shall let you know where we are to be. I hope to buy a fruit ranch and go in for raising fruit for the market."

The fact is, Gordon, and we might as well realize it amicably, you and I came to the end of our marriage long ago—if we ever really began a true marriage. I don't blame you any more than I blame myself. It is a fact, and its cause is buried so deeply and is so covered over with all sorts of things, that it would be useless to try and dig it up. I believe it would be well to recognize our failure openly and decently by divorce—you don't. There is the difference! Perhaps after a time, when you discover how unnecessary David and I are to your happiness, you will be willing to say so and get a divorce.

You have the War, and after that is over if it ever comes to an end there is your career, to which you can devote your whole energy without thought of David or me. . . . I have a little money as you know, which my mother left me, and I hope to make enough in my new venture to support me and David in the plain way I want to live. If I can't, don't be afraid I shall ever come back on you! Of course if David ever wants a better education than I can give him, he will ask you for it, and you can do what you like. But that's a long way ahead. . . .

At one time, Gordon, I hated you bitterly. I think I could have killed you. But that has all passed. I see how useless hate is, how unreasonable. There isn't anything more to say.

L.

Lilla went down to the corner of the street to mail her letters, and after she had dropped them into the box, she crossed the broad road and walked the two short blocks to the lake shore. A fresh westerly wind was whipping the water and little curling waves splashed against the cobble breakwater. Lilla drew in deep breaths of the damp air, then turned back to the house, rising as she walked on the tips of her toes in the springy fashion that had been so characteristic of her as a girl. Unconsciously, she was rising on tiptoe to meet the future.

IT WAS a hot afternoon late in September when Lilla and David descended from the day coach at a tiny railroad station in Idaho—the end of their searchings. Ten miles away, in a curve of the mountains that followed mistily the broad valley of the Clearwater River, lay the forty acres with a dilapidated ranch house and a weedy orchard of apple and pear trees that Lilla had finally purchased. After several weeks spent in fatiguing trips of examination of various properties offered for sale, she had decided upon this neglected ranch, almost in panic, after considering her dwindling capital and David's growing impatience.

A letter from Gordon, which had followed her around in her wanderings for some days, had its share in her hasty determination upon the Hunter ranch. It was a characteristic mingling of reproof and washing his hands of all responsibility, that made her doubly sure that she could never bring herself to ask help from him.

Toward the conclusion of the long letter, which ignored the more personal significance of her act, Gordon seemed to discover some mitigating aspects in his wife's rashness. "The life in the open will doubtless be beneficial for David, and during this trying war excitement, it may be just as well to have him removed from the city and building up a sturdy physique."

Lilla reflected, as she tore up the many pages, Gordon had to have some sort of façade to life, and this version of their separation which he was preparing unconsciously for himself and his public would do as well as any.





**C** John Slawn was in his high seat now and reaching for the reins. He looked down at Lilla and smiled cheerfully. "Remember, Mrs. Vance, the first night in a new place is always the worst." Lilla was to remember this many years later.



Now the future lay up there in the misty blue hills. Very far away, lonely and dubious it seemed this hot September afternoon! The agent had promised to have someone to meet them and carry them and their few belongings to the new home, but after examining the premises, Lilla could find no one, except a rancher with a farm wagon and a stout pair of horses who was loading a freight car on the siding.

"We'll just have to wait," Lilla said to David, "until somebody comes along." And she sat down on a trunk surrounded by the bags of bedding and other possessions she had brought with her.

After a time the team beside the freight car drove up to the station. Lilla, who had always retained her fondness for horses, admired the pair of grays that pulled the heavy wagon.

"We must find some horses like those, David!" Lilla remarked.

THE driver, a tall, powerfully built man, with a slightly grizzled moustache, drove past the platform where Lilla sat with her possessions huddled about her and then pulled in his horses.

"Were you looking for someone?" he asked in a pleasant voice, without the customary drawl or twang.

She explained the situation.

"I heard someone was buying that Hunter property," he remarked, "but I didn't know it was a woman!"

Lilla laughed. "Yes, it's a woman. . . . I suppose you are thinking it is only a woman who would be fool enough to buy such a place?"

"The property is run down, of course . . . it hasn't been worked for most two years . . . but the soil is all right. It ought to pay, if you've got the money and patience."

"I've got the patience!" Lilla smiled.

"That's the main thing," the stranger replied sympathetically. "Most newcomers want to make a fortune out of their first crop and get discouraged with a couple of bad seasons, same as those Hunters did. . . . Ever ranched it?"

"Yes," Lilla assented a little dubiously, "a good while ago, in Wyoming," she added.

The man looked at her and David amiably, then suggested, "You'd better not wait around here for that agent—it's likely now he's made his trade he's forgotten all about you!"

"Looks so!" Lilla admitted.

"I'm going up the road by your place, and I'll take you and your things, if you want me to. . . . My name is Slawn, John Slawn," he explained.

"It's good of you to offer, Mr. Slawn," Lilla said gratefully.

"That's nothing," Slawn replied, as he helped David load Lilla's possessions into his wagon. "I'm about your nearest neighbor, and one has to be neighborly in these parts."

Lilla liked the man. His speech and thought seemed to her more cultivated than she might have expected, and she was glad to know that he was a neighbor. He was friendly and good-humored, telling David about his "one hundred and sixty," on which he raised horses and mules as well as did a little orcharding.

"My father raised horses, too; in Wyoming," Lilla said, feeling already less worried over her selection of the Hunter ranch.

"That so," Slawn gave her another long look.

"But that was a great many years ago—of course," Lilla added.

"I've not been at it so very long," Slawn observed. "It pays well these years. War eats up horses and mules as well as men!"

THE SUN was sinking into the faraway west as Slawn and David took out the trunks and bags and set them down before the little, unpainted ranch house. It looked forlorn, in its bleached clapboard and tar paper, with a rusty corrugated iron roof. Beyond was a low, sod stable, and a chicken house.

"Here we are, David!" Lilla said, a curious sinking feeling coming over her for the first time. It all looked so desolate!

"Going to spend the night here?" Slawn asked.

"Of course! There's no hotel handy, is there?"

Both laughed.

"I'll show you the spring," Slawn said to David, and while the two were gone Lilla stepped inside the little house and stood surveying the dreary remnants of the former owners. She turned resolutely to fetch in a bag.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" Slawn asked, before getting into his wagon. He seemed loath to leave the two in this forlorn spot. "Don't you want the boy to come with me and bring you some food?" he suggested.

"No, thanks! I've got what I need," Lilla said briskly. "We'd better start right in here, you see, at once! . . . How much do I owe you, Mr. Slawn?"

"Nothing," he said. "I'm glad to help you out. . . . I came a stranger here myself once, you know. . . . If there's anything I can do, just send the boy over—it's shorter across the hill. . . . I go by almost every day anyway and will look in."

"That will be good of you!"

He was in his high seat now, and reaching for the reins. He looked down and smiled cheerfully under his moustache.

"Remember the first night in a new place is the worst!"

"I'll try to remember!" Lilla laughed, and the rancher drove off.

"Well, David," Lilla said at last, rousing herself with a jerk, "the sun hasn't gone for good. It will come up the other side of the house tomorrow morning all right! There's a lot to be done before we can sleep in that house and we might as well start to do it at once. . . . Give me a hand with this bag."

"That was a nice man who brought us up from the station," David said during a pause in their labors.

"Yes!"

"He seemed to think we were pretty green."

"We are green, David. . . . That's the fun of it!"

But that night, lying on her straw mattress with the few hundred dollars left under her pillow, Lilla felt a good deal less confident than she had appeared to David. She lay awake a long time, listening to the silence of the autumn night, thinking, "I can only fail after all . . . and I have wanted to do this all my life. I guess! . . . But I can't fail, simply can't fail," she said over and over with a growing sense of terror. "I mustn't even think of it! . . . 'Remember the first night in a new place is the worst.'" Lilla smiled. "I guess that is so," she thought, and presently she was fast asleep beside David in the musty ranch house.

THREE YEARS passed. Lilla was now nearly forty, and gray hairs were beginning to come plentifully around her temples. But the lines of her rounded, woman's figure were firm and young, thanks to the vigorous physical life she led. She was no longer "homely Lilla," as her mother had once called her, but comely and pleasing. There was a certain composure about her tanned face which made it more attractive than it had ever been. The mouth was still mobile, ready to smile and laugh, but the eyes were deeper set and stared out less bewilderedly upon the world. Lilla had come into her own.

It was the close of a sun-drenched, cloudless October day, very still and very beautiful. The Wyoming mountains in the far distance came out in sharp outline, which might presage rain. Well, the harvest was mostly gathered, and it would soon be time for rain and the repose of the earth. . . . Lilla having given the new calf its supper from a bucket of milk stroked the nuzzling head of the greedy little beast thoughtfully, then replaced the bucket in the new leanto that served as kitchen for the old ranch house, took some bread from the oven and covered the loaves with a napkin, then came out again to the front of the house for another long look at the sunset.

She was quite alone this afternoon. The Mexican farm-hand had taken the last of the fruit to the railroad station, and Tessie, the old colored woman, had gone with him to buy supplies. David would not be coming from the high school at Spokane until the end of the week. Lilla did not mind being alone; she had got used to herself and was no longer afraid of her wandering thoughts.

Lilla surveyed the now familiar fields and young orchards that ran back to the undulating hills with serene satisfaction. She had come to know every foot in her forty acres through some harsh struggle in her fight for independence. There was the orchard that had brought in nothing until the present season. The first year the neglected trees had had to be pruned, and new ones planted. The next year there had come a late frost in blossom time, and she saw her hopes of a crop shrivel up overnight with the tender buds of the fruit trees. A bitter disappointment, which had wrung her heart and threatened disaster, which she had had to fight with all the stubborn spirit of resistance in her, not to succumb, not to admit defeat! . . . Now this third year she had harvested a fair crop from the older trees, and another season there should be a large yield.

There was the truck garden on the farther side of the ranch house, which she had started the first spring and enlarged as she had learned to grow what would pay, working in it herself morning and night with a back-breaking persistence. And beyond that the alfalfa field, cleared of brush in a blistering heat. It was lined on the near side with a row of new hives, for she had learned something of bee culture. And down beyond





**C** "John," Lilla said, with sudden seriousness, "you're not really thinking of leaving here? It would be so queer without you. I can't just imagine what it would be like." "You don't need to yet a while Lilla," John laughed.



the new barn which, in friendly fashion, her neighbors had helped to build after the harvest time last year, were the chicken yards, and they had paid from the start.

Oh, the whole of her forty acres had been well watered with her sweat and her tears; there had been days when she could not see the ground clearly because of the blur of tears in her eyes—tears of sheer exhaustion and of fear; days when she cursed herself for a fool for thinking she could succeed where so many men, with more experience and more capital, had failed. Perhaps it was the woman in her, however, that had made her struggle on to safety, where a man might have conceded defeat. She simply had to win—for David's sake. And it was the woman in her which led her to turn to the garden patch, the bees and the chickens when the orchard refused to yield, peddling her produce herself through the little settlements of the Clearwater Valley.

One of the older men had said to her, in the midst of her trials the second spring. "We'll do all we can to help you out, Mis' Vance. . . . There ain't another woman in the whole Valley who's got the nerve to ranch it like you are doin'—and we mean to see you through!"

And they had! Especially Slawn—John Slawn, to whom fate had specially committed her from the first encounter at the station that September afternoon. "The first night in a new place is always the worst," he had said with a smile as he drove off. She had often thought of those cheering words. She was not sure that he was right—when that first winter the snow drifted down on the bed where she and David hugged themselves under their covers to keep from freezing, or when she strained her arm lifting a barrel just in the busiest time of the spring planting and was almost useless for a month! That was when she had sent for Tessie, the old colored woman who had worked for her back East, and wrote a letter to Ed that had produced a last eight hundred dollars from her mother's money. . . .

THERE had been days of bitter grind, when she was not sure the ignorance of the start was the worst, and nights when she shivered with fatigue and anxiety and had to clench her teeth not to waken David with her tears. But always something had happened to prevent despair, something to give her renewed energy for the fight, and a fresh hope. And with a touch of the gambler's excitement in the fall of the cards she had clung to her ranch, to her fight for a livelihood and independence. . . .

And she had almost won—it was in sight now!

It was well worth the fight, all of it! She would not have escaped one blunder, one hardship now. She possessed those forty acres of hers as few people ever possessed anything in their lives, even their own children. And she was sure today, not only that she could get through the coming winter comfortably, but that in the end she would make good, as old man Leisher had predicted. Nothing, she felt, could now upset her—nothing . . . and a look of serene assurance had come into her face.

It had been good for David. At times that first winter, she had had her doubts whether she ought to put him through a man's trials at fourteen, and had even proposed sending him back East to his father, where he might go to a good school and have something of a boy's life. But David had objected.

Slawn had advised sending David to Spokane, and later to the State agricultural college. John Slawn was evidently better educated than most of the men in the Valley and valued education even for a rancher. "It takes more inside you," he told the boy, "to live off here in the country, and not go dead, than in the cities." He had been good to David from the start, giving him light work to do with his horses when Lilla could spare him so that he earned a few dollars, and Slawn had kept an eye on the boy as he grew up. There could be none better for a young man than John Slawn. He was something like her father in appearance and in manner, Lilla thought, but graver than she remembered her father as if life had bitten into him harder.

Wherever they started Lilla's thoughts seemed to lead back to Slawn—to something he had said or done or suggested. She had long ago given up speculating about her neighbor's origin, though his speech and the turn of his mind seemed to indicate a wider outlook on life than that of most men she had known. It was the custom of this new country not to be really interested in the past of people. Lilla liked this easy acceptance of the present without elaborate explanations and qualifications. The people of Clearwater took you for what you seemed to them, and didn't ask painful questions. She had never been obliged to explain that she wasn't really a "widow woman," and amused by the designation she had decided to "let it go at that." After all, she defended her conduct to herself, "I am to all intents and

purposes a widow, and perhaps they wouldn't be so good to me if they knew I had a perfectly able-bodied husband in a government job in Washington!" So the mail box down the road bore the legend—Mrs. Lilla Vance James. She had thought of dropping the James as superfluous, but that would mean complex explanations to David, and at the post-office. She felt she could stand that much James. Only to Slawn had she referred, once briefly, to her married life in Chicago, and Gordon's war work in Washington. Apparently he had never repeated to the others what she had told him—perhaps he had forgotten all about it. It was of little importance, she felt—so far away and so long ago, in quite another world, which was growing happily vaguer.

IT was time to get supper. Before reëntering the ranch house to finish her preparations, Lilla walked a little way down the ranch road as far as its juncture with the South Fork. There she could look out into the open level of the wide Valley through which wound the river and the railroad that linked this community with the world outside. She observed a cloud of dust on the main road below; it might be Slawn in his new motorcar coming from town. He often ran in the two miles from the main road to bring her a letter or a parcel, which the mail man had dropped at the boxes. He was always doing some small neighborly kindness like that, as well as the bigger things. Usually when he came he would stay a while talking over her ranch problems, joking with David, or sometimes discussing the events of the outside world in which he took more interest than her other neighbors. He read a New York daily paper, and an English weekly, *The Manchester Guardian*, which he often exchanged with Lilla for her copy of *The New Republic*. Occasionally when it was late he stayed for supper instead of riding on to his own home where an old couple looked after him quite comfortably.

Tonight Lilla hurried back to the ranch house and set another place at the little table beside the front window of the living-room and got out the few pieces of linen and silver that she had brought with her from Chicago. While she was still busy with her preparations, she heard the sound of the motor on the drive and presently Slawn appeared at the door of the leanto with a bundle of mail in his hand. Lilla smilingly held the door open for him to come in.

"I hoped it might be you, John! See—I set a place for you, and supper will be ready in a minute. I'm getting it myself—Tessie has gone to the station with Sam, and it always takes them twice as long as me to do the errands!"

She threw the bundle of mail indifferently onto the living-room lounge and turned to the stove.

"I saw them at Elrich's," Slawn laughed, tipping back at his ease in the kitchen chair. "Guess they won't be back early."

"I don't care! There's nothing much to do now the fruit is shipped. I fed the stock myself. . . . Anything happened in the world?"

"STILL jawing over the peace treaties at Washington, and the prices of everything still jumping."

"I hope they'll stay up until I can sell my fruit."

"That's the way everybody feels, and that's why it costs so to live. . . . You'll get a good price for your apples this year all right. It can't keep up forever: some fine day folks will cool off and look at the bill."

"Croaker—that's what Mr. Leisher calls you," Lilla laughed. "Come on and eat—I'm ready! . . . What do you think will happen to us farmers?"

"Oh, we'll get soaked when the crash comes, all right. The farmer always does. Most men I talk with think the buying craze will keep up another year or two at least. But I wouldn't gamble on it. I am selling my stock this fall, most of it."

"Going into fruit entirely?"

Slawn shook his head.

"There's too much of this fancy fruit raised already. . . . Folks may not be able to buy it in Europe or here either!"

Lilla made a wry face.

"Don't talk that way, John, just when I am getting on my feet, and expect to make a killing with my 'Mother-and-Son' pears next season! I don't want to begin all over, or starve!"

They sat over the table in the growing twilight, talking of many things, near at home and far away. Lilla who had been considered by Gordon "dumb," found plenty to say these days. Life interested her, not merely the gossip of the Valley and her own tasks, but things outside in the great groaning world of nations in travail. Her thoughts went [Continued on page 128]



CLAY  
*of the Month*

*Spite  
Corner*

*By Frank Craven*

*THIS new comedy by the author of "The First Year," promises to have a long run in New York, so the readers of this department will be that far ahead of those who must wait for the road company*

DEAN, the town of Dean, under the influence of Nathan Lattimer, wanted to be progressive. It was slow, but wishful. It had, at the long last, got electric lights, but the old frame buildings on the main square were still doing their shabby best. And the generation-old quarrel between the Deans and the Lattimers had not died—seemed, indeed, in a fair state of health. True it looked at one time as though it might go the way of all flesh; but that was five years before the curtain rises, when Elizabeth Dean and John Lattimer were sweethearts and John was going away to make his fortune and come back for Beth. He never came back. In time he stopped writing—but Beth did not forget. She was always trying to realize her dreams through her fortune telling friend, Miss Ann Coolidge. But the cards disappointed her terribly, never predicting anything but business troubles. Then old Grandfather Lattimer, who might as well be branded first as last as the villain of the piece, conceived the bright idea of buying all the buildings on the square and putting up a modern brick structure. To do this he had to have the building in which Beth Dean had her little store and in which she lived. Beth wasn't strong for the old man, but she still hoped John would come back and take her away, so she listened to Nathan Lattimer's proposition, and while they talked word was brought that John had just returned, at which Cap'n Parker, one of Beth's friends, exclaimed:

Original from  
Nathan I know you want to get away to

CL. Madge Kennedy in the rôle of Beth Dean keeps the notion store in the village of Dean and when she refuses to sell so that Nathan Lattimer can build a modern business block for the town, her neighbors call her place Spite Corner.

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN





**C.** Johnny Lattimer (*Jason Robards*) asks in surprise, but in an effort to appear friendly, "Well, are you, too, running this store now, Mr. Gooch?"

**C.** Ann Coolidge (*Marie Day*) prophesies, "The cards look awful black, Beth. You're going to have a lot of trouble—a lot of business troubles."



see him. I guess there isn't any more to do here, anyway. We've laid the whole thing before Beth, so that she understands and all we've got to do now is get her answer and we hope for the best.

BETH—Must I give you that answer now, Cap'n Parker? You know it isn't a thing to be decided offhand. Let me give you my answer in a day or so—maybe tomorrow. I think it may be favorable.

PARKER—Good! Well, I don't see but what that is the least we can do, Bethy. If that is satisfactory to you, Nathan?

NATHAN—I don't want to waste any more time with this than I have to. It seems to me you ought to know what you want to do.

BETH—I do know what I want to do, Mr. Lattimer. What I wish to think over is what is best to do. But I just want to—to talk about it with—someone—

NATHAN—Well, all right.

PARKER—Thank you, Bethy. You just try and give me or Nathan an answer as soon as you can.

BETH—I will, Cap'n Parker. Very soon. I think it's a wonderful scheme.

PARKER—You do, eh?

BETH—Oh yes. Of course, I'd hate to lose my home but then I may go away—soon—er—settling some place with relatives. So I wouldn't mind then, you see.

PARKER—Of course not.

BETH—No, and if I decide to do that, I'll let you know—very

soon. You may be sure o' that.

PARKER—Fine, Beth! Good night.

BETH—Good night, Cap'n Parker.

Good night, Grandpa Lattimer.

(The doorbell rings and John opens street door and looks in.)

BETH—You're looking well.

JOHN—Feel fine. I never saw you look better. You haven't changed a bit.

BETH—No?

JOHN—No—just the same. You look a little bit older, but then we both are, aren't we, after four years?

BETH—Five.

JOHN—Five? It doesn't seem that long.

BETH—And how have you made out, John? Have you been successful?

JOHN—Why yes. I've got two or three big things on.

BETH—That's fine. And—have you—are you married, John?

JOHN—No, indeed. You're single, of course?

BETH—Yes—of course.

JOHN—There's no reason why you should be. I heard at the station, though, that you were running the shop—so I thought, of course—you—

BETH—Of course.

JOHN—Do you remember how we had it all planned? I was going to make a big success—make a fortune—and all that—and now after five years I return almost as broke as the day I





went away. I tell you, everything in this world comes out exactly as you planned—sometimes. It's the same old place, isn't it? Now I'm glad I'm back.

BETH—Then you didn't want to—

JOHN—Yes, I've wanted to many times. I don't suppose I would have this time if the old man hadn't wired. I'm glad he's better.

BETH—He's quite well.

JOHN—So I was told at the station. I had the five years news pumped into me I think in as many minutes. If they



C. "You're not wanted, Johnny. I am the male member of this family now," Eben Gooch (Percy Pollock) tells the envious young Lattimer.

C. "Well, I envy you, Mr. Gooch," laughs the enamored John Lattimer.

worked here as fast as they talked this would be a hustling little town. How was the old gentleman looking—or have you seen him?

BETH—Yes—he was in here today. He was looking quite well.

JOHN—My grandfather in here? You don't mean to tell me you're on friendly terms?

BETH—Hardly that. He wants to buy this place. He wants to tear down this row of buildings and build a modern block.

JOHN—Are you going to do it?

BETH—I don't know. He'll make me a very good offer.

JOHN—Well, if you get a good price, you take it.

BETH—You'd do that, would you?

JOHN—Why yes, there is no future for you here, is there?

BETH—No, I guess not.

JOHN—Well then, I'd sell.

BETH—It's giving up my home, John.

JOHN—I know, and it's natural for you to be sentimental about the place.

BETH—Of course.

JOHN—It doesn't always pay to be sentimental.

C. "You Lattimers are all alike," cries Beth Dean, when she believes John Lattimer no longer loves her.

BETH—Then you think because the moon isn't where you can see it it doesn't shine—you think because a girl isn't where you are she doesn't exist.

JOHN—Now, you'll have to tell me what you mean.

BETH—I will. I thought that what you call being sentimental was love.

JOHN—It was.

BETH—No, I said "love"—something that means faith and—and patience—and constancy.

JOHN—But—

BETH—I've waited for you—waited and waited and waited. I could have been Mrs. Somebody or other, but I'm not. I'm an old maid—I'm Betsey Dean!

JOHN—Oh, I don't care. I made the money to—

BETH—I don't care. [Continued on page 134]





## ART of the Month



“*Sur la Route*” ranks high among William Laparra’s canvases. It is the most characteristic of this French Academician’s Spanish subjects

# An Impression of Spain

By Willard Huntington Wright

ONE of the favorite cynicisms of the art world of France is the saying that the Prix de Rome is the death-knell of fame. It is true that the recipients of this prize have rarely attained to any conspicuous degree of eminence; and the oblivion which, as a rule, straightway envelops the name of a painter thus honored, has given point to the ironical query: “Is X— dead, or did he merely win a Prix de Rome?”

There are, of course, exceptions; and occasionally an artist justifies the faith placed in him by the jury of awards, as witness the case of William Laparra. Laparra won the Prix de Rome in 1898 at the age of twenty-five; and from that date to the present his work has shown a steady and undeniable progress in both conception and technique. Today he holds a unique and enviable position among the academicians of France.

Though a Frenchman born at Bordeaux, Laparra, as his name suggests, is of Spanish descent; and this fact undoubtedly accounts for the large number of Spanish subjects he has painted. Many of his finest canvases, in fact, are laid in Spain; and he has come to be recognized as an authentic interpreter of Spanish life.

We must not, however, make the mistake of associating Laparra with the modern school of Spanish painters. He is an almost conventional product of French academic classicism.

“*Sur la Route*” was painted in 1909, and was subtitled, “An Impression of Spain.” It was exhibited in the French Salon of that year, and ranks among its creator’s most distinguished canvases. It is not only the most characteristic, but the most successful, of all his Spanish subjects; and in feeling and atmosphere it is approached only by “*L’Ange de L’Epiphanie*.”

Laparra concentrated his art studies on portraiture and history; and, besides his Spanish scenes, he has done several Egyptian and Venetian subjects. Of his portraits the one of His S. E., the Cardinal Del Val, and the one of Elie Metchnikoff, the great Russian scientist, are perhaps the best known. In 1899 his “*Portrait de l’Aïeule*” won the official Salon Medal of the Third Class; and in 1903 another of his portraits was awarded the Medal of the Second Class, thus placing him “Hors-Concours.” Many of his paintings now hang in the public museums throughout Europe.



# A BOOK of the Month

"The busy man's library" is what one reader calls *The Book of the Month* because it affords a liberal education of the best in current literature

## The Glimpses of the MOON

By Edith Wharton



Since the publication, in 1905, of *The House of Mirth*, Edith Wharton has held an assured place among American novelists. *The Reef*, *The Custom of the Country*, *Ethan Frome*, and *The Age of Innocence* have increased her prestige.

IT ROSE for them—their honeymoon—over the waters of a lake so famed as the scene of romantic raptures that they were rather proud of not having been afraid to choose it as the setting of their own.

"It required a total lack of humor, or as great a gift for it as ours, to risk the experiment," Susy Lansing opined, as they hung over the inevitable marble balustrade and watched their tutelary orb roll its magic carpet across the waters to their feet.

"Yes—or the loan of Strefford's villa," her husband amended, glancing upward through the branches at a long, low patch of paleness to which the moonlight was beginning to give the form of a white house-front.

"Oh, come—when we'd five to choose from. At least if you count the Chicago flat."

"So we had—you wonder!" He laid his hand on hers, and his touch renewed the sense of marvelous exultation which the deliberate survey of their adventure always roused in her. . . . It was characteristic that she merely added, in her steady laughing tone: "Or, not counting the flat—for I hate to brag—just consider the others: Violet Melrose's place at Versailles, your aunt's villa at Monte Carlo—and a moor!"

His hand still lay on hers, and for a long interval, while they stood silent in the enveloping loveliness of the night, she was aware only of the warm current running from palm to palm, as the moonlight below them drew its line of magic from shore to shore.

Nick Lansing spoke at last. "Versailles in May would have been impossible: all our Paris crowd would have run us down within twenty-four hours. And Monte Carlo is ruled out because it's exactly the kind of place everybody expected us to go. So—with all respect to you—it wasn't much of a mental strain to decide on Como."

His wife instantly challenged this belittling of her capacity. "It took a good deal of argument to convince you that we could face the ridicule of Como!"

"Well, I should have preferred something in a lower key; at

least I thought I should till we got here. Now I see that this place is idiotic unless one is perfectly happy; and that then it's—as good as any other."

She sighed out a blissful assent. They leaned together, one flesh from shoulder to finger-tips, their eyes held by the snared glitter of the ripples.

"I could bear" Lansing remarked, "even a nightingale at this moment."

A faint gurgle shook the magnolias behind them, and a long liquid whisper answered it from the thicket of laurel above their heads.

"It's a little late in the year for them; they're ending just as we begin."

Susy laughed. "I hope when our turn comes we shall say good-by to each other as sweetly."

The spring night drew them into its deepening embrace. The ripples of the lake had gradually widened and faded into a silken smoothness, and high above the mountain the moon was turning from gold to white in a sky powdered with vanishing stars. Across the lake the lights of a little town went out, one after another, and the distant shore became a floating blackness. A breeze that rose and sank brushed their faces with the scents of the garden; once it blew out over the water a great white moth like a drifting magnolia petal. The nightingales had paused and the trickle of the fountain behind the house grew suddenly insistent.

When Susy spoke it was in a voice languid with visions. "I have been thinking," she said, "that we ought to be able to make it last at least a year longer."

Her husband received the remark without any sign of surprise or disapprobation; his answer showed that he not only understood, but had been inwardly following the same train of thought.

"You mean," he inquired after a pause, "without counting your grandmother's pearls?"

"Yes—without the pearls."





**C.** Nick and Susy Lansing spent their honeymoon on the shores of a lake famed as the scene of romantic raptures and this is James H. Crank's interpretation of the happy moment, reproduced through the courtesy of The Pictorial Review.

So ARE presented the two leading characters in Mrs. Wharton's latest novel. Two charming people, in a charming setting, greet one in the very first pages; but back of this delightful romance is shadowed something not quite right, suggestive of pitfalls and tribulations. The shadow almost immediately shoulders itself into prominence; the two newly married people have no money. They are spending a month in a villa loaned by a friend and from there they are going to Nelson Vanderlyn's—

been a palace. The checks received as wedding presents kept them in cash, but of income they had none. It was only a fight for brief freedom, a passing glimpse of the moon. They never intended to settle down and remain married to each other. A year more or less—and it would end. After the divorce, one or both would marry where there was money. Release from their present bonds was to be had for the asking, for the merest hint. That was their plan. At the Vanderlyn place a disturbing detail immediately thrust itself forward.

SUSY STOOD up with a sigh, shook out her loosened hair, and glanced around the great frescoed room. The maid-servant had said something about the Signora's having left a letter for her; and there it lay on the writing-table, with her mail and Nick's; a thick envelope addressed in Ellie's childish scrawl, with a glaring "Private" dashed across the corner.

"What on earth can she have to say, when she hates writing so?" Susy mused.

She broke open the envelope, and four or five stamped and sealed letters fell from it. All were addressed, in Ellie's hand, to Nelson Vanderlyn, Esquire, and in the corner of each was faintly penciled a number and a date: one, two, three, four—with a week's interval between the dates.

"Goodness—" gasped Susy, understanding.

She had dropped into an armchair near the table, and for a long time she sat staring at the numbered letters. A sheet of paper covered with Ellie's writing had fluttered out among them, but she let it lie; she knew so well what it would say! She knew all about her friend, of course; except poor old Nelson, who didn't? But she had never imagined that Ellie would dare to use her in this way. It was unbelievable . . . she had never pictured anything so vile. . . . The blood rushed to her face, and she sprang up angrily, half minded to tear the letters in bits and throw them all into the fire.

Reluctantly she turned again to Ellie's letter and the expected phrases sprang out at her.

"One good turn deserves another. . . . Of course you and Nick are welcome to stay all summer. . . . There won't be a particle of expense for you—the servants have orders. . . . If you'll just be an angel and post these letters yourself. . . . It's been my only chance for such an age; when we meet I'll explain everything."

Susy sprang up and tossed Mrs. Vanderlyn's letter into the fire; then she came slowly back to the chair. There, at her elbow, lay the four fatal envelopes; and her next affair was to make up her mind, once and for all, what to do with them.

The fact remained that, in the way of kindness, she did owe much to Ellie; and that this was the first payment her friend had ever exacted. Yes, Susy reflected; but then Nelson Vanderlyn had been kind to her too; and the money Ellie had been so kind with was Nelson's. . . . The queer edifice of Susy's standards tottered on its base—she honestly didn't know where fairness lay, as between so much that was foul.



It was to be expected: Susy mailed the letters and, in accordance with Ellie's injunction, said nothing to Nick. Friends came visiting: Strefford, who had rented the villa, at which Nick and Susy had stayed, at a corking price and was spending the money; Fred Gillow came, and a number of others. Nick was trying to write, shutting himself up in his room and grinding away. The Hickses, upon whose yacht he had once traveled, were at hand and Nick remembered the big, serious, overeducated Coral Hicks, but he could not think of the time on their boat with pleasure. Mrs. Vanderlyn came home, tarried briefly and flashed away again. But her going had cataclysmic effects. At the instant of leaving she thanked Nick and spoke of the letters Susy had mailed. It was the first Nick had heard of this. So he went at once to Susy for information, smarting with a sense that all was not well.

"WHAT IS IT, my dear, that you and I have been hired to hide from Vanderlyn? Because I should like to know," Nick broke out savagely, "if we've been adequately paid."

Susy was silent: she needed time to reckon up her forces, and study her next move; and her brain was in such a whirl of fear that she could at last only retort: "What is it that Ellie said to you?"

Lansing laughed again. "That's just what you'd like to find out—isn't it?—in order to know the line to take in making your explanation."

The sneer had an effect that he could not have foreseen, and that Susy herself had not expected.

"Oh, don't—don't let us speak to each other like that!" she cried; and sinking down by the dressing-table she hid her face in her hands.

He was silent for a time; then he questioned, "You've been sending letters for her, I suppose. To whom?"

"Oh, why do you torment me? Nelson was not supposed to know that she had been away. She left me the letter to post to him once a week. I found them here the night we arrived. . . . It was the price—for *this*. Oh, Nick, say it's been worth it—say at least that it's been worth it!" she implored him.

He stood motionless, unresponding. One hand drummed on the corner of her dressing-table. "How many letters?"

"I don't know . . . four . . . five . . . What does it matter?"

"And once a week?"

"Yes."

"And you took it all as a matter of course?"

"No: I hated it. But what could I do?"

"What could you do?"

"When our being together depended on it? Oh, Nick, how could you think I'd give you up?"

"Give me up?" he echoed.

"Well—doesn't our being together depend on—on what we can get out of people? And hasn't there always got to be some give and take? Did you ever in your life get anything for nothing?" she cried with sudden exasperation. "You've lived among these people as long as I have; I suppose it's not the first time—"

"By God, but it is," he exclaimed, flushing. "And that's the difference—the fundamental difference."

"The difference?"

"Between you and me. I've never in my life done people's dirty work for them—least of all for favors in return. I suppose you guessed it, or you wouldn't have hidden this beastly business from me."

THE BLOOD rose to Susy's temples also. Yes, she had guessed it; instinctively, from the day she had first visited him in his bare lodgings, she had been aware of his stricter standard. But how could she tell him that under his influence her standard had become stricter too, and that it was as much to hide her humiliation from herself as to escape his anger that she had held her tongue?

"You knew I wouldn't have stayed here another day if I'd known," he continued.

"Yes: and then where in the world should we have gone?"

"You mean that—in one way or another—what you call give-and-take is the price of our remaining together?"

"Well—isn't it?" she faltered.

"Then we'd better part, hadn't we?"

He spoke in a low tone, thoughtfully and deliberately, as if this had been the inevitable conclusion to which their passionate argument had led.

Susy made no answer. For a moment she ceased to be conscious of the causes of what had happened; the thing itself seemed to have smothered her under its ruins.

Nick passed her by and walked rapidly out of the room. Susy stood motionless, unable to lift a detaining hand or to find a final word of appeal.

THUS THIS strangely mated pair were thrown apart. Nick rejoined the Hickses, sailed with them to the East, in time was pressed into service as secretary to Mr. Hicks; came at last to realize that Coral harbored a great love for him. Susy was heart-broken, but her good sense triumphed over the grief and the shock. She returned to Paris, resumed the manner of living that had been hers before the marriage. Strefford came to her in Paris. The untimely death of his uncle and cousin had made him heir to the title and estate of Lord Altringham—and a very wealthy man. For a long time he had been in love with Susy. Now that she was free of Nick, or practically free, he courted her persistently. She yielded and it was gossiped about Paris and London that they were to be married as soon as Strefford laid aside his mourning. At her fiancé's suggestion, Susy haltingly started proceedings for a divorce. They never got far—just far enough for Nick to be notified. That was because Susy changed her mind. Strangely enough the break with Strefford came over that same Ellie Vanderlyn who had caused the trouble between Susy and Nick. It developed that it was to Ellie and her lover, Bockheimer, that Strefford had let his villa, and as he told of this the new Lord Altringham laughed.

"OH, HOW horrible—how horrible!" Susy groaned. "Horrible? What's horrible?"

"Why, your not seeing . . . not feeling . . ." she began impetuously; and then stopped. How could she explain to him that what revolted her was not so much the fact of his having given the little house, as soon as she and Nick had left it, to those two people of all others—though the vision of them in the sweet secret house, and under the plane-trees of the terrace, drew such a trail of slime across her golden hours? No, it was not that from which she most recoiled, but from the fact that Strefford, living in luxury in Nelson Vanderlyn's house, should at the same time have secretly abetted Ellie Vanderlyn's love-affairs, and allowed her to shelter them under his own roof.

The reproach trembled on her lip—but she remembered her own part in the wretched business, and the impossibility of avowing it to Strefford, and of revealing to him that Nick had left her for that very reason. She was not afraid that the discovery would diminish her in Strefford's eyes: he was untroubled by moral problems, and would laugh away her avowal, with a sneer at Nick in his new part of moralist. But that was just what she could not bear: that anyone should cast a doubt on the genuineness of Nick's standards, or should know how far below them she had fallen.

She remained silent, and Strefford, after a moment, drew her gently down to a seat beside him.

"Susy, upon my soul, I don't know what you are driving at. Is it me you are angry with—or yourself? And what's it all about? Are you disgusted because I let the villa to a couple who weren't married? But hang it, they're the kind who pay the highest prices—and I had to earn my living somehow! One doesn't run across a bridal pair every day . . ."

Ah, the loneliness of never being able to make him understand! She had felt lonely enough when the flaming sword of Nick's indignation had shut her out from their paradise; but there had been a cruel bliss in the pain.

"My dear girl," Strefford was saying with a glance at his watch, "you know we are dining at the Embassy. . . ."

"Oh, Streff—I can't, I can't!" The words broke from her without her knowing what she was saying. "I can't go with you—I can't go to the Embassy. I can't go on any longer like this. . . ." She lifted her eyes to his in desperate appeal.

"Oh, understand—do please understand!" she wailed, knowing, while she spoke, the utter impossibility of what she asked.

Strefford's face had gradually paled and hardened. From sal-low it turned to a dusky white, and lines of obstinacy deepened between the ironic eyebrows and about the weak amused mouth.

"Understand? What do you want me to understand?" He laughed. "That you're trying to chuck me—already?"

She stood speechless, agonized by his pain. But still, she thought, he had remembered the dinner at the Embassy! The thought gave her courage to go on.

"It wouldn't do, Streff. I'm not a bit the kind of person to make you happy."

"Oh, leave that to me, please, won't you?"

"No, I can't. Because I should be unhappy too."

"You've taken a rather long time to find it out."

She saw that his new-born sense of his [Continued on page 139]





“I seen you the other night upon the stage,” Schmule told Miss Senna Liebmann. “Gee! you’re great!” “Any time you come again,” said Senna, “I’ll give you a pass.” And then she tossed him, suggestively, “I always drop in Milken’s Café for a cup of coffee after the performance.”



# The Lady The Maid & The Vamp

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by  
Walt Louderback



WHETHER or not old Chronos, the god of Time, is still perched upon the heights of Olympus where he can look down upon our doings and check them up, I do not know. I have been too busy of late to travel or investigate. If he is not there it is a great pity, because he is missing a lot of fun. I'm pretty sure, however, that he is still there, because Time seems to be going on.

The chronology of Schmule Aaron's troubles, viewed in the retrospect, is a very simple and orderly affair. Most human troubles seem simple when they are past. It is only while we are in the midst of them that they appear bewildering and complicated.

On June 16th Schmule was a happy, heart-and-soul-free man. He was in his twenty-fourth year, he was as healthy as an animal and he had not a care in the world beyond delivering meat to his father's customers with meticulous promptness. As he had no other interest in life he really took pleasure in the promptness of his delivery. Had there been a complaint from a customer that the meat had not been delivered on time, Isaac Aaron, his father, would have recited chapters of Leviticus to him. The meat, incidentally, was absolutely kosher.

He was a good-looking chap, was Schmule, tall, broad-shouldered and pink-cheeked—as most butchers, for some mysterious reason, are—and he loved to whistle. He delivered his meat in a push-cart—the elder Aaron would not hear of a horse and wagon—and he always whistled on his route through the streets.

Yes, life, on June 16th, was rosy to Schmule Aaron and, for all he cared, the god of Time could go hang.

ON JUNE 17TH Schmule, for the first time in his life, met Anna. I take it for granted that Anna, at some time in her career, had been in possession of a family name. But, at this particular time, Anna was a maid in the service of Mrs. Rosen and, as maid, she had absolutely no use for a family name. She was just Anna—to her mistress, to visitors, to the tradespeople who came to the house and to everyone who was brought into contact with the Rosen household. And, for the first time in his life, Schmule beheld her.

He handed her two pounds of sirloin steak and smiled.

"I never seen you here before," he said.

"No," replied Anna, "the old lady always answers the bell

herself. Is the meat all right? She'll give me the dickens if it isn't, you know."

"Our meat is always all right. My name is Schmule Aaron."

"Oh, Anna! Who is it?" came a voice from inside the house.

"It's the butcher," said Anna, fleeing indoors. That night Schmule gazed at himself, long and intently, in a looking-glass. Which is a bad sign.

I must not forget to tell you that Anna was slender and not very tall and seemed to have no other feature than eyes. At least, that was all that Schmule could remember of her.

On June 18th Schmule wore a bit of geranium in his button-hole when he delivered the lamb chops at the Rosen residence. Just as he rang the bell, the door opened and a girl, with her hat on and a parasol in her hand, crossed the threshold and stood, just for an instant, gazing at him. Then she shut the door behind her and descended the steps.

"The maid will answer the bell in a minute," she flung at him over her shoulder. Surely enough, in less than a quarter of a minute, Anna opened the door.



"Who's that?" asked Schmule, indicating the departing figure of the girl with his thumb.

"That's Miss Rosen," said Anna. "Pretty, isn't she?"

"Kind of," said Schmule. "She's got nice clothes. But she ain't as good-looking as you."

"Ah, go on!" was Anna's retort. "I bet the chops ain't tender."

"They ain't, hey? You'll never get any tough chops from us."

"Oh, my! Ain't we stuck up!" said Anna.

"What are you doing tomorrow night?" asked Schmule.

"What do you want to know for?"

Etc. Etc. Etc.

"Say," bawled Isaac Aaron, when his son returned from his rounds, "Mrs. Rosenkranz telephoned she didn't get her broilers till quarter-past eleven. Are you loafing on your job?"

On June 19th Schmule took Anna to the Yiddish Theater to

see a Ghettoized version of Romeo and Juliet. They held hands during the greater part of the performance and gazed tenderly at each other through the semi-darkness.

"Do you think that Juliet is pretty?" asked Anna.

"Very," whispered Schmule, studying the girl on the stage.

"I think she's horrid," whispered Anna. "I used to know her. She lives on Delancy Street near Clinton, with the Sorowitzes."

"Is that right?" asked Schmule, in surprise. "The Sorowitzes are our best customers. They always want young ducklings."

From June 20th to June 30th nothing happened that is worth recording here although heaven only knows what old Chronos was jotting down as he tore the pages off his eternal calendar. Schmule found himself constantly thinking of Anna and wondering if there could be another woman in the world as beautiful and as wonderful as she.

On July 1st Schmule, while delivering a couple of pounds of veal to Mrs. Sorowitz had his first glimpse of Senna Liebmann off the stage.

She entered the house just as he was scratching Mrs. Sorowitz's name from his order list.

"Oh," he said, "ain't that the girl who's Juliet on the stage?"

"That's her," said Mrs. Sorowitz. "She's a lovely girl."

The lovely girl, at this moment, paused in the hallway and turned to bestow a somewhat appraising look upon Schmule. Schmule, as I told you, was good-looking. He was not, however, versed in feminine wiles and when he beheld the sparkle of interest in the young woman's eyes he could only grin in return. When, later, he delivered Mrs. Rosen's roast to Anna he said:

"I just seen that Juliet girl. Mrs. Sorowitz says her name's Senna Liebmann."

"Did you talk with her?" asked Anna, quickly. Schmule shook his head.

"No," said he, "I just kind of smiled."

WHEREUPON Anna turned her back upon him and quickly took the roast into the house. Schmule delivered all his orders promptly that morning, but somewhat absent-mindedly. He was wondering why Anna had run away in such a hurry.

The very next day, July 2nd, old Chronos scratched a cross on Schmule's calendar. Because, in the second edition of the Yiddish Arbeiter Zeitung, he read this paragraph:

"Isaac Lefkowitz, attorney, at 98 Orchard Street, has just received an inquiry from Odessa, Russia, regarding the relatives of Shadrach Aaron, who recently died. It appears that an estate amounting to more than \$80,000 is involved and that there is no trace of a will. Mr. Lefkowitz discovered that Isaac Aaron and his son Schmule, butchers, 115 Eldridge Street, this city, are respectively the son and grandson of the deceased.

"Mr. Isaac Aaron refused to be interviewed and his son could not be located."

At the time that this second edition appeared, Isaac Aaron was busy cutting meat while his son Schmule was occupied with the delivery of his orders. Two denizens of the Ghetto, however, had promptly caught a glimpse of the paragraph. One was Miss Senna Liebmann and the other was Miss Miriam Rosen. Miss Liebmann had the first inning.

Schmule was in the act of handing Mrs. Sorowitz a pair of tender ducklings when the young actress appeared in the doorway and gazed affably at him.

"What a swell butcher you got, Mrs. Sorowitz," she said. "Why don't you introduce me?" Mrs. Sorowitz performed the ceremony of introduction somewhat stiffly; not having read the paragraph in the Yiddish Arbeiter Zeitung, she did not approve of the young woman's informality.

Schmule could only grin. He



C. Schmule saw the beautiful Miss Rosen actually smiling at him in a friendly way.





**C** "Don't you dare ever talk to me again," said Anna. Whereupon, having told him all that was on her mind, she turned her back upon him.

was not exactly embarrassed, he merely had not the slightest idea what to say.

A few minutes later, just as he had finished delivering an order of chuck steak farther down the street, he was amazed to behold Miss Senna Liebmann approaching, with a friendly smile upon her pretty face.

"If you didn't have that horrid push-cart," she said, "I'd let you walk to the theater with me. I got a rehearsal this morning."

"I got orders to deliver," replied Schmule. "I seen you the other night on the stage. Gee! You're great."

"Any time you want to come again," said the young woman, "I'll give you a pass. I always drop in Milken's Café for a cup of coffee after the performance."

I think I have made it clear that Schmule was not what is commonly called a ladies' man. For the next hour he delivered his orders in a maze. He even gave Mrs. Rogoff's maid the mutton chops which Mrs. Rosinsky had ordered and had to walk back three blocks to rectify his error.

When he reached the home of the Rosens he was surprised to see the daughter of the household sitting upon the steps and actually smiling at him in a friendly way.





**C.** *It was Anna herself who opened the door. She stared incredulously at the visitor. "What—what do you want?" she asked faintly.*

"Hello, Mr. Aaron," she greeted him. "I want to make sure you are bringing a good roast today." Schmule did not even make the observation that it was the first time she had ever spoken to him and that she knew his name.

"Sure, it's good," he replied. "Our roasts is always prime. A number one. Where's Anna?"

Miss Rosen pointed a contemptuous thumb toward the rear of the house.

"Hanging the clothes out in the yard," she said. "Why don't you come around to call some night?"

Schmule felt his toes and ears tingle. Miss Rosen certainly looked like a stylister. Schmule straightened his cravat.

"I'd love to," he said.

As he was pushing his cart up the street, shortly afterwards, he heard the patter of running feet behind him. Turning, slowly—Schmule did everything slowly—he beheld Anna just

behind him. Her face seemed to him to be unusually white.

"Hello, Anna," he cried, cheerfully. "I have been wondering what became of you."

"D-don't you ever dare talk to me again," said Anna. Whereupon, having told him all that was on her mind, she turned her back upon him and retraced her steps toward the house. Schmule, depressed and puzzled, went about the delivery of his orders. When he returned to the shop he found it quite filled with his father's friends. But the only fact that impressed itself upon his consciousness for the moment was the expression of wrath upon his father's face.

"Say," cried Isaac Aaron, "do I got to have Mrs. Rosenkranz telephone every day she don't get her chopped meat on time? She says it was twelve o'clock when you got there and I promised her she would have it by eleven o'clock. Are you taking the orders around on time or are you a bummer? What's the matter? Did a wheel fall off your push-cart? Did you get sick? Are you in the butcher business or are you taking a walk?"

The elder Aaron's voice was trailing into a sarcastic strain.

"Ah," cried one of his friends, "what do you care when the meat is delivered? Did you tell Schmule about it? Say, Schmule, did you hear your father got \$80,000?"

**Y**ES, IT MUST have been quite a busy day for old Chronos, considering that there were other people in the world besides Isaac Aaron and his son and Anna and Miss Rosen and Senna Liebmann.

On July 3rd Schmule drew \$200 from his savings bank account and bought himself a diamond ring. That was about as far as his imagination carried him in his new position as heir to prospective wealth. If it was all true, he figured, he wouldn't miss \$200. If he didn't get the \$80,000 some day he would still have the diamond ring. Which, when you come to think of it, is not such bad logic. But Schmule was not interested in money matters. What occupied his mind on this day was that he was crazy about Anna and he must find out why she had turned upon him so suddenly; and how all the

boys would talk when they saw him walking through the streets arm in arm with Senna Liebmann, the actress who played Juliet, and Miss Miriam Rosen, the stylister.

On this day Miss Rosen was waiting on the steps to take the veal cutlets from him.

"Could you come around tomorrow night for supper?" she asked. "It's the Fourth, you know, and we're going to have some fireworks in the yard."

"Sure. I'll come," said Schmule, promptly. "Where's Anna?" he asked after a pause.

"The maid?" asked Miss Rosen, with a note of what she would have called "hauteur" in her voice. "Somewhere about the house, I guess. I never bother with the servants."

That night Schmule stole out of the house when his father was asleep and made his way to Milken's Café. He found the actress drinking Original flaming chai and he was pleased to see



that she was alone. He seated himself opposite her with the best air of abandon that he could assume.

"Hello, Miss Liebmman," he said. "Could I join you?"

"All my friends call me Senna," she replied, with a bewitching smile. "Mrs. Sorowitz told me so much about you that I feel I've known you a long time. So you just got to call me Senna. Your name's Schmule, ain't it? Oh!—"

Just the tiniest little scream came to her lips.

"What's the matter?" asked Schmule, anxiously. "Have you got a pain?"

"OH, WHERE did you ever get that lovely diamond ring?" asked the young woman. "It's a perfect beauty!"

"I just bought it this morning from Goldenkranz & Cohen on the Bowery," replied Schmule, holding up the ring and wiggling his hand so that the stone could sparkle properly. "They soaked me for \$200. Say, Miss—Senna, could you come out for a walk with me tomorrow afternoon? It's a holiday and I get through with my deliveries early."

"I got a matinee tomorrow afternoon," said the actress. "Could you make it around six or seven o'clock? Maybe we could dine together."

"No, I got an engagement. But suppose you meet me at one o'clock and I'll walk to the theater with you. Is that a go?"

I have a suspicion that Chronos turned to Mercury—who, as you all know, was the messenger of the gods—and told him to bring Vol. 22 which contains all words and names beginning with V, so that he could make a few notes about a little vamp.

Early on July 4th Schmule handed a splendid string of sausages and two fat chickens for roasting to Anna.

"Why are you sore on me?" he asked.

"I ain't," replied Anna. "I ain't sore and I ain't been sore. It's none of my business if you flirt with every girl you see."

"Oh, Anna," cried Schmule, "you know that ain't true. You know you're the only girl I really like."

The expression that came into Anna's face would have reminded anyone but Schmule of the sun shining suddenly through a cloud.

"On the level?" she asked. Just then Miss Rosen appeared in the doorway and the maid withdrew. But not before she heard:

"Don't forget you're coming to dinner tonight, Schmule."

"You betcha," said Schmule.

He hurried through his round of delivery and then, after carefully brushing his hair and spraying some scent upon his handkerchief, he kept his tryst with Senna Liebmman and took her for a walk. Senna asked him many questions as to what he intended to do when he finally found himself a rich man, but Schmule, with the utmost desire to conjure up pleasing pictures of the future, could think of nothing better than making his deliveries of meat with a horse and wagon.

Their walk brought them past the Rosens' house. Miss Miriam Rosen was seated on the front steps, reading, and Anna was looking idly out of the window. Schmule raised his hat and waved it gaily at them. Miss Rosen bowed and smiled, pleasantly, whereas Anna quickly withdrew from the window.

"They're friends of mine," explained Schmule to his companion. "I deliver there every day."

"I'm afraid you're a flirt," said Miss Liebmman. "I never let my gentlemen friends flirt with any other girl while they're with me."

Another conversation that Chronos must have recorded that day took place between Miss Rosen and the maid shortly after Schmule and his companion had passed the house.

"Mr. Aaron just went by," said Miss Rosen, "and I'm sure he had an actress with him."

"Yes, I seen him," said Anna. "I think he's terrible."

"WHY, THE IDEA!" exclaimed Miss Rosen, with all her hauteur in high gear. "All rich young men like to be seen with actresses. But it doesn't mean anything. They get over it when they marry and settle down."

"Rich?" said Anna, contemptuously. "He's only a butcher."

"Oh, didn't you know his grandfather just died and left him \$80,000. Or to his father, which is just the same? It was in the papers."

Anna stared at her and then, without a word, went to her room and burst into a fit of crying.

But Chronos's work was not over for the day. Schmule left the actress with the understanding that he was to call for her the

next evening and take her to dinner at a restaurant. Then he went to Milken's Café where he found the makings of a four-handed game of pinochle.

While he was playing, a newsboy brought in copies of the evening newspaper, the Yiddish Star, which was on terms of deadly rivalry with the Arbeiter Zeitung and, all around Schmule, patrons of the café read this paragraph:

"Word has just come from Odessa that a will made by the late Shadrach Aaron has been found in which he leaves his entire estate to his cousin, Solomon Moskowitz. The account in our esteemed contemporary, the Arbeiter Zeitung, which said that the money would go to Isaac Aaron, butcher at 115 Eldridge Street, and his son, is wrong as usual."

Several sympathetic glances were directed at Schmule but he was unconscious of them. Nor, had he been aware of them, would they have interested him. Because Schmule's imagination had not grasped the \$80,000 and, therefore, he could not possibly have felt any sense of loss. What the mind can't grasp, the pocket can't miss. (I hope Chronos puts that down in his book of proverbs.)

Miss Miriam Rosen, however, had grasped the fact. When she read this paragraph in the evening newspaper, she experienced the sensation of having lost \$80,000. When Schmule came to dinner that night, Mrs. Rosen explained—she was terribly sorry about it, too, she said—that Miriam's aunt wasn't feeling well and had insisted on Miriam spending the night with her. So that Chronos chronicled, that evening, only a dinner conversation of two: Mrs. Rosen—who kept talking about how much cheaper steaks and chops used to be when she was a girl, and Schmule Aaron—who kept his eyes upon Anna every time she placed the dishes upon the table and said merely "yes" and "no" in reply to Mrs. Rosen's questions.

On July 5th Schmule awoke feeling rather wretched. Anna's aloofness and his disappointment over Miss Rosen's absence had kept him awake most of the night. When he arrived at the butcher shop he found his father in cheerful humor.

"DID you read about your grandpa's will being found?" asked Isaac Aaron.

"No," replied Schmule, yawning. "Did they find it?"

"Sure they did," said his father, genially. "He left all the money to Solomon Moskowitz who I used to know when I was a little boy in Russia. Your grandpa always said he was a crook, but so long's he left him the money I guess he's all right. We ain't got to bother about being rich. So now you can forget about it and attend to the butcher business. And if I get any more complaints that the meat ain't delivered on time, you just look out. That's all I got to tell you."

It never entered Schmule's head to tell his father that he had not given a thought to the money. Schmule never bothered to explain anything that did not have to be explained. He merely yawned and started out to deliver his steaks and chops.

Mrs. Rosen, herself, awaited him upon the door-step. She unwrapped the porterhouse steak which he handed her and sniffed it suspiciously.

"Are you sure it's absolutely fresh?" she asked.

"Sure it is," replied Schmule. "From our place everything is absolutely fresh. And kosher. Did Miriam come home?"

"Miss Rosen," replied her mother, stiffly, "came home but she don't feel well and she don't want to see nobody."

"How's Anna?" asked Schmule.

"The servant?" said Mrs. Rosen, retreating into the doorway. "She ain't here no more. She got fresh to my daughter last night and I fired her. I don't allow no servant to get fresh."

She was about to shut the door when Schmule hastily stuck his foot into the open space.

"Wait a minute, Mrs. Rosen," he cried. "Where is Anna? Where can I find her?"

"How should I know?" asked Mrs. Rosen, peevishly. "Maybe by her mother in Broome Street or in jail, for all I know. With fresh servants I don't keep track."

For just one moment Schmule Aaron stood undecided. Then, with a square setting of his jaw, he seized the cross-bar of his push-cart and started off in the direction of Broome Street. His cart was filled with packages of meat but Schmule never gave them a thought. He was not thinking of waiting customers or of his father's anger. He was thinking of Anna.

He remembered, dimly, that Anna had told him her mother lived somewhere near Orchard Street and, with this recollection to guide him, he made for the corner of Broome and Orchard Streets. Then, just as he was about to [Continued on page 112]





**C.** *Humor is the salt of life but it should be used sparingly. It should come in flashes, like streaks of lightning.*

# *What are You Laughing At?*

*By Walt Mason*

*Illustrated by F. Strothmann*

**I**T WAS a placid and balmy Sabbath morning when we set forth for the sanctuary, but before we arrived a bitter wind came down from the north, a wind that had been in cold storage up in Spitzbergen since last winter. Consequently the church was cold, and before the services were fairly under way we were all shivering, and lily-white noses became blue and through the voice of the pastor we could hear the chattering of mail-order teeth in their sockets.

That reverend gentleman was just saying that the choir would sing "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," when Joshua Balderson let go all holds and sneezed. He had been trying for five minutes to suppress the wild "kerswoosh" that now jarred the sacred edifice. No doubt he should have left his pew, and gone outdoors to do his sneezing behind a gravestone, but, as he explained afterwards, he hoped and believed he could keep from sneezing, and he didn't want to miss a word of the services. Having started to sneeze, he seemed determined to make a workmanlike job of it. That was ever Joshua's way. "The thing that's worth doing is worth doing well," is the motto you will find

pasted on his hat, as the word "Calais" was inscribed on Mary's heart. So he sneezed and sneezed. He gripped the seat with both hands to hold himself down, and sneezed until he sounded like the exhaust of a traction engine.

At any other time and place it would have seemed pitiful, Joshua was working so hard; but this was in church, and the fact that people shouldn't laugh in church made it impossible to keep from laughing, and we all shrieked and gibbered with merriment, and the pastor, seeing it was hopeless to resume the services, dismissed us with a sawed-off benediction, and we staggered out to the graveyard and rolled around among the tombs and laughed until the sexton turned the hose on us, and we slowly regained our sanity.

Upon another occasion Coroner Trueblood was presiding at an inquest in our town. In the adjoining room there was the body of a murdered man, and the weeping of mourners could be heard. It was a tragic scene, and all faces were drawn and tense. The coroner, grown weary of questioning, leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes; and then a big, yellow, mangy dog leaped



upon his table, and upset the ink, and pawed the papers with its muddy feet, and reached over and drew a long moist tongue across the coroner's face, as a slight token of esteem. Somebody tittered, and somebody else snorted, and in a minute we were all rocking around laughing our silly heads off. Nobody wanted to laugh, and every man was bitterly ashamed of himself because he couldn't stop; the collective brainstorm had to run its course before the inquest could be continued.

It would seem that the appetite for humor is like any other appetite. Hang out the Verboten sign, and we are determined to have the things forbidden. If the family doctor tells us that we must not eat wienerwurst, on peril of our lives, it seems to us that life without wienerwurst is a hollow mockery. I smoke entirely too much tobacco because the doctor is always warning me that it's the worst thing I can do. If he had sense enough to assure me that tobacco is necessary to my health, I'd lose interest in smoking.

IT'S AN odd thing that when we get together in a hall or theater, having paid the price at the door, any old bedraggled joke will amuse us. If you have attended Chautauqua entertainments you must have noticed how the thinnest and saddest joke will bring forth prolonged applause. The Chautauqua speakers always have a collection of chaste and moral jokes, guaranteed not to bring a blush to the most sensitive cheek; most of these jokes were old in the days of Tubal Cain, and none of them is funny. I have attended Chautauqua feasts of reason for a quarter of a century, and every summer I hear the same jokes. A man inquired at the general delivery window of the post-office if there were any letters for Mike Howe. "There are no letters for anybody's cow," replied the postmaster. This is a standard Chautauqua joke; it was the first jest heard by William the Conqueror when he triumphantly landed at Plymouth Rock.

When you cut it down to a few words it isn't so bad; but the lecturer makes a long story of it. He describes the personal appearance and moral character of the man who went to the post-office; he relates the political and family history of the postmaster; he describes our postal system and takes a shot at the postmaster general, charging him with arrogance and inefficiency, and finally gets down to the "There are no letters for anybody's cow," said the postmaster.

And we all yell and chortle and kick holes through our hats, in our innocent mirth. We have heard the story a million times before, and it was spoiled in the telling; and if we met the lecturer on the street, and he tried to tell such an old chestnut, in such a roundabout way, we'd summon a policeman; but in a tent or hall we'll laugh at any old thing. Why?

We are always hearing and talking about "the sense of humor." We explain the grotesque or unusual conduct, or the bad taste of our neighbor, by saying he has no sense of humor. And we really have no right to say that of anybody. For every man born of woman has his sense of humor, but the things that seem funny to him may not seem funny to you. When I was young and sassy I felt a sort of contemptuous pity for people who wouldn't or couldn't laugh with me. I concluded that they had no understanding of the humorous. But the passing years taught me that my conception of the humorous may not be the only one, or the right one.

I have known learned men who insisted that Rabelais was the father of all humorists, and they professed to enjoy his works. I am unable to read Rabelais in the original, as English and

Choctaw are the only languages I am familiar with, but I have read the best translation, and have earnestly tried to discover the humor, but have found only a tumultuous beastliness. Long ago I'd have said in my haste, like David, when he referred to all men as circulation managers, that the fault was with Rabelais. Now I know the fault is in myself. Rabelais must be a great humorist, for his fame has been established for centuries, and competent critics say that no American almanac is as funny as his books. It is my misfortune that I can find more humor in the annual report of the Fourteenth Assistant Postmaster General than in the adventures of Pantagruel.

In my belief one of the funniest books ever written is "Spanish Gold," by G. A. Birmingham. I have never read any story that amused me so much. Even the best yarns by Mark Twain never made such a hit with me. When I first read it I was so infatuated I bought eight or ten copies to give to my friends, it being the merry Christmas time. I was bound they'd have one happy day, even if they were never joyous again. Christmas passed by, and New-year's, and I met my friends every day, and wondered why they said nothing of "Spanish Gold," and the bully time they must have had reading it. Finally I asked some of them if they had read the book, and they admitted that they had tried to, but they didn't think much of it. There was only one man in the bunch who had a good word to say for it, and I could see he was saying the good word so my feelings wouldn't be hurt.

THERE IS one form of humor that never loses its hold upon the plain people, and that is the kind involving catastrophe to somebody. Doubtless our rude ancestors were doubled up with mirth when Caveman Charlie, swinging his club at a saber-tooth tiger, missed that animal and beamed his Uncle Hiram.

In my childhood days I lived in a primitive community, where the refinements of humor were unknown, and the favorite joke

was to draw the chair from a gent who was about to sit down on it; and this jest never failed to stir up frenzied enthusiasm. Much of the movie humor is a mere variation of this. If a fat man falls downstairs, or seats himself in a chair that is elsewhere, the audience will laugh until it gasps for breath. There are tens of thousands of people who will go to shows night after night, to see sad-faced tragedians throwing pies at each other. This sort of thing amuses me for an evening, but a second evening of it would make my life a desolate thing indeed.

Humor is the salt of life but it should be sparingly used. It should come in flashes, like streaks of lightning. A long story that is humorous throughout is intolerable; it is like a meal of taffy. The late Bill Nye was one of the funniest writers our decaying civilization ever produced, but he was too prodigal with his humor; he produced it with a scoop shovel. Had he emulated Mark Twain he might have achieved as lasting a fame. Mark wrote seriously most of the time; and when he had been serious long enough he indulged

in a few capers that made people laugh their rivets out.

Does modern humor grade up with the old-time stuff? I think it is better, if we overlook the pie-throwing contests and the tricks with chairs. Irvin Cobb seems to me a much greater humorist than the funny men of the Artemus Ward school.

The beauty of the whole business is that we are allowed to harbor the kind of "sense of humor" that fits us best. So you may laugh with Rabelais while I laugh with Birmingham, and, we are outside the jurisdiction of Mr. Volstead, and, at the hour of going to press, no blue laws can interfere.

## THE Merry Men All

THIS good old earth is full of mirth and jests and genial chaffing, and every day there's something gay that calls for earnest laughing. Some gifted guys are throwing pies, which is supremely funny; it makes me sick, but I can't kick—it makes your life more sunny. The circus clown dispels your frown, with spritely jest and railing, but Noah told those chestnuts old, what time the ark was sailing. I sit and read some moldy screed and laugh myself to pieces; beneath my tree I shout with glee, and shock my aunts and nieces. And you, I ween, survey the scene, and say, "He's nuts, he's leery; he sees a joke where other folk behold a legend dreary." The jesters come, and make us glum, their tiresome stories spinning; what are the odds? Our divers gods ordained we should be grinning. There's humor here that's sad and sere, there's humor here that's cheesey; but, in his way let each be gay, and laugh while laughing's easy.

Oliver Mason



# Can We KILL The DOPE Rings?

By Eugene V. Debs

**Q. The Socialist leader, with his bitter experience, asks what can be done about the NARCOTIC SCOURGE.**

**A. We can tell him.**

**Q. Beginning next month we start a series of articles in which Sidney Howard tells the INSIDE FACTS.**

**A. He tells them with DOCUMENTS.**

**Q. He shows the CONSPIRACY and how it works.**

**Q. When this series is ended the public will be compelled to wake up and officials will be COMPELLED TO ACT.**

**D**OPE in its most insidious forms is gnawing at the very vitals of our institutions.

I speak, not from mere casual observation, but from knowledge gained while in the federal penitentiary at Atlanta.

Here I came into intimate contact with this menace in its most vicious phases:

(1) Narcotic drugs are systematically smuggled into this governmental penal institution through a clique of men, the principals of whom are prison guards and petty officials.

(2) Young men sentenced to this penitentiary without the knowledge of the craving for dope leave its portals confirmed addicts, their moral fiber absolutely destroyed.

(3) Narcotic drug addicts are literally dumped into this prison by the scores, branded as criminals, thrown into the hospital where the scenes become nightmares of horror, desperation and despair.

(4) Addicts sent to this prison are not reformed but the victim almost inevitably leaves in a more degraded state than when he entered.

It was not until I became a prisoner in the penitentiary at Atlanta, in 1919, that I came to realize the terror of the evil.

I saw young men, scarcely out of their teens, confirmed addicts who would have bartered their very souls for a "shot of dope." The ravings and convulsions of some of these shattered human beings will linger in my mind to the last of my days.

**T**HE EXTENT to which humans can be physically ruined and mentally and morally debauched by the use of narcotics can be imagined only by one who has seen them. Down on their knees praying wildly one instant, bounding to their feet with livid faces and curses upon their lips the next moment, begging, imploring, threatening and actually frothing at the mouth.

Hundreds are committed to this prison, with the minimum of "a year and a day," with the stamp of a criminal upon their backs, because of their addiction to the drug, on the technical charge of possession of small amounts of narcotics.

I saw as many men as would fill a railroad coach land at the prison in one consignment from New Orleans.

Once within the prison walls the nightmare begins. The addicts are placed in the hospital. Some of them are confirmed addicts, while others have been "on the junk" but a short time. But they are all given the same cure, the "cold turkey" cure in vogue at this institution, which means that they are instantly cut off from narcotics and kept off during their confinement.

This is true unless they happen to have funds at their command, and until they make their connection with the vile ring of prison guards and their agents—who are prisoners entrusted with their secret—when their sufferings are alleviated through the system of graft and extortion.

"Dope fiends" released from the federal prison promptly return to the habit when they make their exit—with but very rare exception. In addition to returning to their affliction and infirmity they come out with punishment and humiliation on their brow, the mark of a criminal, beyond the pale of redemption.

Inmates who have not previously used the drugs acquire the habit within the prison walls. In their humiliation and in the monotony of their confinement they are readily susceptible to the wiles of the ring.

While I was in prison I took more than the ordinary interest in the lives of the men. They came to me with their woes and their confidences. Prisoners themselves told me of the invisible octopus that carried on its trade among the unfortunates locked within the gray walls.

Prison officials, who need not be named here, admitted that dope was smuggled into the penitentiary. They told me it was impossible to keep it out. Of course inmates were known to be getting the "stuff." Could they possibly secure it without the connivance and the operations of the ring of petty grafting officers? Certainly not.

A petty official in a prison can easily make more than his salary by smuggling narcotics to the victims within the iron gates and as such petty officers of the law are frequently appointed because of their ward-healing activities it is not beyond many of them to engage in the traffic.

**I** NEVER had the positive proof which would serve as admissible testimony in a court of law. The prison ring operating in dope is powerful and absolute. Prisoners themselves who know of the traffic are afraid to talk about it for fear of being relieved of their clerical work on easy labors and placed in solitary confinement or at hard labor.

One bright boy in the Atlanta prison, who came to my notice while I was a fellow inmate, illustrates fairly the abject state of mind of addicts who are labeled "convicts." He had been a prosperous young fellow and the future was bright for him. He fell a victim to dope, and was sent to the federal penitentiary.

"I fell for the dope," he told me, "and for that they made me a criminal giving me a 'pen' record. What's the use of my trying to go straight now?"

This was the boy's third prison sentence for using dope. I tried to convince him that he still had a chance to go straight.

It is a denial of civilization to brand men as criminals for being afflicted with disease and to commit them to a penal institution where for a money consideration they may continue to debauch themselves.

When officers of the law, both in and out of prison, continue to connive at the violation of the laws created to stamp out this nightmare—and act as agents for the combinations which promote the use of dope for money—how are we going to enforce the anti-narcotic laws? What are we coming to?

Publicity, pitiless publicity, is the most effective weapon.

The first move toward "connecting" with the new prison inmate is to ascertain if he has money or access to funds through friends or relatives. Perhaps he may have funds deposited with the Warden. The "scout" of the ring secures this knowledge—and a bargain is soon entered into. The prison guard or petty official is too shrewd to show his own hand. He has an intermediary—usually a prisoner—who [Continued on page 125]



**C. F. Britten Austin's Story of a Man's Sacrifice—Continued from page 51**

## The One Beloved

care what you say. Go as far as you like with your letter writing."

Henry had some difficulty in keeping the tremor out of his voice when, next morning, he asked the question he had resolved upon in those silent hours where the fantastic seems possible.

"Did you mean what you said last night, Denis? You know——"

"Sure!" said Denis, carelessly. "You can kid her all you like—so long as you're careful. I don't want an action for breach!"

**T**HEN began a new era for the unattractive, snub-featured Henry Coggin. All that day the periphery of him praised assortments of ties and socks to customers who were like ghosts. His real inner self brooded over every word of a letter that he knew by heart until his original hungry wish that such a letter had been addressed to him was in the illusion that it was.

A day or two later Denis Trevor tossed him an opened envelope with the postmark of a country town. It was the reply, an ebullition of surprised delight, of intimate revelation of a candid nature thrilling to the wonderment of first love. Denis's letter, it seemed, had made her feel ashamed of her own inadequacy of original appreciation.

"I don't know what you said to her, old bean," said Denis, uncomfortably suspicious of complications. "But steady on. A joke's a joke, you know."

Week by week, from one month into the next, the correspondence continued. Sometimes Denis opened the letters, to assure himself that the joke had not reached danger-point.

Under the pseudonym of Denis Trevor it was he, Henry Coggin, the despised and rejected, to whom this girl opened the treasures of her heart. Vera Annesley, writing from the solitude of her life with an invalid aunt in a small country-town, poured out her soul with a simplicity of hitherto restrained passion that was touching in its artlessness.

**T**HERE WAS obviously an end to this idyll. It came with startling suddenness one morning when Denis Trevor and he were left the last two at the long breakfast-table. Denis tossed him across an unopened letter with the remark that he had forgotten it. Henry flushed red, tore it open, glanced at it, uttered a sharp exclamation, and thrust it into his pocket.

"What's up?" queried Denis. "Let's have a look."

"It's nothing," answered Henry.

"Nonsense!" said Denis, suddenly alarmed at possible complications which involved him. "I want to see what you've been using my name for."

That letter announced a revolution. Vera Annesley was coming up that day to stay with some relatives in London, whose address she gave. Her aunt had died suddenly and had left her ten thousand pounds—and she could marry her Fairy Prince!

"You hand over that letter—or I report to the manager that you've stolen a letter addressed to me!" Denis said.

Henry Coggin stared at him. Despair in his soul, he surrendered, plucking the letter from his pocket.

Denis Trevor glanced through it rapidly.

"Oho!" he said, dramatically, and then turned to Henry Coggin. "You can cut yourself right out of this little romance, my friend," he said with significance.

The end of the world had come for Henry Coggin.

"What—what are you going to do?" he stammered.

"What do you think?" answered the other derisively. "Marry her, of course—marry her and start my business!"

**T**HAT night Denis Trevor returned to his cubicle at the last possible moment before the outer door was locked. There was a satisfied smile on his handsome face.

Henry Coggin looked at him miserably.

"You've seen her?" he asked.

"Rather!" replied the other. "She's not so bad after all—if she weren't so damned shy." There was a pause while he divested himself of his coat and collar. Then he turned to his roommate, triumph in his voice. "Henry, my lad, at the end of this month, I hand in my notice. And within ten years I'll have the biggest business in the West End!"

"Denis!—Denis!" he pleaded abjectly. "Let me see her—just once!"

"Well," he said, "as it happens, you can. She wants me to meet her tomorrow night. You can come with me and I'll leave her with you. I have an appointment I made before I knew anything about this."

That next day Henry was so exceptionally stupid that his immediate boss asked him if he were ill. The hours were eternities. The world seemed to have stopped, paralyzed under the menace of a catastrophe. Six-thirty came at last, and with it freedom.

"Hurry up, Henry!" Denis called. "She'll be waiting for us at the corner."

Henry hastened but with a throbbing heart that nearly choked him.

Ten minutes later the pair of them hurried down the dingy street to where the great red motor-buses rolled past in never-ending procession along Oxford Street. At the corner was a girl in black.

Denis greeted her with an elegant ease that was the despair of his companion. She turned a face upon him that was suddenly radiant and as suddenly shy. He indicated his comrade.

"Vera, I want to introduce Mr. Coggin. Henry, this is my fiancée."

To Henry it was as though a sword went through him. He extended a lifeless hand, felt himself grinning sheepishly like a fool, murmured something inaudible.

Denis was glibly explaining his embarrassment to her over the appointment he had forgotten the previous day.

"Do you mind?" he asked her.

She made a brave effort to conceal her disappointment.

"Not at all," she said. "I know it must be very important if you say so."

A moment later Denis had bowed with a graceful uplift of his hat and Henry found himself alone with her.

He felt the sweat pearl on his forehead as they walked in silence side by side.

**H**ENRY, nerving himself to clumsy politeness, suggested that they should sit down. They searched for a seat in the park unoccupied by lovers and at last found it.

Then Henry began to speak of Denis.

It was a topic on which her tongue was loosened. With a face that was softly radiant, she praised her lover, lauded that fidelity to his pledged word which took him from her that night.

"You—you are very fond of him?"

She turned large sincere eyes upon him, and smiled.

"Do you believe in love at first sight, Mr. Coggin?" she asked.

"Was it that?" He was conscious of a horrible vague pain somewhere.

"No," she replied, more to herself than to him, looking straight out across the park, "that was just infatuation. It was not until afterwards——"

"Afterwards?" He had to force his voice. His heart thumped in him.

"Those are secrets," she said, and smiled. "Even Denis does not know——"

"Know what?"

"That I only began to really and truly love him when we wrote to each other—when I learned to know the real Denis."

"The man who wrote those letters—seemed different?" he stammered.

"Yes——" she checked herself. "But of course I *knew*. I knew that the real Denis was there all the time."

The sky had closed up its magnificence. The park veiled its distances in crepuscular grays jeweled with long rows of far-off street-lamps. She rose from the seat.

"I ought not to have talked so much," she said. "I don't know what made me. Will you put me in my bus, Mr. Coggin?"

He protested that he would see her home, but she was inexorable. As far as the bus she permitted his company, but no farther.

**M**ORE than a week passed. Denis had gone-out, Henry could imagine in whose company. Henry sat in the recreation-room of that dull Georgian house, whiling away the tedium of an evening in which he could create no interest for himself. Across the room half-a-dozen of his fellow-employees were chattering and laughing together. A chance-heard word from the group made him look up. What was that? They turned round upon him. Hadn't he heard? Denis Trevor had got hold of a rich girl. He was going to marry her and start in business for himself—and Kitty Fisher was going with him. She was "the limit," Kitty! She had already handed in her notice. Henry gasped. Denis and Kitty—he had no illusions as to their past and probable future relations—were conspiring to make a fool of that



girl who was his scarcely-human ideal. When they had built up their business with her money—

He found himself in the street, his brain on fire. This must be stopped—stopped at all costs. How? Tell her the whole story? He was only too conscious of the futility of such an attempt. Denis had had long enough to exercise his fascination. She would not believe him—would think him mad. He explored every possibility, found them hopeless. Denis's handsome, confidently-smiling face was at the end of each. Denis! There was only one way. He must (his heart almost stopped) he must kill Denis! Instinctively, he fingered the large jack-knife, a souvenir of the war, in his pocket.

THEN, SUDDENLY, he saw them coming, arm in arm under a distant street-lamp. The thoroughfare was deserted. Sweat broke out all over him. He felt himself shaking. He approached them. They were close. Now! He went up to Denis.

"I want a word with you, Denis!"

"What's the matter?" Denis stopped. The girl drifted on a few yards.

"Blackguard!" Henry Coggin felt himself leap as though propelled by a spring within him, felt the crash of his right hand in automatic violent contact with Denis's chest, saw Denis crumple under him and sink, with a hideous gurgle, to the pavement. He found himself with the open knife still in his hand, bewildered by the suddenness of it.

And then the girl sprang at him.

"Murderer!" she cried. "Police! Police! Help!" She held him in a grip he would not have believed possible.

"All right," he said, trembling. "I'll wait for them. Don't worry."

It was only in the barely furnished office of the police station that he came fully to himself. The inspector, at his high desk, noted down, businesslike, the details reported to him by the two burly constables. The girl sat on a bench by a deal table, her face on her arm, sobbing.

She looked up with a tear-stained face.

"Why—why did you do it?" she asked.

He seized the privilege he had earned.

"Because I loved you," he said simply.

"Loved me!" she mocked him. "I hate you! You have killed the one man in the world that I could love—" she gulped, "there was only one Denis—"

"Good job," growled Henry sullenly.

"Silence!" commanded the inspector.

"But you haven't killed him!" Her voice was tremulous with emotion, her breast panting, her eyes blazing with a triumph snatched even yet. "I have him still—for all my life—all the best of him that he wrote to me—the real man that I loved—nothing can take that away from me—he'll live with me still," she choked, "—I can still read him—every day—" her head went down again into her hands, "—my one beloved!"

THE TELEPHONE bell rang. A policeman took up the receiver, listened. He turned to the inspector.

"It's the hospital. The man Denis Trevor isn't dead. Won't die, they say."

The girl jumped up.

"He's alive? Oh, can I go to him?—can I go to him?" She could scarcely get the words out in her eagerness.

It was the final diabolic irony for Henry.

Denis still alive—free, after all, to betray her for whom he had made this ghastly sacrifice! Free, with himself locked away in prison, unable to watch over her! At all costs, it must be stopped—at all costs. He wetted his lips for speech.

"Wait!" he said. "I wrote those letters—"

She turned on him, with a gasp of bewilderment and unbelief. "You?"

"Every word of them—I wrote them in Denis's name—it was just a low-down joke he played on you."

"A joke?"

He had to go on, surmounting incredible difficulties of utterance.

"At first. Not now—not after you came into that money. That's what he wants you for—your money. That's why I tried to kill him. It was the only way. I knew you'd never believe me. And he just jeered at me when I told him he was a cad."

"You wrote those letters—as a joke?"

"No. I meant every word of them from the first one—he gave me your letter to answer. I—I loved you from the start."

The inspector finished his writing, interrupted them by reading over the charge. "Anything you say will be taken down and used as evidence against you," he finished. "Nothing? Take him away." Two policemen pushed the unresisting Henry Coggin toward the cells. He turned for one farewell look.

The girl sprang after him with a sudden and peculiar cry, but was arrested by the inexorable barrier of the inspector's arm.

"All right, Miss. You can make application to see him tomorrow, with a solicitor, if you want to."

"Tomorrow?" she said. "At what time? How early can I see him?"

## Mr. Ford as a Maker of Millionaires

*Q. Allan L. Benson Tells of Enormous Fortunes Quickly Made—Continued from page 48*

and set the little ivory ball of Judgment going. Ford and Malcomson were both down on the lucky number. The ball, after whirling around a number of times, was about to drop. Ford sat tight.

*Malcomson grabbed his money and jumped out of the window!*

This in a figurative sense, of course.

What actually happened was this: Ford and Malcomson did not get along very well. Though the company was making money, Malcomson lost interest and wanted to sell out. He had invested, in actual cash, \$7,000. For his stock, he demanded what was at that time regarded as a big price—\$175,000. Ford bought the stock at this price, though he had to borrow money and give notes to do it. Thus he became owner of fifty-one percent of the company's stock, and therefore controlled the company.

NOTHING in Ford's career is more remarkable than the manner in which he contrived to market an idea and at the same time keep control of it. The sad tale of the inventor is but too well known. For all practical purposes, Ford was as poor as any of them. He had a little money, but not enough to get into the manufacturing business, even in a small way. He was

forced to take all the partners he could get and himself to become a minority stockholder. When Malcomson sold and Ford bought him out, Malcomson was supposed to be the better business man.

I once said to Ford, after he had told me how easily everything mechanical had come to him when he was a boy working in Detroit machine shops: "Did you ever try to do a thing with machinery for the first time and feel that the process of doing it was nevertheless familiar to you?"

A little smile quickly overran his face.

"Oh, you mean reincarnation," he said.

"You believe in that? I do, too."

Ford's statement as to what I believed was a shot in the dark so far as he was concerned, inasmuch as I had never discussed the matter with him. I tried him with a mild reference to reincarnation in the belief that he knew nothing about it. Those who regard Ford as an ignorant man do not know him. He has not read everything, but he has sensed a great deal.

Ford is a good deal of a mystic. He has a profound faith in "things unseen"—a faith that enables him to envision a universe governed by Law in which are human beings in each of whom is something that cannot die.

Great with fate were those early days when the Ford Motor Company was form-

ing and getting under way. In those days destinies were decided. A single misstep would have wrecked Ford. Henry Ford's fate was measurably fixed the day he decided to buy out Malcomson and gain control of the company. All that has since happened to Ford in the way of money is the logical result of that act. If instead of buying out the heaviest stockholder except himself Ford had sold out, the name of Ford probably would have gone down with that long list of names of men who knew how to invent but did not know how to profit from their own inventions.

BUT THOSE days of destiny were not alone for Ford. Albert Strelow of Detroit put \$5,000 into the Ford Motor Company. Then he went to British Columbia. In a year or so he had found what he believed was a great gold mine. All that was necessary was money with which to develop it. He thought of his stock in the Ford Motor Company and returned to Detroit to see if he could raise any money on it.

Mr. Strelow found that the Ford Motor Company was doing very well indeed. Fate must have laughed at him from behind her fan while he listened. James Couzens offered to buy Strelow's stock for \$25,000—five times what Strelow had



paid for it. It seemed a big price, both to Strelow and to Couzens—but Couzens had faith and Strelow thought only of his gold mine in far-away British Columbia. Strelow took the \$25,000 and went back to his mine.

Mr. Strelow returned to Detroit in 1914. The newspapers were full of news and comment about the Ford Motor Company's profit-sharing plan and its gift of \$10,000,000 to its employees. Strelow went out to the great Highland Park Works of the company of which he once owned one-fifth of the stock. But he went to get a job. In his British Columbia gold mine he had lost every dollar of his money and also his chance of becoming a multi-millionaire. The stock that Strelow once owned would be bringing him in today, if he still owned it, \$4,000,000 a year, and the stock itself could be sold for \$50,000,000.

James Couzens made more money out of the Ford Motor Company than any other man except Henry Ford. Couzens, at the time the company was formed, was thirty-one years of age, and clerk, book-keeper and manager in Alex Y. Malcomson's coal office at \$1,800 a year.

"The first time I ever saw Henry Ford," said Mr. Couzens, "was when I asked Malcomson who was that man with the big mustache, who was looking at some coal in our office. Malcomson said it was Henry Ford, the Edison Company's engineer. We supplied the Edison Company with coal, and Ford used to come over, every little while, to see that he got the kind of coal he wanted."

MR. COUZENS had saved \$400. He tried to borrow \$200 from his sister, but owing to their father's caution, she lent him but \$100. Malcomson had promised Couzens a bonus of \$1,000 if he would bring the year's profits in the coal business to \$100,000, but the profits fell short less than \$10,000 and Malcomson gave Couzens \$500. Mr. Couzens therefore had in cash an even \$1,000. To this he added a note for \$1,500 and bought \$2,500 worth of the Ford Motor Company's stock. When the company made good Mr. Couzens, instead of paying his sister the \$100 that he had borrowed from her, gave her one share of the company's stock. It was this share of stock from which she drew in dividends \$95,000, and from its sale \$260,000; a total of \$355,000. Couzens's actual cash investment in the company from which he drew \$39,500,000 was therefore \$900.

Dodge Brothers had a little machine shop and a small working capital. Ford needed somebody to make his engines. He made arrangements with the Dodges to take \$10,000 worth of stock and pay for it in work. Though the Dodge Brothers did not then know it, the making of this arrangement settled certain things for the Dodge families for a long time to come. They were no longer to be poor mechanics. They were to be multi-millionaires. They were ultimately to found a great industry to manufacture a car of their own. The Dodge Brothers drew from the Ford Motor Company in dividends \$9,871,500, and from the sale of stock \$25,000,000, a total of \$34,871,500.

John S. Gray, president of the German-American Savings Bank of Detroit, was Malcomson's banker, a warm friend of

Malcomson, and a good business man. Being both a banker and a good business man, he was cold to Malcomson's urging to invest in the stock of the Ford Motor Company. Paint the picture of riches as Malcomson would, Gray could not see it. Malcomson finally guaranteed Gray against loss if he would invest \$10,500 with Ford. Upon these terms Gray made the investment and became the first president of the Ford Motor Company.

Mr. Gray was old when he made the investment. He lived to realize that he had been coaxed into a gold mine, but died without knowing the actual richness of

## J E W S

### IN OUR COLLEGES

*Just why have our schools found it necessary to limit the number of Jews?*

### Hearst's International

has commissioned

### Arthur Gleason

to make a thorough investigation and report his findings.

*His first article will be*

### The Case for Restriction

*in the MARCH issue*

the mine. His estate afterwards sold his stock to Henry Ford for \$26,250,000, after having drawn dividends of \$10,355,075, a total of \$36,605,075.

Horace Rackham and John Anderson were Malcomson's lawyers, and when the articles of incorporation of the Ford Motor Company were to be drawn up, Malcomson shunted the business to them, with the suggestion that they "get in" on this good thing. The story is often told that Rackham and Anderson received stock in return for drawing up the incorporation papers, an added embellishment being that Ford was too poor to pay cash. This is not true. Each of them decided to take \$2,500 in stock. After listening to Malcomson some more, each of them decided to double this amount. Rackham lived two doors from Ford on Bagley Avenue and had heard the Ford engine sputtering at all hours of the night. He did not, however, know Ford, though he lived so near to him. Rackham was a lawyer. Ford was an engineer. Lawyers and engineers seldom meet except in the court room, and Ford had never been in court.

Mr. Rackham had a little real estate in the outskirts of the city. When he determined to put \$5,000 instead of \$2,500 into the Ford Motor Company, Mr. Rackham talked over with a number of bankers the matter of a loan on the real estate. The bankers warned him of the perils attendant upon the course he was contemplating. The automobile business was extra hazardous. New companies were springing up in Detroit overnight.

This all seems very grotesque now, but it was not grotesque then. It was sound sense. Only the Almighty knew what Henry Ford was capable of doing.

Yet Rackham and Anderson, against the advice of their friends, obeyed some sort of an inward "hunch" and went in with Ford to the extent of \$5,000 worth of stock each. Their investment ultimately yielded each of them \$17,435,750, of which \$4,935,750 was received in dividends and \$12,500,000 from the sale of the stock of each to Henry Ford. What happens in the law business no longer interests them.

This completes the list of the organizers of the Ford Motor Company who made the "big money" out of it—first Ford, then Couzens, the Gray estate, Dodge Brothers, Rackham and Anderson, although Miss Couzens, from her investment of \$100, made as much in proportion as any of them. But there are three others of the original stockholders whose names must be placed in the list of those who, having but to sit still to become multi-millionaires, nevertheless, got out. Malcomson heads this list, and, as we have seen, the name of Albert Strelow is also on it. The other three who missed fortune by an eyelash—who would have been multi-millionaires if paralysis, the sleeping sickness or something else had incapacitated them from moving from the lucky spots they occupied—were C. H. Bennett, at that time with the Daisy Air Rifle Company, of Plymouth, Michigan; C. J. Woodhall, of Detroit, and V. C. Frey, of Detroit. Bennett subscribed for \$5,000 worth of stock, Woodhall, who was Malcomson's bookkeeper, subscribed for \$1,000 worth, and Frey subscribed for \$5,000.

Soon after Malcomson sold his stock to Ford, Bennett, Woodhall and Frey wanted to sell. Ford and Couzens bought the \$10,000 worth of stock held by Bennett and Frey for \$50,000, Ford taking \$6,500 of the stock and Couzens \$3,500. In other words, Bennett and Frey received \$25,000 each. Ford bought Woodhall's stock for \$5,000.

THIS completes the list of original Ford stockholders which, with the amount of stock subscribed for by each, was as follows:

Henry Ford.....	\$25,000
Alex Y. Malcomson.....	25,000
John S. Gray.....	10,500
John F. Dodge.....	5,000
Horace E. Dodge.....	5,000
Horace H. Rackham.....	5,000
Albert Strelow.....	5,000
John W. Anderson.....	5,000
C. H. Bennett.....	5,000
V. C. Frey.....	5,000
James Couzens.....	2,400
C. J. Woodhall.....	1,000
Miss R. V. Couzens.....	100
Total.....	\$99,000

Of this sum only \$28,000 was paid in cash. Ford put in his car for his stock and let Malcomson have \$25,500 worth of stock for guaranteeing \$7,000 worth of



bills. The Dodges paid no cash. Most of the others put up notes, in whole or in part. All these figures were taken from the Ford Motor Company's books.

The company was incorporated on June 16, 1903, with thirteen stockholders.

THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY at last started on its wonderful way; a small manufacturing place was established at Mack Avenue and Bellevue Street, Detroit. As the engines, chassis and bodies were to be made outside, it was necessary to employ only a few men whose work was to assemble the parts. Ford, as vice-president of the company and factory manager, wore a cap, worked with the men and finished no day until far into the night. All the men worked overtime. There were not only cars to make, but no car was ever good enough to suit Ford. There was always something about it that he believed he could improve. That was why there was so much night-work. But the men were as eager to do their best as Ford was that their best be done. Like Ford, they worked to the limit of their endurance.

"One night I saw H. F. coming over from a saloon," said Mr. Couzens, "carrying a glass of whisky. As I knew he did not drink, I asked him what it was for. He said one of the men was sick."

I asked Ford if he remembered the incident. He replied that he did and said that one of the men had the stomachache.

By the middle of August, eight or ten cars had been assembled, but none had been shipped because Ford felt they were not yet as good as he could make them.

"I urged H. F.," said Mr. Couzens, "to get the cars out and get the money for

them, regardless of whether he could improve them. We had but a small working capital and it was getting low. I remember that Ford, C. H. Wills and I took the cars to the railway station, crated them and nailed the doors of the cars. The first cars we ever shipped were sent to Indianapolis, Minneapolis and St. Paul."

On October 1, 1903, the Ford Motor Company paid a dividend of two percent.

"At that time," said Mr. Couzens, "I made the company's first trial balance, using an indelible pencil and a single sheet of paper."

Ford's salary at that time was \$300 a month and Couzens's \$200 a month. "We were out riding one time," said Couzens, "and settled upon these sums."

THE coming of fall unmistakably showed that the company was really under way. Sales for the three-and-a-half month period from July 16th to September 30th, 1903, amounted to \$132,481.72, on which the net profit was \$36,957.64. The Ford car was catching on. Orders were coming in.

Then came those great days of racing which were to send the name of the Ford car around the world. Ford built a powerful racer and to the astonishment of the country beat Alexander Winton, each owner driving his own car. It is interesting to recall now that a Detroit paper, in referring to the forthcoming race, which was to be held at Grosse Pointe, printed the following paragraph:

"One of the most promising contestants for this event is the Detroit chauffeur, Henry Ford. His machine was tried out on the boulevard recently and without great effort covered a half-mile in thirty-eight

seconds. This record compares favorably with the work done by Winton, Murray and Hamilton, although his car is of much less horse-power than theirs."

Now one cannot ride five minutes in the club car of any train within 100 miles of Detroit without hearing somebody speak of Henry Ford, nor can anyone sit five minutes in a Detroit hotel lobby without hearing Ford's name spoken. Yet in the fall of 1903, even the Detroit newspaper men did not know Ford. Though he had begun manufacturing cars in the city of Detroit, the Detroit newspaper men did not know it and therefore did not refer to him as the "vice-president and factory manager of the Ford Motor Company." Instead, he was "merely a Detroit chauffeur."

One has to rub his eyes all the time when he is in Detroit with Ford. In mentioning this fact to him one time, I told him that when I was the editor of a Detroit newspaper twenty years ago, my salary was greater than his and that I had never heard of him. He heard the announcement while maintaining the face of a sphinx—without a sparkle in his eye or the sign of a smile. I never saw Ford betray the slightest indication of elation or pride in connection with the magnitude of what he has done. He would idly tap his teeth with a finger nail, perhaps, and look out the window as if nothing were in his mind—but say never a word.

[To be Continued]

*This is only a part of the alluring story of Henry Ford's rise to fame and riches. Additional details will be given by Mr. Benson in Hearst's International for February.*

## The Lady, the Maid and the Vamp

*Bruno Lessing's Story of the Shifting Fortunes of a Butcher's Boy—Continued from page 105*

ask a policeman if he might possibly know where she lived, Schmule remembered that he did not know her last name. He went from house to house asking:

"Does a young lady named Anna live here?"

There was a young lady named Anna in nearly every house. The minutes flew by, and the hours, and, surely, Chronos must have laughed as he checked them off his calendar. Schmule saw tall Annas and short Annas, slender Annas and fat Annas, good-looking Annas and homely Annas—all sorts and descriptions of Annas, in fact, excepting the one particular Anna whom he was hungering, more and more, to see. All this time, the push-cart rested placidly upon the sidewalk with its cargo of steaks and chops and cutlets.

Then—probably one of Chronos's fellow-gods shuffled the cards or threw the dice—Schmule's luck changed. He asked a little girl coming out of a tenement house if a young lady named Anna lived upstairs.

"Yes," said the girl, "but she works by Mrs. Rosen. Her mother is upstairs on the third floor back."

It was Anna herself who opened the door and her face was drawn. For a moment she stared, incredulously, at her visitor.

"What—what do you want?" she asked.

"Hello, Anna," exclaimed Schmule,

cheerfully. "I—I just thought I'd like to see you."

He was smiling and, for the first time in his life, he felt thoroughly embarrassed. Now, luckily for him, Anna burst into tears and, with her first sob, all his embarrassment vanished.

"My God—Anna!" he cried. "Don't cry!" And he clasped her in his arms.

I'd bet Ganymede a sesterce to a denario or a moidor—whatever they are—that Chronos chuckled as he jotted the incident down upon his calendar.

NO, THERE was no scolding. Isaac Aaron sat with folded arms awaiting his son. After the fifth telephone call, he had duplicated all the orders and had sent out the meat by other hands. He now merely waited to "read Leviticus" backward and forward to his son. But, the moment he beheld him, he could merely stare and gasp. For the firm, determined, buoyant young man who breezed into the butcher shop seemed, suddenly, to have become a stranger to him.

"Awfully sorry, father," said Schmule, smiling amiably. "I guess you had a dickens of a time because I didn't deliver any meat except Mrs. Rosen's. But I couldn't help it. I'm going to get married."

That is the end of it. But no—

Schmule remembered that he had promised to take Senna to dinner that night. He wrote her a letter telling her that he was engaged to be married and that his lady friend had made him promise not to take any other girl out to dinner. The young assistant in the butcher shop to whom he entrusted the delivery of the letter, brought it back to him.

"Mrs. Sorowitz said," he explained, "that the young lady went out early this morning and left word if you came that she was sorry but she couldn't see you."

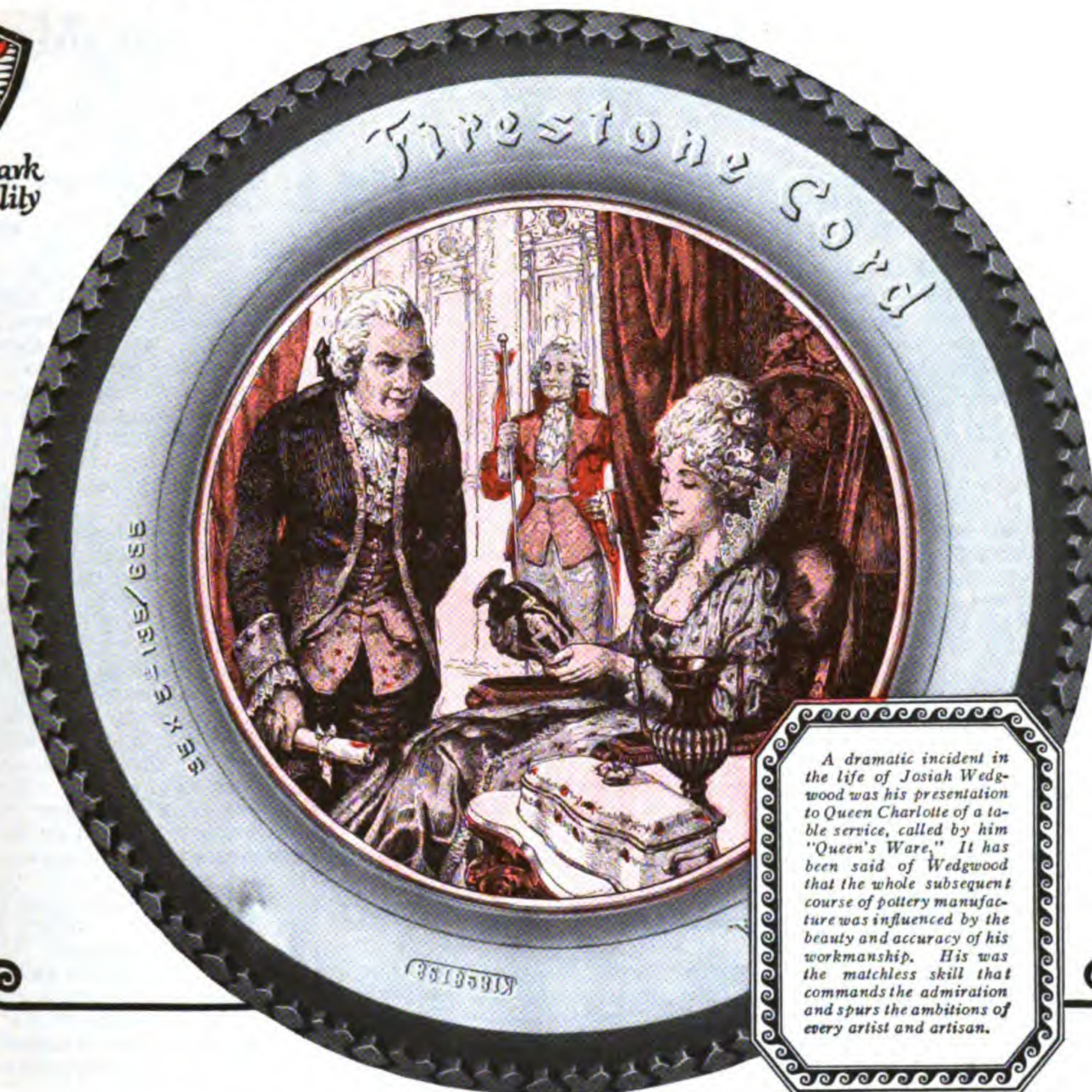
Now that Anna had enlightened him and the consciousness of requited love had admitted a few glimmering rays of intelligence to penetrate his mind, Schmule realized that Senna must have read the news in the Yiddish Star. And he smiled. And I'll bet the Parthenon to a bungalow that Chronos smiled, too.

Which is really the end. With this one exception. The cablegram from a lawyer in Odessa came a week later.

"Shadrach Aaron died intestate," it ran. "Story of Moskowitz will false. As nearest kin please send instructions. Estate about eighty thousand American dollars. Letter follows."

Which is really and truly the end.





A dramatic incident in the life of Josiah Wedgwood was his presentation to Queen Charlotte of a table service, called by him "Queen's Ware." It has been said of Wedgwood that the whole subsequent course of pottery manufacture was influenced by the beauty and accuracy of his workmanship. His was the matchless skill that commands the admiration and spurs the ambitions of every artist and artisan.

## Matchless Skill

**F**ORTUNATE for man's progress is the matchless skill with which a few individuals are endowed. For in these too rare instances are the worthiest standards of art and work established.

Josiah Wedgwood was, beyond dispute, the master potter of the ages. Yet his genius was not content with self-achievement. His splendid works, built at Hanley, England, in 1769, enabled other craftsmen to flourish under his guidance. And the beauty and value of Wedgwood wares were brought to the whole world.

In another time and in another field, the name

Firestone has come to stand for the highest accomplishment—to set a new standard in the important industry of tire building.

It commands respect and has won to enduring fame because it, too, represents matchless skill in the coordinated effort of thousands of expert workers.

Firestone Tires, in the mileage they deliver, have fully demonstrated the superiority of Firestone workmanship and the special manufacturing methods employed. Since first the world came to judge them twenty-two years ago they have consistently fulfilled the highest pledge of tire-worth—

*Most Miles per Dollar*

# Firestone



# What Plants Have Taught Me About Men

**L**uther Burbank *Writes of Miracles He Has Seen—Continued from page 69*

conscious of it as a separate shade. Babies, soon after they are born, can see only black and white, red or yellow coming along a little later.

My color sense is useful in changing the color of flowers. A few years ago, I took the golden California poppy and turned it red. A woman wrote to me, almost in tears, begging me not to tamper with California's famous yellow flower. Now, in a great field of yellow poppies, the ordinary observer would note no difference in color. He would say they were all yellow. But I could see faint suggestions of red in some of these flowers. The seeds from those that showed faint traces of crimson were selected and from them were produced poppies that were more plainly tinged. It was a matter of only a few seasons until the California crimson poppy came into existence.

**I** HAVE BEEN breeding plants sixty years. I was born March 7, 1849, in Lancaster, Massachusetts, and was the thirteenth child in our family. My father was both a farmer and a manufacturer and was considered well-to-do. From my youth I liked flowers and fussed about a good deal in gardens, but when I was about sixteen, went to work in a factory running a wood-turning lathe at three dollars a week. This was less than it cost me to live and I was compelled to consider means by which my income might be increased. I studied my job and saw a way in which the process could be enormously simplified, reducing the cost and increasing the output. I went to my employer and asked him if he would pay me at the same rate for piece-work that he was paying me by the week, and he said he would. I then applied my new methods and so increased the output that I made \$16.50 a day. My employer kept his word and paid the money without a word of complaint.

But I did not want to be a factory worker. I wanted to work among plants and to breed plants. I had worked in a factory only because my father believed my boyish ability to make steam engines and water wheels indicated that I should be a mechanic. Always frail, the dust from the wood-lathe affected my health, and I turned to the study of medicine as a profession that might give me, not only an income, but the knowledge with which to take care of myself. I never practiced medicine, but what I learned about the human body afterwards became of great value to me in handling plants.

After ceasing the study of medicine, I rented a few acres of land and sought to establish myself as a market gardener. It was while I was thus engaged that I evolved what has ever since been known as the Burbank potato.

I sold the Burbank potato to a seedsman in Massachusetts for \$150. I have never been able to figure out how many hundreds of millions of dollars I should be worth today if I had received a royalty of a cent a bushel on all the potatoes

of this kind that have since been raised.

In 1875, when I was twenty-six years old, I had a little bad luck—bad luck in love—and I decided to go to California, in which state I already had two brothers. I informed myself with regard to the various kinds of climate in the state and decided that Santa Rosa was most likely to provide the conditions that I desired in which to conduct experiments in plant breeding. So my few belongings in Massachusetts were sold and with ten Burbank potatoes that had been given me by the seedsman to whom I had sold my new variety of potato, I set out for the Pacific Coast.

But I arrived in California at the wrong time to set up in the nursery business. A big bank failure in San Francisco had brought financial chaos and industrial stagnation to the whole state. The best I could do was to get odd jobs. After a little, I found employment in a nursery at Petaluma, California, but the conditions were so difficult that I almost ruined my health. I had to work on moist ground all day and sleep over a hothouse at night and became so reduced in strength that I was attacked by a fever.

I was eventually able to rent a few acres of land and start in the nursery business in Santa Rosa. The obstacles that I encountered seemed insurmountable. How I lived through them I hardly know to this day. Times were bad, and almost nobody wanted nursery stock. An old account book shows that my total receipts from the nursery, the first year, were less than sixteen dollars, the second year about eighty dollars, the third year about \$350 and the fourth year \$700.

**T**HE FIFTH year, the gross income of the nursery business ran up to more than \$1,100. The careful, conscientious work I had tried to do was beginning to bring results. In short, I was getting a small reputation. I was helped at this time by the fact that a banker from one of the interior towns of California wanted to start in the prune business on a big scale and wished to start in a hurry. In the spring of 1881, he decided to set out 20,000 trees in the fall, and came to me to see if I could provide the trees.

It was an unheard of thing to do. Nobody had ever produced so many prune trees in so short a time. At first I thought it could not be done. Then I thought it could. To make a long story short, he financed the undertaking; I bought the required number of almond seeds, sprouted them; in June grafted prune buds on to the sprouts, and in the fall delivered the prune trees. I do not believe anything like it was ever done before.

In three years my annual income was in excess of \$10,000. The nursery business was at last established. I then decided to drop it. I had not come to California to be a nurseryman. I had come to breed plants. The nursery business interfered with my desire to become a plant breeder. So I sold out as soon as I could

and have ever since devoted my time to experimentation.

Now see how plants can be bent, by careful work, to human will:

Walnuts had thick shells and small meats. I made the meats large and the shells as thin as paper. I even grew some without shells, but had to abandon them because the birds ate the meats.

The cactus was an ugly desert plant, covered with spines as sharp as needles. I not only took off the spines, but left holes where they were. The cactus leaves are excellent fodder for cattle, and the so-called prickly pears that grow on the cactus have been converted into so great a delicacy that two of them are served on a dish in the best New York hotels for a dollar.

**A**NOTHER evidence of the plasticity of plant life: A great demand has arisen for sunflower seed. It is good poultry food and from it is also made an excellent substitute for olive oil. A serious drag on the culture of sunflowers has been that the birds eat a large percentage of the seeds, because the stalks are high and the blossoms are turned toward the sun.

I have remedied this by producing a sunflower on a stalk little more than knee-high, the blossom of which is pointed directly toward the ground. A bird would almost have to lie on its back to eat the seed. Moreover, the seed is white instead of black, and the blossom is at least five times as large as the old sunflower. That means that each flower contains five times as many seeds as the old flower—none of which are eaten by birds.

But with all I have done and am doing the surface has only been scratched. The great discoveries and the great creations are yet to be made. And what a fruitful field it is in which to work. Create a kind of corn that has an extra kernel to the ear and more than 5,000,000 bushels are thereby added to each year's corn crop in the United States alone. Add a grain to each head of wheat and the wheat crop is increased 15,000,000 bushels.

It is entirely possible to create plants so good that each acre of land will produce ten times as much food as it creates today. We are at the beginning, not the end, of plant improvement.

It has been interesting work, but hard. I have worked for more than sixty years an average of ten hours a day. I have learned something about plant life and, I think, something about human life. The strongest conviction I have, after this long association with plants, is that what can be done with plants can be done with human beings—and must be done if our civilization is not to be overwhelmed by the unfit. Plant life I am convinced, is no more plastic than human life.

*Have the American Colleges put up the bars against the Jews? See what Arthur Gleason has to say on this subject in Hearst's International for March.*



# To Make America Safe For Your Eyes

by JAMES WALLEN

**Peter Meyer, the optician who assisted the oculists (physician eye-specialists) to safe-guard Western New York against unscientific eye-treatment, now plans nation-wide activity.**



PETER MEYER



JAMES WALLEN

doctor at once. Don't let anyone but a doctor examine your eyes."

This advice printed in "The Metropolitan" was occasioned by the wave of non-medical methods of eye-examination, which has been sweeping all portions of the country, save one. Western New York is very largely free from the menace of superficial eye-examination. Why Buffalo and vicinity is the bright spot on the map of ophthalmology is an interesting story.

About 1895, a certain class of opticians decided that the art of eye-examination could be developed into the semblance of a profession thru which they could more effectively rival the oculist (physician eye-specialist). Today a confusion exists in the public mind and thousands or intelligent people do not distinguish between the oculist (physician eye-specialist) and the non-medical examiner or optician who prescribes spectacles.

Doctor William Campbell Posey, the eminent surgeon, has stated in a single sentence why the eye should be examined by an oculist (physician eye-specialist). "The eye is part, and a very important part, of the general organism, and participates in greater or lesser measure with many, indeed if not all, of the various disorders and diseases which affect the body." Folk who frown upon the druggist who has the temerity to advise over the counter, often have their eyes examined and their glasses prescribed by a spectacle seller. Consistency in this regard is rarer than radium and twice as precious. Health and happiness are ruthlessly and wantonly sacrificed thru this brand of thoughtlessness.

Over a quarter of a century ago, a young man pos-

sessed of a fine skill as a fitter of glasses came to Buffalo, armed with a slim purse and a glowing testimonial as to his ability, signed by a great Philadelphia oculist. Peter Meyer attached himself, by sheer persuasion, to the Buffalo Optical Company and in time became its proprietor. Then came into his consciousness the fact that the country was drifting away from sound eye treatment into dangerous practices.

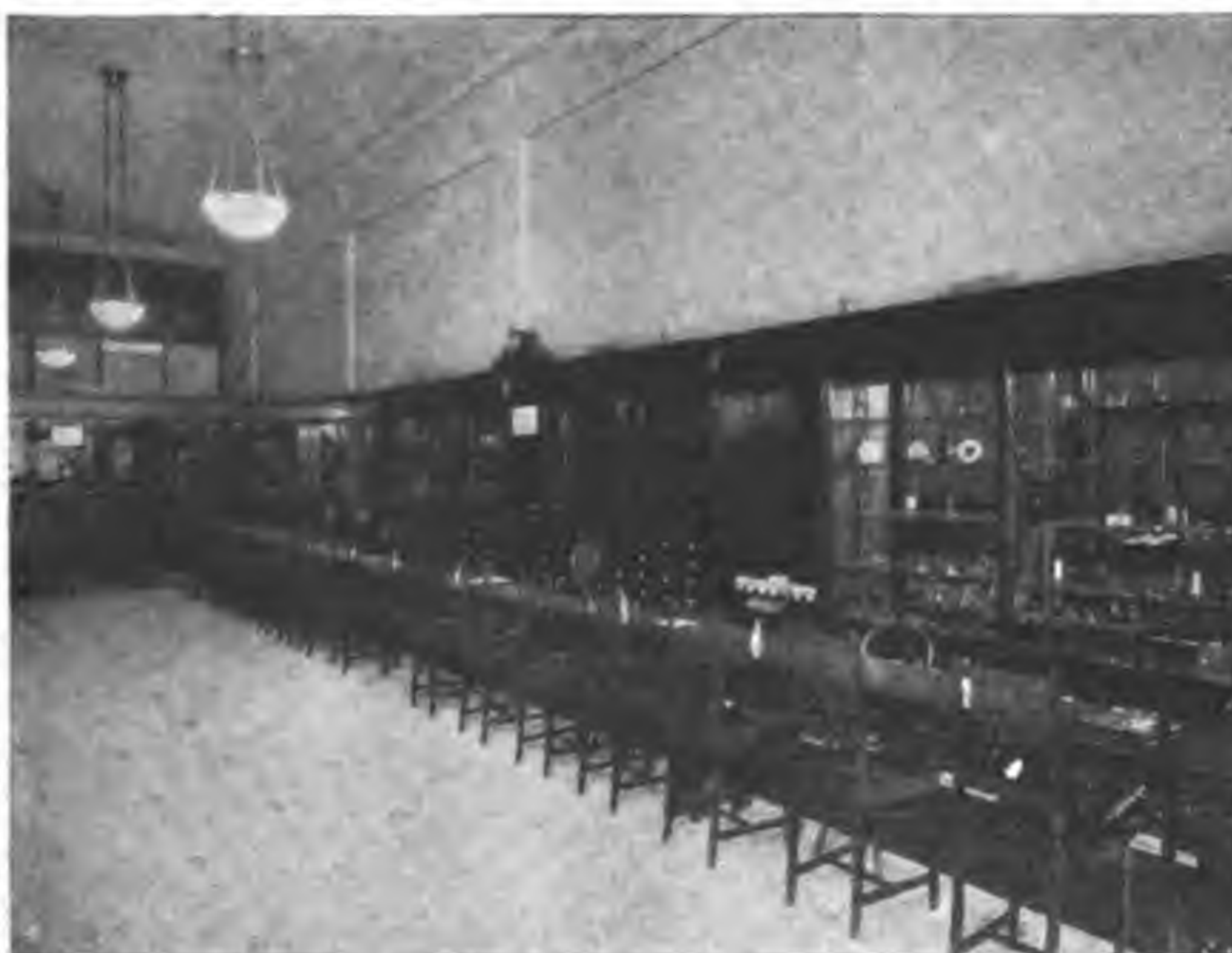
The saviors of every craft are its "Lincoln-hearted men", who determine that the bad shall be smashed and the good saved. Mr. Meyer embarked on a course of education for his public in a long series of advertisements. For Mr. Meyer I have acted as the pen. He is the power behind the pen. These advertisements, covering a period of years, and they continue to pour out of the cornucopia of our experience, have been called notable. I quote here a typical example:

"It requires more than a case of assorted lenses to make an oculist. Peter Meyer.

"Doctor John E. Weeks, one of the most eminent eye specialists in the world, says in the American Magazine, 'Examination of the eye may reveal that glasses are not needed, but that unusual care in other directions is essential to preserve the health of the patient'.

"What logic is there, then, in having your eyes examined by an optician whose ability is in the making of lenses and whose source of income is the selling of glasses?

"We frankly advise you to consult the oculist (physician eye-specialist). We make glasses after the doctor's prescription in cases where he decides glasses are necessary. And we make them right. If you do not know an oculist we will gladly supply a list."



Like a pharmacy of old—a scientific establishment, not a novelty store

This campaign has brought optical service in Western New York to a singularly high degree of perfection. Non-medical examiners are decidedly in the minority. Buffalo is an oculists' city. Citizens of other less fortunate cities journey to Buffalo for eye-treatment. In this regard Buffalo shines as clear and bright as the north star.

Peter Meyer sturdily maintains that inasmuch as it is the sole duty of the optician to make glasses and to fit them, he has the time and energy to develop finer mountings, deliver better workmanship and to devote himself unreservedly to the service of the oculist and his patient. This policy has resulted in a cycle of sympathy including the medical profession, the public and the optician.

Mr. Meyer has been repeatedly urged to establish branches in other centers. This announcement is his reply. He prefers to be of assistance to worthy opticians already established in other communities. He believes that thru the Peter Meyer Optical Advisory and Publicity Service he can more effectively help to make America safe for your eyes. To this end correspondence is invited.



**Clifford Raymond's Story of the Movies and a Sentimental Crook—Continued from page 65**

## Soft Boiled

"Where's Mayme?" he asked of Nick, the proprietor.

"She's fired," said Nick and then regretted it. Common sense told him suddenly that he was not taking the best care of his health.

"What's she fired for?" Hophead asked.

"We can't have shooting around here," he said. "I'd rather she worked somewhere else and you ate somewhere else."

"That's all right with me both ways," said Hophead. "She ain't any business working in such a dump. I was going to get her out."

Nick felt a relaxing in his throat. Hophead went peacefully away. He went to Mayme's lodging house but did not find her in and went away disappointed. He went back about eight o'clock and did not find her.

At ten-thirty a scout from Smalley found him. Monte Roberts was at 1417 Ashland Boulevard. Hophead took a streetcar. He had a strange distaste for his work and a great many subtitles came to his mind.

"The—young—wife—fled—shrieking—into—the—night."

"She—threw—herself—on—his—prostrate—form."

Hophead was getting his own goat and he knew it. When he came to 1417 Ashland Boulevard he prowled cautiously about the house. When he had assured himself that everything was all right on the circumference he crept up to the porch.

**M**ONTE and his girl were in a shaft of light. Hophead drew his gun and edged a little to the right.

He looked at the girl. She was a radiance again, a gleam of the moonlight. Monte bent over her hand and kissed a ring on her finger.

"His sweetie," said Hophead, as if he were reading subtitles. It was all off. He put up his gun and bolted through the concealing shrubbery.

This, he realized, was serious mental disorder. It was knocking down his foundations of life. He had been a hophead and he knew it, but sentiment hadn't interfered much, heretofore, with business.

Hophead wanted to see the girl Mayme and he got off the streetcar and walked over to her street.

The house had a small stoop with stairs. Someone was sitting at the top of the stairs. Hophead stopped and then he risked a call.

"Mayme!"

"Who is it?"

"It's Bill," he said.

"Bill! What are you doing here?"

"Just came around. I was going to walk by."

Hophead in his uncertainty found her presence comforting.

"I went back to the Dirty Dozen," he said, "and then I came out here."

"I was fired, and I haven't found another job."

"Don't matter. Say, Mayme, are you crazy about this town?"

"Not now," she said. "What were those fellows shooting at you for? What had you done to them? You're pretty quick with guns. I don't quite get you, Bill—nor your work."

"Listen, Mayme. I'm all right. I ain't a bad guy at all but this is a bad town."

"What's your job? You haven't told me."

"Well," said Hophead, "I'm an investigator. Look up things. You know. I've been in headquarters for a couple years. You know. There's work there."

"What kind of work, Bill?"

"Well, it all depends. There's work. You know there's the organization and all the work. But what I wanted to ask was whether you was crazy about this town."

"Not much any more," said Mayme.

"I'm not either," said Hophead. "I've been thinking about a farm. What would you think about a farm?"

They sat talking on the stoop.

**I**N THE early morning Hophead was furtive in the criminal court building. The State's Attorney's usher knew him and when he wanted to see the public prosecutor, had intelligence enough to know that Fulton, the prosecutor, might want very much to see Hophead.

As an intelligent usher he immediately saw that Hophead had his chance. Fulton, the State's Attorney, was prepared for anything when Hophead came in. It might be the explanation of any one or two of a half dozen murders. If Hophead was turning informer Fulton was in luck. The prosecutor's rule when he was in doubt was to be disagreeable in manner. That seemed not to commit him.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked.

Hophead was not soft-minded in realism. He knew the prosecutor was on tiptoe.

"I want to squawk," he said.

The prosecutor mellowed.

"Sit down, Hop," he said. "What's on your mind? Come clean and we'll do the right thing by you."

"I guess you won't want to know this officially," said Hophead. "I'm just telling you to put you straight. Grey Smalley has been trying to kill Monte Roberts."

"I knew that. He's been protected every minute."

"I suppose you know that I was the fella to bump him," said Hophead, "so that's why you're listening to me now. I'd hate to have Monte's protection. You're a bum if you say you knew anything about it, but I'm telling you. Monte Roberts has been dead twice and doesn't know it. You don't either but I'm only telling you that. You ain't going to have any trouble about Monte Roberts. What I'm squawking about is the bump of Smalley."

"I didn't know he had been," said the prosecutor, starting forward in his chair.

"He hasn't yet," said Hophead, "but he's going to be and I'm belching so you'll know about it. He's going to be."

"I oughtn't to know this," said the prosecutor, uncertainly.

"You don't," said Hophead. "All you know is that Monte is alive and then you'll know that Smalley isn't. Me, I'm leaving town in a day or two for good."

"Get out of here," said the prosecutor. Hophead hesitated awkwardly.

"Has Monte Roberts got a real sweetie?"

"He's going to be married next week," said the prosecutor.

"You might tell his sweetie," said Hophead, "that I'm going to send her a wedding present."

**T**wo hours later Hophead met Mayme. "If we don't like this town," he said, "why couldn't we beat it today?"

"I haven't got a job," said Mayme.

"I'm throwing mine up. We could go to Crown Point and get married and then, where'd you say you lived, Mayme?"

"Near Fairfield."

"We could get a little farm around there—or somewhere. Can you plow and milk, Mayme? I could feed the chickens and chauffeur the cows."

"Bill, you don't want to leave town."

"I gotta leave town. I'm going to leave town. This strikes me as a good idea. You'll marry me?"

"If you keep on asking me."

"I'm keeping on. It seems great. Her—sweet—face—turned—trustfully—to—his. We'll find movies somewhere. I've got a little money, Mayme. Ain't you going to marry me?"

"Yes, if you ask me again."

"I'm asking you."

"I'm doing it."

"That's settled," said Hophead. "The quicker the better. I've got a little business to attend to. You meet me at the Central Station at seven o'clock tonight. I'll have the tickets. Be all ready to get on the train. I gotta move fast. We'll get married tonight in Crown Point."

**A**T SEVEN o'clock Hophead came in the station, carrying two grips. Mayme was waiting for him.

"I got here all right," he said. "Took a chance with my business but got it done."

"All clear?" Mayme asked.

"All clear and clean. We got ten minutes. I only got a package to mail. Then we do our stuff quick."

He took a small package from his pocket and stepped over toward a mail-box.

"Now we're on our way, honey," he said, and they went through the gate, showing their tickets.

A purple moon for Hophead with a lateen rigged ship in the rippling waves. "Her—azure—eyes—were—on—him."

The next morning State's Attorney Fulton received a package by mail. When it was opened it was found to contain a note and the shell of a .45 cartridge.

"Mr. Fulton," the note read, "give this to Monte Roberts to give to his sweetie as a wedding present. Tell her it's the best present she'll get. I'm on my way."



# Are You the Ten-pin —or the Ball?



WHEN a championship contest is impending, the athlete who trains spasmodically, or who refuses to train at all, is regarded by his team-mates with contempt. His self-indulgence is never a subject for joking—it is nothing short of treachery.

The business world views the matter somewhat differently.

If a man neglects to train for a bigger job, why worry? There are plenty of able and ambitious men who *will*.

Every year, for example, more than 60,000 men enrolled with LaSalle Extension University are throwing themselves heart and soul into the all-engrossing contest for the better positions in business—are earnestly declaring their purpose to win or know the reason why.

In the contest for success they know that they must be either the ten-pin or the ball—and they prefer to be the ball.

The career of C. C. Mollenhauer well illustrates the opportunities that unfold to the man equipped to take advantage of them.

Obligated to leave school at the age of twelve, Mollenhauer started life as a clothes-brusher in a factory, at \$2.50 a week. Today, at thirty-five, he is partner in a large real-estate firm, a director in the great First National Bank of Brooklyn, and a trustee of the Dime Savings Bank in Williamsburg, New York.

"The big event of my life," says Mollenhauer, "was the day I enrolled with the LaSalle Extension University. The Problem Method, developed by LaSalle, is surely the quickest way to the top I know of. It has meant thousands of dollars to me, to say

nothing of the innumerable other benefits I have derived from it. The only regret I have ever had is that I did not enroll sooner."

When a man held down to so unpromising a start is able—by the aid of home-study training—to outclass his competition so decisively, how certain should be the future of the man who starts to train without unusual handicap.

Thousands of LaSalle-trained men unconsciously direct attention to this thought; their letters are replete with evidence, of which such statements as the following are typical:

"At the last stockholders' meeting I was made general auditor, at a salary-increase of 200 per cent since my enrollment. Without LaSalle I should not have been considered for this responsible position."—F. H. Ranney.

"Since enrolling I have increased my income from \$90 to over \$400 a month, and the end is not in sight."—M. C. Kochman.

"LaSalle training has meant a tremendous thing to me in mental development and financial profit."—W. A. Twelkemuir.

"Passed bar examination with second highest honors in a class of 71."—M. A. Caruso.

"LaSalle training has taken me from the \$65-a-month class to a present earning power of over \$7,000 per annum."—R. A. Warner.

To overcome the obstacles that every man must face who hopes to attain executive responsibility requires earnestness of purpose; and beyond a doubt the unusual success of LaSalle-trained men is due, in considerable measure, to the inherent pluck and determination which gave them the urge to make the start.

The *rapidity* of their advancement, however, brings forth a different explanation—to be found, as many assert, in the LaSalle Problem Method.

Under this plan, distinctive with LaSalle Extension University, a member masters business principles by solving actual business problems—under the direction of some of the ablest men in their respective fields in America. The business power that

results from such practical and thoro preparation is a constant menace to the man who will not train.

During three months' time, for example, as many as 1,193 LaSalle members reported definite promotion—over the heads of untrained men. Incidentally, the total salary-increases of these men amounted to \$1,248,526, an average increase per man of 89 per cent.

In the face of such plain handwriting on the wall, how pathetic is the man who fails to see the necessity for specialized business training—or who casts aside his present opportunity, to await a day that never comes.

On the other hand, how great the rewards that accrue to the man who *recognizes* his need—and acts decisively to meet it.

During coming months what will *you* be doing with your spare evening hours? Will you be preparing to hold your own against these thousands of men who are plussing their natural ability and stamina with training—or will you go down like a ten-pin, beaten by some man, not so good as you, perhaps, who has equipped himself to play the game *successfully*?

A booklet which has proved of unusual worth to many thousands is available to you; it will give you full particulars of a definite plan for self-improvement—will show you compelling evidence of what other men in circumstances similar to yours have done to increase their salaries and to step ahead to responsible executive positions. With this booklet LaSalle will send you without obligation your copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," a human-interest recital of how an *average* man won his way to success.

The arena is built—the great game for success in business is in progress—and whether you will or no you must step to the mark and do your best.

Just such a coupon as appears below this text has given many a man his start toward real achievement. Check, sign and mail that coupon NOW—and write it on your heart that *you* are in the fight to *win*.

## LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

### Outstanding Facts About LaSalle

Founded in 1908.  
Financial resources more than \$7,500,000.  
Total LaSalle organization exceeds 1600 people—the largest and strongest business training institution in the world.  
Numbers among its students and graduates nearly 400,000 business and professional men and women, ranging in age from 20 to 70 years.  
Annual enrollment, now about 60,000.  
Average age of members, 30 years.  
LaSalle texts used in more than 400 resident schools, colleges and universities.  
LaSalle-trained men occupying important positions with every large corporation, railroad and business institution in the United States.  
LaSalle Placement Bureau serves student and employer without charge. Scores of big organizations look to LaSalle for men to fill high-grade executive positions.  
Tuition refunded in full on completion of course if student is not satisfied with training received.

### INQUIRY COUPON

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY Dept. 147-R CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below. Also a copy of your booklet, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me.

- |   |   |  |
|---|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management: Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Executive positions.   | <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management Efficiency: For Executives, Managers, Office and Shop Employees and those desiring practical training in industrial management principles and practice.                      | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship and Production Methods: Training in the direction and handling of industrial forces—for Executives, Managers, Superintendents, Contractors, Foremen, Sub-foremen, etc. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Salesmanship: Training for Sales and Advertising Executives, Solicitors, Sales Promotion Managers, Salesmen, Manufacturers' Agents and all those engaged in retail, wholesale or specialty selling. | <input type="checkbox"/> Law: Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.   | <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel and Employment Management: Training for Employers, Employment Managers, Executives, Industrial Engineers.   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accountancy: Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.   | <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic: Training for positions as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, etc.  | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law.   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accounting and Station Management: Training for Railway Auditors, Comptrollers, Accountants, Clerks, Station Agents, Members of Railway and Public Utilities Commissions, etc.                     | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Business Correspondence and Practice: Training for Sales and Collection Correspondents; Sales Promotion Managers; Credit and Office Managers; Correspondence Supervisors, Secretaries, etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping.   |
|   | <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Finance.   | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English.   |
|   |   | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Spanish.   |
|   |   | <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking.   |
|   |   | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.   |

Name..... Present Position.....

Address..... Original from.....



¶ *The World War on Booze—Continued from page 42—Raises the Important Question*

## Is England Going Dry?

note that the Brewery Manual for 1920 gives 14 percent as the average ordinary dividend for the breweries, as against 6½ percent for 1913-14.

But so far I have been talking almost exclusively about England. Scotland is quite another story. In 1912 a Local Option law for Scotland was passed by the British House of Parliament. After an eight-year respite the people of Scotland were given the right to vote on a threefold proposition: (1) A No-Change Resolution, which means that the powers and discretion of the existing licensing courts shall remain unchanged; (2) Limiting Resolution, which means that the number of licenses for the sale of drink shall be reduced by at least one-quarter; (3) No-License Resolution, that no license for sale of drink should be granted except for inns and hotels or restaurants in special cases. In order for either the No-License or the Limiting Resolutions to be carried, at least 55 percent of the recorded votes must be cast for it by not less than 35 percent of the electors on the Register. For the No-Change Resolution only a bare majority of the recorded votes was necessary.

THE VOTE was taken between November 1st, and December 22nd, 1920, with the result that of 1,174,720 votes cast 59.93 percent or 704,022 voted No-Change; 38.43 percent or 451,310 voted No-License. In the city of Glasgow out of a total vote cast of 333,637 there were 142,328 votes cast for No-License—but as a 55 percent majority was required only four wards were carried.

I spent a Saturday night in Glasgow in the course of my investigations for this article. It was a "poor" Saturday night, as two or three policemen whom I talked

with told me almost apologetically. The engineering strike had been going on for six weeks and the working-men had no money. As a consequence Glasgow was fairly sober—I mean I did not count more than a score of real drunks.

With cap pulled low over my eyes and with coat collar turned up I played about the pubs for an hour or more until at nine o'clock the doors were closed and the crowds shoved into the street. Then I started in to find how Glasgow's bootleg establishments worked.

The second man I talked to about buying a drink after hours was a cripple selling cards on a street corner. He promptly registered his willingness to take me to a "place." For some minutes he led me about and around and in and out—and finally I found myself in a back slum and a half minute later in Jennie's kitchen.

Jennie weighed about seventeen stone—which is in the neighborhood of 238 pounds. She is the biggest bootlegger out of captivity on this or any other continent. And the booze she sells is contraband whisky that never saw a government excise officer of any kind or description. It is illegal booze, sold out of an illegal bottle, in an illegal joint, at an illegal hour. Jennie is the Bootlegger Perfect—as well as the biggest bootlegger: she breaks every known booze law.

I must say that it did my soul just a little good to realize that my own poor, mud splattered, over-maligned country was not the only place in the world in the bootleg business. And I will wager that there isn't a town in the British Isles big enough to have a movie house, that I can't buy an illicit drink in within three hours after I land in it.

But how about England—England the home of beer? Is England going dry?

With all the power of its position and tradition is the Trade to be driven out from its strongholds in politics and press and pulpit, and in the open fight for its life? I went to all sorts of people to find out. I went to Philip Snowden, one of England's great labor leaders. I'll let him state his own case for labor and beer.

"BY AND LARGE," he told me, "British labor leaders believe in Temperance. We do not think our working people can win the full share of comfort and fair living that should be theirs while they are heavy drinkers of beer. They will never be able to reach the higher standard of living of the average American as long as they and their industry is foggy with drinking. The probabilities are that a Local Option law will be passed for England within a very few years. While I am quite aware of the impossibility of effective temperance through Local Option in a country as small as England, still it gets people thinking in the right direction. It prepares the ground for what will come later.

"But at least partial prohibition will come to England through what I might call a revelation in an economic crisis. England will some day suddenly see that she must go dry in order to compete successfully with a dry and consequently more efficient America. It is a proven and undeniable fact that a non-drinking workman is one-seventh more efficient than his drinking brother workman. England cannot stand this fifteen percent handicap. Some day within ten or twenty years the full force of this will show itself—a revelation in an economic crisis resulting from the loss of our foreign markets to America. And that day temperance will move forward with unbelievable speed."

¶ *Leroy Scott's Novel of Society, Family and Jealousy—Continued from page 59*

## Cordelia, The Magnificent

about Mitchell. But her questions had to be indeed adroit.

"I saw you in the city today, Mitchell," she began as he set down the tray.

"Yes, Miss Marlowe."

"You do not seem like the average butler, Mitchell. You seem different."

"I once hoped to be something different."

"Then how did it happen that you became a butler?"

"It started in college when I—"

"What college?"

"If you will pardon me, I would rather no say."

"You're trying to hide your identity?"

"Yes, Miss Marlowe."

"Then I suppose Mitchell is not your real name?"

"No, Miss Marlowe."

"I understand. You started to tell me how you became a butler. Won't you please go on?"

"It's really a very commonplace experience, Miss Marlowe. My people were poor and I had to work my way through college. For four years I worked in, then managed, a college eating club. My first two summers I was a waiter in a big resort hotel. That was the best paying work I could get during summers. Then one summer I was chief steward on board a private yacht. The owner liked me, seemed to have confidence in me, and the next summer he put me in charge of his country house as butler. My parents needed financial help just then; I could earn more, at least could save more, as a butler than by doing anything else; so I remained with this gentleman as butler for over a year. I had managed to save more than my parents needed so I started to take a special course in electrical engineering. But before I had finished my course my money gave out and I started to work for a firm of engineers. But when

the war was over, and I was demobilized—"

"Then you were in service?"

"Yes, Miss Marlowe."

"Under the name of Mitchell, or your own?"

"Under neither, Miss Marlowe. I joined in with the Canadians at the beginning of the war. I was afraid my enlisting might cause complications with my own country, so I took another name—just as many other Americans did."

"Go on, please."

"I was among the last to be demobilized. You will recall what a hard time the soldiers, particularly those who were last discharged, had in getting their old jobs back, I could not get mine. I learned that Miss Norworth needed a butler, and she gave me my present place."

An opportunity to go through Mitchell's effects came after breakfast the following morning. Cordelia was in Esther's sitting-



room, and she and Esther and Gladys were playing with François, as was the custom while his governess had her breakfast. There was a knock, and Mitchell stepped into the room.

"Excuse me," he said. "I have come for Master François."

Esther looked up from the paper elephant she was cutting out, and said:

"You need not bother. Jeanne will be here in a few minutes."

"Jeanne wanted to look after Master François's laundry, and I promised her I would take him out for his walk." He turned to the boy. "Would Master François like to come with Mitchell?"

"Yes, Mitchell!" the boy cried, jumping up and running across the room. "Come on, let's run!"

François seized the man's hand and excitedly led Mitchell from the room.

CORDELIA excused herself and, once out of the room, she hurried for the wing containing the servants' quarters. Mitchell's room adjoined the trunk-room; if seen in this part of the house, her explanation would be that she had come for some article she had left in her trunk.

Of course his room was probably locked. Cautiously she tried the door. It was not locked, and breathlessly she slipped in. Her quick glance showed her a room whose formal orderliness matched Mitchell's butler personality.

There were a number of books—not many. To her on her present business they were vaguely suggestive, rather than definitely informative. There were a number of volumes dealing with problems of electrical engineering; and a few novels—"Tom Jones," "Vanity Fair," "Gil Blas," "Don Quixote," "The Egoist."

In the coat Mitchell had worn the day before in town, she found a letter. It was addressed care of General Delivery, New York City, was stamped as received on the previous day, and was upon the stationery of a Cleveland hotel; and address, contents and signature were all typewritten, with many clumsy amateurish erasures and corrections in the body of the letter. The letter read:

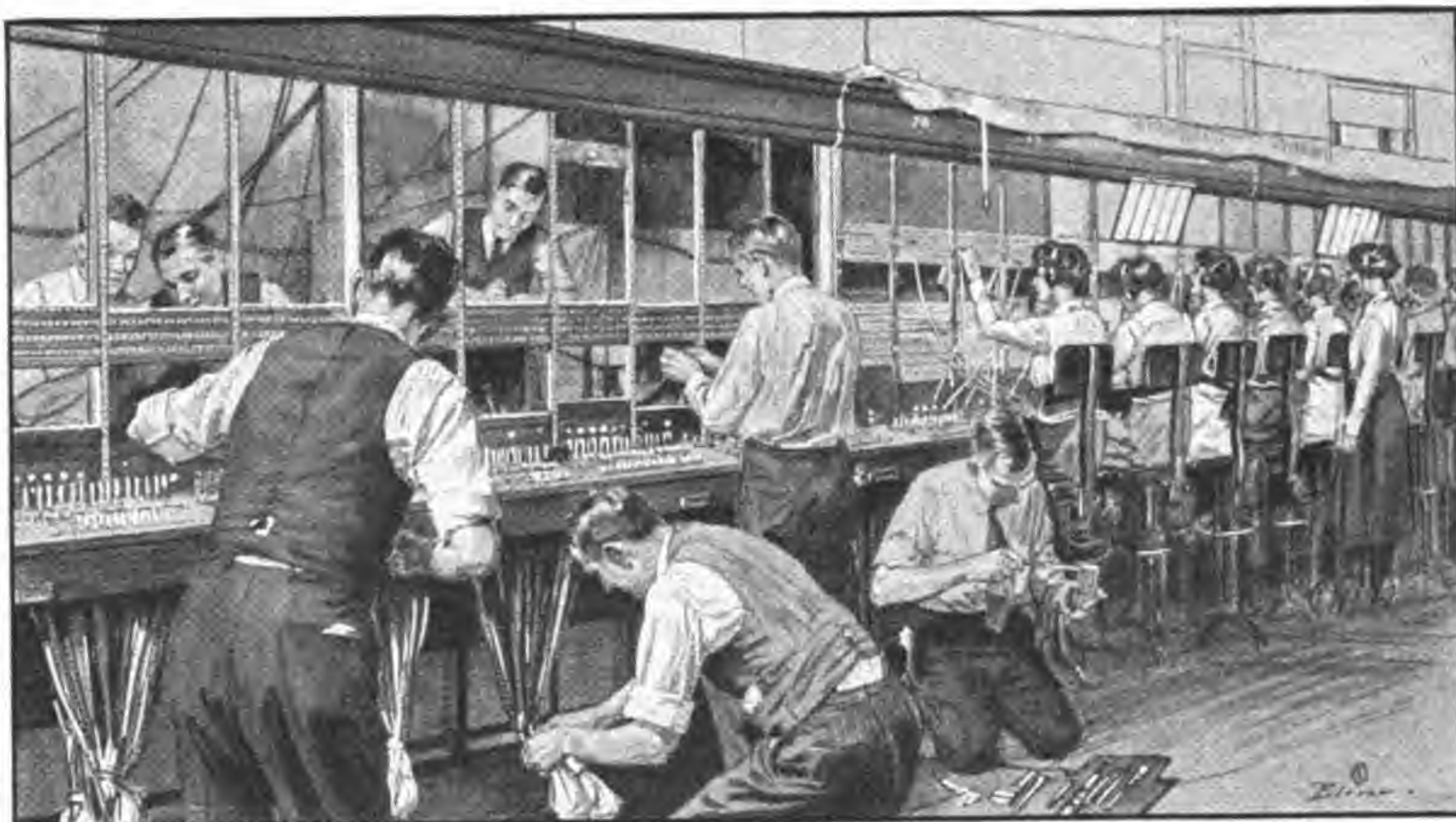
"Dear Buddie:

That last two thousand you sent was a life-saver. A million thanks. Perhaps I have been trying to expand the business a little too rapidly, but the profits will prove this has been the right course. Of course I could have done nothing without the help of your money, and you are going to have half the profits even if you won't take a partnership in the business. I'm still keeping my name out of the firm—still sticking to 'Excelsior'—so that we can use your name if you change your mind and decide to come in.

Of course I don't blame you for not wanting to come out here and buckle down to this routine drudgery, when you are cleaning up so much coin in New York. I wish you would open up and tell me how you are making all that dough. I didn't know that an outsider had a chance against those New York business sharps. Not unless a fellow goes into the bandit or boot-legging business.

You are certainly the best and squarest pal a guy ever had!

But say, boy, for a clever business man you are running a big risk in sending your remittances to me in the form of drafts payable to "Cash" and "Bearer." Any professional mail-looter would give three



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silent cheers to get his hands on one of those. Better be more careful.

I'm beginning to get the hang of this damned vest-pocket typewriter you make me lug around to write my letters to you on. Though I don't yet quite see the idea of your wanting all my letters to you typewritten, and typewritten by my own five-thumbed hands.

May the goddess who adorns the dollar continue to regard you as her favorite child.

Yours till Gabriel toots for final demobilization,

J."

Cordelia returned the letter to the pocket from which she had taken it, and a minute later she was hurrying away in feverish thought. Who was this "J."? Also she asked herself the two questions which "J." implied: why was "J." required to write on a typewriter and why was money sent payable to cash or bearer?

In a few moments Cordelia had the answer, or at least she thought she had; these were obviously measures to prevent names appearing anywhere on paper which might later disconcertingly appear as evidence, and to prevent betrayal by an identifiable hand-writing.

CORDELIA then decided she would get the secret of Gladys from the lips of Gladys.

Just what was that secret? Among all possible secrets, just what was the one that an unmarried, socially proud young woman would most desire to keep hidden?

Cordelia felt no great surprise when, by swift elimination, she reached the answer; for the answer had been lurking unphrased in her mind since she had overheard the voices two nights before in the playhouse. An illegitimate child, of course. François was Gladys's son.

At length she decided that her best procedure was to play upon Gladys's great weakness, her lack of self-control. Aroused to anger, to fear, Gladys might entirely lose herself, and suddenly incited by just the right happening or even just the right phrase, the fundamental facts might come tumbling forth from her unguarded lips.

On Friday the guests began to come, and by Saturday afternoon some score had arrived. There were Jackie and Murray Thorndike, Ailine and Peter Harkness, Jerry Plimpton, Kyle Brandon and a small host who have no place in this history.

On Friday evening before dinner, according to an arrangement Gladys had made in her invitation, up in Gladys's sitting-room there was another of those little reunions of the four old Harcourt chums—Cordelia, Gladys, Jackie and Ailine. Rather promptly Gladys excused herself from the gathering. She had her duties as a hostess, she explained; her real reason was that Jerry Plimpton was waiting down in the library.

The talk of the three friends who remained was almost entirely about themselves. The pretty, eager, gay Ailine, of the tireless and talented feet, was a-gush with Peter's recent successes in Wall Street.

Her tale completed, Ailine left them, giving her reason frankly, with her sparkling smile. There was to be a small informal dance that night; one of the men was an exceptional dancer; and she had promised to meet him before dinner to talk over some dances they might give.

When Ailine was gone, Jackie drew closer to Cordelia and said, "I'm glad to

have you all to myself at last for a minute or two, Cordie, old dear. I want you to do something for me."

"There's nothing in the world I wouldn't do for you, Jackie."

"You've been visiting Gladys long enough. I want you to say good-by to her, and come along home with me and spend the summer."

"I can hardly do that, Jackie. I've promised to stay the summer with Gladys."

"Gladys doesn't need you. And I do need you."

"You need me! Why?"

Jackie slowly knocked the ash from her cigarette, lifted her white shoulders, then looked Cordelia straight in the eyes.

"I rather believe you guess why, Cordie, so there's no reason I shouldn't put it into plain words. Murray and I don't seem to be as popular with each other as we used to be. I'm not seeing a lot of Murray these days, and it's a bit lonely."

"I'm sorry, Jackie. I've just told you why I can't come."

"Well, then, at least promise me this much; come if you find you can come."

"Of course I'll promise that."

On Saturday afternoon Mr. Franklin motored out, as had been planned. He was going on down to Southampton to work a little and play a little golf over Sunday. Cordelia watched him closely when he was introduced to Gladys and a little later, when Mitchell, thinking him a guest, asked about his bags. To neither of these two did Franklin betray by any slightest move or inflection that he had any interest other than that of a chance visitor.

SATURDAY night's dance was a real dance; a dance to please the dancingest and thirstiest dancers. The guests, accustomed to the gaiety, even the abandon of week-end parties, were soon bent upon making this the gayest of the season.

Cordelia tried to hold herself in abeyance. This was Gladys's party, and she wished Gladys to have the pleasure and the credit that are properly the hostess's.

She had a few dances with Kyle Brandon. As before, he talked with enthusiasm of her possibilities as a great motion picture star. Also he told her he was now getting busy on that pageant to be given at his aunt's, Mrs. Phipps-Morse.

But the most persistent, most enduring merry-makers eventually grow weary, even when stimulated by wine more precious than diamonds and rubies. By four o'clock half the guests were in their beds, and the crowd was rapidly dwindling. Not until this hour did Cordelia have her first dance with Jerry Plimpton, which she told him was to be her last for the night.

"Let's have a bit of fresh air before you go up," Jerry remarked when the dance was concluded; and on Cordelia's consenting, he led her out upon the porch and over to a shadowed corner. Neither was conscious that Gladys and Franklin had also stepped forth.

Nor for that matter, did any of the four know that the cautious, colorless and ubiquitous Mitchell was watching every move of them all.

"Now I've got you here and you've got to listen to me, Cordie," Jerry grumbled reprovingly. "Why have you been dodging me the whole evening?"

"Have I been dodging you?" she said.



"In that very answer you try to dodge me again. Till just now you haven't danced with me once. Each time I asked you, you had all the next dances promised. What was the grand idea in treating me just as if I wasn't here?"

"It gave you all the more chance to pay your respects to your hostess."

"Oh, Gladys can go——" He checked himself. "You are not going to get away with a thing like this without paying for it. And a big penalty."

"What, for instance?"

"I'll let you pay in instalments. The first instalment is, I'm going to kiss you." He slipped his arms about her and kissed her. This was far from the first time Cordelia had been kissed, and she neither felt surprise nor did she pretend resistance.

Franklin and Gladys had seen, in shadowy silhouette, the embrace and kiss; but had not heard the whispered words and so did not know the rather tepid quality of the dalliance.

"I presume those two are engaged," he murmured softly.

"Excuse me," Gladys choked out, and was gone.

CORDELIA had been in her room no more than a moment, and before starting to undress was before her long mirror for a final appraisal of how she had looked during the evening, when her door was violently opened, as violently closed, and there stood Gladys, her white bosom heaving spasmodically, her green eyes blazing.

"Gladys! What on earth is the matter with you?" Cordelia exclaimed.

Gladys came toward her, body tensely bent, fingers crooked like talons. "You liar, you!" she shrieked gaspingly. "You—you dirty liar!"

Cordelia stiffened, and a dangerous look came into her own eyes. "What's this about?" she demanded sharply.

"Oh, you liar!" screamed Gladys.

"Are you crazy? Do you want all your guests to hear you? If you've got anything to say, at least lower your voice."

"Let them hear me! I'd like nothing better than to have them know the truth about you! The sort you are!"

"Out with it quick!" ordered Cordelia angrily. "What are you trying to say?"

"As if you didn't know! I saw you kissing him! Kissing Jerry Plimpton!"

"So that's it? What's that to you?"

"What's it to me? Why—why—kissing him after you told me he was nothing to you—after you had promised not to interfere between him and me! Why—why—Oh, I could kill you!"

"Why shouldn't I kiss Jerry? Jerry seemed to like it. And what makes you so angry? Because Jerry didn't prefer to kiss you?"

"Get out of my house! You hear me! Get out of my house!"

She was utterly gone, utterly lost. Cordelia's moment was come, and swiftly she struck.

"You think Jerry Plimpton will marry you after you have told him *François* is your child?—your illegitimate child?"

The devastating Gladys swayed back. Her flaming rage was gone as a candle that is suddenly blown out. Her tense figure loosed as though it were about to collapse.

"How—how did you—find it out?" she finally asked, in a choked whisper.

"I was told."

"But—but they all promised they would never tell!"

The next moment Gladys was abjectly clutching Cordelia, wildly pawing her, pouring out a frantic jumble of words.

"It's all a lie, Cordelia! He is not my child! I swear it! He's Esther's! They've put it on me to shield her! To shield her! Just because by accusing me and threatening me they can make me pay money!"

THERE was a knock at Cordelia's door. Again Gladys was clinging to Cordelia, whispering frantically.

"Don't make a sound! Don't answer!"

"Come in!" Cordelia called.

The door opened and Esther entered. She gave the pair a questioning look.

"I thought I heard Gladys in a temper at you, Cordelia, and I thought I'd better come in and stop her," she said. Then with surprise she noted the attitude of the pair, Gladys imploringly holding to Cordelia. "Why this sudden change? What's it all been about?"

"Don't say a word, Cordelia!" Gladys gasped quickly. "Please! I never will! I never told that before to anybody, and I'll never let it go any further. Not a word, please—for Esther's sake!"

"What is it?" Esther demanded sharply.

Cordelia's reply was drawn from her not alone by Esther's question; she saw in this new development of the situation her opportunity to learn yet more of the truth.

"I had learned that Gladys was the mother of François, and told her so. She just denied it and says you are his mother."

Esther crossed, took Gladys by one shoulder and looked squarely and sternly into the frightened face for a long moment. Gladys's gaze wavered and fell.

"I—I lost my head," Gladys stammered in a whisper. "It's—It's true about me."

Esther loosed her hold upon her step-sister and turned to Cordelia. "How did you learn of this?"

"I told Gladys that someone had told me. That was not true; I was angry when I said it. The fact merely is that I had noted a likeness between Gladys and François, and a possibility had popped into my head."

Again Gladys was eagerly fawning upon Cordelia. "It's not so bad as you think, Cordelia. You know only the worst; it's not fair to me to have you think the worst of me. And since you know the worst, I want you to know all of it. Then you'll see that I'm not really to blame, that luck's been unfair to me all the way through. Listen—I'll tell you the whole story."

But just then soft steps were heard crossing the room. The three women whirled about. Coming toward them was Mitchell. He had entered so noiselessly that they had not guessed his presence.

[To be continued]

Mitchell, the perfect butler, obviously dominates Mr. Scott's mystery novel of society. At present one doesn't know whether he is crook or gentleman and Cordelia, the Magnificent, is as puzzled as anyone. For help on this problem see Hearst's International for February, ready January 20th.



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William Slavens McNutt's *Story of Love, Fair Play and Golf*—Continued from page 75

## Out of the Rough

had he been able to win from his early idol. If Farley played badly, McGregor played worse; and if Farley played well, McGregor played just well enough to lose. Young Farley was his leader, and his leader he could not beat, strive as he might.

It was through Farley that he made his first real money by the way of market information. It was at Farley's advice that he got out of the market for good when he was a heavy winner and invested his money in a sporting goods store in New York, of which Charlie Betts, the former pro at the club, was the head. The venture went big from the beginning.

AT TWENTY-SIX McGregor was moderately wealthy. He had twice reached the finals in the National Open and was regarded as a probable winner of that event, should he ever get the proper breaks. He had resigned as pro of the Shady Nook Club to devote his entire working time to his business. He was a successful, prosperous, honored, easy-mannered man of the world. But he could not beat Jerry Farley on the golf course. In all the years of that association he had never beaten him once. Not once!

When Jerry received the telegram announcing his father's death, he was at lunch in the club-house. He stuffed the telegram in his pocket, excused himself from the table, sought out McGregor and said briefly: "Come on, Brick!"

Brick followed unquestioningly. They got their clubs and caddies, walked to the first tee in silence, and in silence drove off.

As they walked together down the fairway, Jerry said, "Brick, my father's dead."

Brick said nothing, which was precisely what he should have said. They played thirty-six holes in silence. In silence they went to the locker room, bathed and dressed. Silently they shook hands and Jerry Farley hopped into his car and drove away, the recipient of all the comfort that human sympathy could give.

To McGregor Norma was the only irritant in his friendship with Farley. The antagonism that had begun when she was a leggy little girl and he a ragged, tonguetied caddy, had developed with the years.

ONCE, WHEN she was eighteen, she taxed him openly with trying to avoid her.

"You don't like me, do you?" she asked him tauntingly.

"No," answered Brick shortly, stunned into confession.

"You wish I'd let you alone, don't you?"

"Yes," Brick snapped it out.

The girl laughed gaily. "I know you do," she admitted impishly. "That's why I won't."

From then on she teased him with great success: sometimes pleading with him to tell why he disliked her, simulating a sincerity that fooled him into a solemn attempt to explain, and then confounding him with ridicule.

The great revelation came to McGregor suddenly in the early summer of his

twenty-seventh year. He was driving Norma home from a dance at the club-house. Their way led over a high hilltop, from which the Sound could be seen. A large passenger boat, several miles from shore, its sides streaked with lights from the cabin windows and ports, attracted Norma's attention. She gave an exclamation of delight and asked McGregor to stop.

He halted the car by the roadside. Romance was remote from his conscious mind. He never could remember just how it happened, but somehow he found the girl in his arms and suddenly he knew that he had loved her all the while and that further life without her would be empty and drear.

With the ebbing of the first tide of passion, fear entered the girl's mind. "You must see Jerry in the morning," she said tremulously. "Oh my dear, what will Jerry say?"

Jerry Farley's immediate answer, when McGregor haltingly explained the situation the following morning, was characteristic. He rose and said casually: "Come on, Brick, let's play a round."

THEY PLAYED a round in silence, save for casual comment on each other's game, bathed and dressed, left the club-house and got into Jerry's roadster. Jerry drove for several miles in silence. Then abruptly: "I'm afraid I'm a cad, Brick."

McGregor did not answer.

"I don't need to tell you that I'm very fond of you," Jerry went on. "What I'm going to say may hurt, Brick, but we might as well get this thing straight. I not only like you, but I admire you tremendously for the way you have risen from a ragged caddy to the position you are in today. I admire you for that, and yet, frankly, that's exactly my instinctive opposition to your marrying Norma. Sit tight now, old man, I'm going to hurt you some more. I hope there's nothing but silly prejudice in the way I feel about it, but I'm not altogether sure that there isn't something in blood. I can't be altogether sure that there isn't in you something of character inherited, that makes it a tragic mistake for you to marry my sister. One last dirty brutal statement, Brick. Stand for it quietly if you can. I'm only making it because I want the absolute truth between us on this matter. Your people didn't amount to much, Brick. They weren't much good."

He put his hand on McGregor's knee as the latter started uncontrollably.

"Steady, old man," he soothed him.

McGregor gradually subsided, white-lipped and tense.

More rapid miles in silence. Then Farley slowed the car and faced his companion.

"I make you this proposition, Brick," he said sternly. "One round tomorrow morning, eighteen holes, match play. If you beat me, I say yes. If I win—no!"

McGregor flushed. "Is that a way to settle a thing as serious as this?" he de-

manded hotly. "Do you think I'm going to play for—to play for Norma as if she were a bet we had up between us?"

Farley eyed him sternly and steadily. "That's my proposition, Brick," he said. "I'm her brother, you're my friend. I've got to settle this thing my way. You can take it or leave it. But if you don't take it, my answer is, no!"

Another mile in silence, then McGregor spoke. "You're on," he said briefly.

THERE WAS no sleep for McGregor that night. He knew he could not beat Farley on the links; and beneath that understanding was a yet deeper knowledge that the reason he could not beat him was because he knew he could not. Struggle mentally as he might, he could not rid himself of the feeling that Farley was his superior and he knew that as long as he remained under the impulse of that feeling, victory over his friend was impossible.

It was near to dawn when the devil waked in his soul and whispered the solution to his problem. Brick listened to the whisper and there came before his mind's eye, a picture of Farley, years back, a slim sixteen-year-old boy, standing trembling and white-faced on the putting green, stripped of all his skill and power by the cold hand of fear, miserably missing a three-foot putt. Clearly he heard Farley's words of years before:

"That particular combination of words simply knocks me off my pins whenever I hear it. During the match the other day, just as I was getting ready to putt on that third hole, someone in the gallery said, 'I've lost my handkerchief.' I felt as if somebody had pushed me off a high building. For a second I was simply scared out of my wits. . . . I was shaky all afternoon and I wasn't right until I had had a good sleep that night."

So, for a hot few minutes, McGregor knew elation; and then he firmly attacked the hope that flared in him and almost destroyed it. Almost but not quite!

In the morning, when he went to the club-house to dress, he was grimly confident that he had succeeded. With a feeling of elation he deliberately took a fresh handkerchief from the locker and put it in his pocket just before he started out. He reached the door of the locker room and stopped, turned around, retraced his steps, took the handkerchief from his pocket and replaced it in the locker.

FARLEY was at the first tee, idly swinging his driver, poised, seemingly as casual and undisturbed as always. Norma stood near-by, tense and white-faced. Farley greeted McGregor with his easy smile.

"Norma's going around with us," he said casually. "I've explained things to her. She felt as you did about it, but—"

Then began one of the strangest rounds of match play on record. Of the three, only Farley was normally casual in speech and manner. The girl followed the play silent and tense. For the length of two



holes, McGregor strove desperately to emulate Farley's easy poise and failed. From then on he fought it out grimly, silently and hopelessly.

He was hopeless from the first shot as he had always been against Farley. On the turn McGregor was one up, but he took no satisfaction from this. Farley was his master and Farley would get him! So it had always been and so it was!

On the fifteenth Farley squared the match. He won the sixteenth hole and was one up. Then the devil awoke again in McGregor's soul and shouted aloud.

THERE WAS a way to win! He had too greatly magnified a petty point of honor! It was absolutely wrong of Farley to put McGregor to such a test and absolutely wrong of McGregor to pamper his too keen conscience by going down to defeat when there was a way to win. Thus the awakened devil shouted in McGregor's soul and with his arguments the desperate young fellow suddenly agreed.

The definite determination to do the thing that he had definitely determined not to do, shook his nerve. He sliced his drive into the rough and laughed for the first time during the round.

Farley started at the sound of his friend's laugh and before he drove, looked at him a long moment, intently, appraisingly. Then he lashed the ball far and true down the center of the course.

McGregor was lucky with his shot from the rough and both were on the sharply sloping green in three. Farley was about eight feet from the cup, and down-hill from it, while McGregor was ten feet away on the up slope. It was McGregor's first putt. If he could sink the ball in one, he was sure of a half, which would carry the match to the next hole, and during the play of that, he could utter the words that meant victory. Also if he sank it in one, and Farley missed, he would have won fairly and need not speak. If he missed, he could utter the phrase before Farley putted and insure himself from defeat. But the mental hazard that always beat him when he played against Jerry Farley was still in operation. A feeling of nasty sickness ran through him as he hit the ball—hit it off line and much too hard.

The green was dry and lightning fast and the putt was down-hill. The ball overran the cup a full twenty-five feet, rolling slowly, satanically down and down and down the sharp slope of the smooth, dry, close-clipped turf. McGregor steadied himself with supreme effort, followed the ball to the edge of the green and putted again. The ball rolled true to the edge of the cup and plopped firmly in. McGregor was down in five.

But Farley was only eight feet distant from the hole in three. If he sank his putt he could win and McGregor was sickeningly certain that he would succeed.

It was time to speak. Brick McGregor began searching in his pockets as though feeling for his handkerchief. The winning phrase was on the tip of his tongue. As

Farley bent above the ball and laid the head of his putter to the ground, Brick McGregor started to speak. His lips moved, but no sound came.

Suddenly there came to the desperate young fellow the full realization of complete defeat. He could not say the words that would win for him, no matter how savagely the desire within him might clamor for utterance.

The tension in him exploded in a deep, uncontrollable and audible sigh of resignation. Farley, kneeling behind the ball, raised his head and looked at McGregor steadily. The hint of a mocking, triumphant smile flickered on his face.

He rose calmly, laid the head of his putter behind the ball and tapped it sharp and true. McGregor, watching, knew that the little white sphere was rolling straight toward that victorious little click of its drop into the cup, which would be the knell of his dream of happiness.

Roll true it did, but just as it reached the rim of the hole, Jerry Farley lunged forward and slashed it sharply aside with the head of his putter, sending it spinning far off the green. He turned to Brick McGregor, laughing exultantly.

"You win, Brick!" he shouted.

McGregor stood staring, dazed, speechless, not yet understanding.

STILL LAUGHING, Farley walked to his caddy, drew a brassie from the bag, dropped a ball just off the green and looked at McGregor.

"Say it, Brick," he said banteringly.

"Say what?" McGregor asked.

Farley eyed him steadily, quizzically.

"Don't you know?" he asked.

McGregor flushed.

"Yes," he admitted, shortly.

"Say it!" Farley commanded.

McGregor said it slowly, distinctly: "I've lost my handkerchief."

Farley laughed again, drew back his brassie and whaled the ball a blue mile down the course.

"A week after I lost to Hornaday, I had a fellow come out here with me on the course and say that to me over and over and over again until I got that little yellow spot wiped out, Brick," he said.

He took his sister by the arm and placed her hand in McGregor's. The easy smile went from his face, a film of moisture clouded his eyes.

"You had a tough life to begin with, Brick," he said huskily. "But you're safe now. I'm sorry I had to make so sure you were really out of the rough."

Brick McGregor, in that first keen exultant moment of realization that he had triumphed, looked, not at Norma Farley sobbing in his arms, but over her shoulder at Jerry. There was an eager light in his gray eyes.

"Jerry," he said exultantly, "Jerry, damn you, I can beat you!"

Beat him he did the first round they played together after the return from the honeymoon. Beat him easily, masterfully, then and regularly thereafter.



## He never knew why

THEY met at a house party: she a charmingly demure young thing, that luminous blonde type so fascinating to most men; he an attractive, handsome young chap who already had achieved a very unusual start in business.

It looked like a new romance right from the start.

After the week-end they parted. Business took him out of town for several days. He could scarcely wait to get back.

The first thing he did on his return was to phone her from the station. He wanted to call.

She offered some excuse or other. It couldn't be arranged.

Again and again he phoned. Always something interfered.

He was persistent; but to no avail.

And he never knew why.

\* \* \*

Some friend—some intimate friend—might have told him. It would have saved him endless hours of doubt and miserable speculation.

Of course, halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) is *not* a very pretty subject, yet why should it be allowed to stand in the way of some one's happiness?

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In *Hearst's International* for February, *APRIL FLOODS*, a new story by Bernice Brown. A splendidly picturesque piece of fiction touching real life on a farm in the Northwest. The sort of story a young American Thomas Hardy might write.



**H. G. Wells Pictures Life Among the Utopians 2000 Years Beyond Our Civilization—From page 38**

## Men Like Gods

"But Ridley says you touched her."

"Laid me 'and on 'er shoulder, perhaps, in a sort of fatherly way. As she was turning to go—not being sure whether I wasn't going to speak to her, I admit. And there you are! If I'm to get into trouble because I was wantonly 'it——"

Mr. Barnstaple considered. "I shan't make trouble," he said. "But all the same I think we must all be very careful with these Utopians. Their ways are not the same as ours."

"Thank God!" said Ridley. "The sooner I get out of this world back to Old England, the better I shall like it."

But Mr. Barnstaple's roving eye had suddenly discovered Father Amerton approaching very rapidly across a wide space of lawn and making arresting gestures. Mr. Barnstaple saw he must act at once.

"Now here's someone who will certainly be able to help you find your cars, if he cares to do so. He's a most helpful man—Father Amerton. And the sort of views he has about women are the sort of views you have. You are bound to get on together. If you will stop him and put the case to him—plainly and clearly. . . ."

He set off at a brisk pace toward the lake shore.

He could not be far now from the little summer-house that ran out over the water against which the gaily-colored boats were moored.

AS MR. BARNSTAPLE untied the bright white canoe with the big blue eye painted at its prow that he had chosen, Lady Stella appeared on the landing stage. She came out of the pavilion that stood over the water, and something in her quick movement as she emerged suggested to Mr. Barnstaple's mind that she had been hiding there. She glanced about her and spoke very eagerly. "Are you going to paddle out upon the lake, Mr. Barnstaple? May I come?"

She was attired, he noted, in a compromise between the Earthly and the Utopian style. She was wearing what might have been either a very simple custard colored tea robe or a very sophisticated bath wrap; it left her slender, pretty arms bare and free except for a bracelet of amber and gold, and on her bare feet—and they were unusually shapely feet—were sandals. Her head was bare and her dark hair very simply done with a little black and gold fillet round it.

He helped her into the canoe. "We will paddle right out—a good way," she said, with another glance over her shoulder.

Mr. Barnstaple brought the canoe round so that he, too, could look at the shore. From here they could see how perfectly the huge terraces and avalanche walls and gulleys mingled and interwove with the projecting ribs and cliffs of the mountain masses behind. The buildings of the place were distributed over these terraces and over the grassy slopes they contained, singly or in groups and clusters, buildings of purple and blue and white, as light and delicate as the Alpine flowers about them.

For some moments Mr. Barnstaple was held silent by this scene and then he told Lady Stella of the others. "I met Mr. Rupert Catskill and the two chauffeurs," he said, "and I saw Father Amerton and Lord Barralonga and M. Dupont in the distance. I've seen nothing of Mr. Mush or Mr. Burleigh."

"Mr. Cecil won't be about for hours yet. He will lie in bed until ten or eleven. He always takes a good rest in the morning when there is any great mental exertion before him."

The lady hesitated and then asked: "I suppose you haven't seen Miss Grey?"

"No," said Mr. Barnstaple. "I wasn't looking for our people. I was just strolling about—and avoiding somebody."

The lady decided on a confidence.

"I was running away from somebody, too," she said at length.

"Not the preacher?"

"Miss Grey!"

LADY STELLA apparently went off at a tangent. "This is going to be a very difficult world to stay in. These people have very delicate taste. We may easily offend them."

"But they are intelligent enough to understand."

"Do people who understand necessarily forgive? I've always doubted that."

Mr. Barnstaple did not wish the conversation to drift away into generalities, so he paddled and said nothing.

"You see Miss Grey used to play Phryne in a Revue."

"I seem to remember something about it. There was a fuss in the newspapers."

"That perhaps gave her a bias."

Three long sweeps with the paddle.

"But this morning she came to me and told me that she was going to wear complete Utopian costume."

"Meaning?"

"A little rouge and face-powder. It doesn't suit her the least little bit, Mr. Barnstaple. It's a faux pas. It's indecent. But she's running about the gardens—She might meet anyone. It's lucky Mr. Cecil isn't up. If she meets Father Amerton—! But it's best not to think of that. You see, Mr. Barnstaple, these Utopians and their sun-brown bodies and everything, are in the pictures. They don't embarrass me. But Miss Grey——!"

"She will be looked after," said Mr. Barnstaple. "But I think Miss Grey and Lord Barralonga's party generally are going to make trouble for us. I wish they hadn't come through with us."

"Mr. Cecil thinks that, too."

"Naturally we shall all be thrown very much together and judged in a lump."

"Naturally," Lady Stella echoed.

She said no more for a little while. But it was evident that she had more to say. Mr. Barnstaple paddled slowly.

"Mr. Barnstaple," she began presently.

Mr. Barnstaple's paddle became still.

"Mr. Barnstaple!—are you afraid?"

Mr. Barnstaple judged himself. "I have been too full of wonder to be afraid."

Lady Stella decided to confess. "I am afraid," she said. "I wasn't at first. Everything seemed to go so easily and simply. But in the night I woke up—horribly afraid."

"No," considered Mr. Barnstaple. "No. It hasn't taken me like that—yet."

Lady Stella leant forward and spoke confidentially, watching the effect of her words on Mr. Barnstaple. "These Utopians—I thought at first they were just simple, healthy human beings, artistic and innocent. But they are not, Mr. Barnstaple. There is something hard and complicated about them, something that goes beyond us and that we don't understand. And they don't care for us. They look at us with heartless eyes. Lychnis is kind but hardly any of the others are. And I think they find us inconvenient."

Mr. Barnstaple thought it over. "Perhaps they do. I have been so preoccupied with admiration that I have not thought very much how we affected them. But—yes—they seem to be busy about other things and not very attentive to us. Except the ones who have evidently been assigned to watch and study us. And Lord Barralonga's headlong rush through the country must certainly have been inconvenient."

"He killed a man."

"I know."

They remained thoughtfully silent for some moments.

AND THERE are other things," Lady Stella resumed. "They think quite differently from our way of thinking. I believe they despise us already. I noted something. . . . Last evening you were not with us by the lake when Mr. Cecil asked them about their philosophy. He told them things about Hegel and Bergson and Lord Haldane and his own wonderful scepticism. He opened out—unusually. It was very interesting—to me. But I was watching Urthred and Lion and in the midst of it I saw—I am convinced—they were talking to each other in that silent way they have, about something quite different. They were just *shamming* attention. And when Freddy Mush tried to interest them in Neo-Georgian poetry and the effect of the war upon literature, and how he hoped that they had something half as beautiful as the Iliad in Utopia, though he confessed he couldn't believe they had, they didn't even pretend to listen. They did not answer him at all. . . . Our minds don't matter a bit to them."

"In these subjects. They are three thousand years farther on. But we might be interesting as learners."

"Would it have been interesting to have taken a Hottentot about London explaining things to him—after one had got over the first fun of showing off his ignorance? Perhaps it would. But I don't think they want us here very much and I don't think they are going to like us very much, and I don't know what they are likely to do to us if we give too much trouble."



She broke out in a new place. "In the night I was reminded of my sister Lady Kelling's monkeys.

"It's a mania with her. They run about the gardens and come into the house and the poor things are always in trouble. They don't quite know what they may do and what they may not do; they all look frightfully worried and they get slapped and carried to the door and thrown out and all sorts of things like that. They spoil things and make her guests uneasy. You never seem to know what a monkey's going to do. And everybody hates to have them about except my sister. And she keeps on scolding them. 'Come down, Jacko! Put that down, Sadie!'"

MR. BARNSTAPLE laughed. "It isn't going to be quite so bad as that with us, Lady Stella. We are not monkeys."

She laughed, too. "Perhaps it isn't. But all the same—in the night—I felt it might be. We are inferior creatures. One has to admit it. . . ."

She knitted her brows. Her pretty face expressed great intellectual effort. "Do you realize how we are cut off? Perhaps you will think it silly of me, Mr. Barnstaple, but last night before I went to bed I sat down to write my sister a letter and tell her all about things while they were fresh in my mind. And suddenly I realized I might as well write—to Julius Cæsar as to try to write to any of my friends."

Mr. Barnstaple hadn't thought of that particular limitation.

"That's a thing I can't get out of my head, Mr. Barnstaple—no letters, no telegrams, no newspapers, no Bradshaw in Utopia. All the things we care for really—all the people we live for. Cut off! I don't know for how long. But completely

cut off. . . . How long are they likely to keep us here?"

Mr. Barnstaple's face became speculative but not anxious.

"Are you sure they can ever send us back?" the lady asked.

"There seems to be some doubt. But they are astonishingly clever people."

"IT SEEMED so easy coming here—just as if one walked around a corner—but, of course, properly speaking, we are out of space and time. More out of it even than dead people. The North Pole or Central Africa is a whole universe nearer home than we are. . . . It's hard to grasp that."

She stopped short and scanned the shore. Then very deliberately she sniffed.

Mr. Barnstaple became aware of a peculiarly sharp and appetizing smell drifting across the water to him.

"Yes," he said.

"It's breakfast bacon!" cried Lady Stella with a squeak in her voice.

"Exactly as Mr. Burleigh told them," said Mr. Barnstaple, mechanically turning the canoe shoreward.

"Breakfast bacon! That's the most reassuring thing that has happened yet. . . . Perhaps after all, it was silly to feel frightened. And there they are signalling to us!" She waved her arm to the others standing on the shore.

"Greeta in a white robe—as you prophesied—and Mr. Mush in a sort of toga talking to her. . . . Where could he have got that toga?"

A sound of voices calling reached them.

"Com—ing!" cried Lady Stella.

"I hope I haven't been pessimistic," said Lady Stella. "But I felt horrid in the night and terribly afraid."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

*The Earthling party face their new life in Utopia with varied emotions; some of them fear they will never be returned to Earth, while Mr. Barnstaple dreads being sent away from these wonderful people and their wonderful world. See Hearst's International for February, ready January 20th.*

## Can We Kill The Dope Rings?

**E. Eugene V. Debs On Prisons and Drugs—Continued from page 108**

makes the connection for him, secures deposit of funds, and surreptitiously delivers the dope. The prospective prisoner-addict is told to have a certain amount of money sent by friend or relative to a certain designated person living near the prison. In due time the person so named is called upon by the "collector" to whom the money is paid—and the narcotic is later delivered to the new inmate of the penitentiary.

THE FEDERAL prison is surpassed in this iniquitous spreading of the evil only by the county jail.

Here, too, I speak from experience. I have been in five county jails. This institution should be called the incubator of the narcotic traffic. Thousands of drug addicts can trace their ruin to their first incarceration in one of our county jails.

Recently the National Prison Reform association investigated the Cook County jail at Chicago. It issued a report declaring this institution to be a "moral plague spot" where mere boys were, for trivial offenses, thrown in contact with hardened criminals many of whom are habitual users of dope. There these boys receive their initiation into the vices, immoralities and crimes of our modern social life.

What is true of the Cook County jail is true of practically every county jail in the country.

National publicity must sound the alarm. Publicity, far reaching and effective, must be followed by education.

And the public official who betrays his trust and lends himself to the perpetuation of this curse should first of all feel upon him the wrath of the people.

For he is, in some respects, worse than a murderer, and should bear that stigma.

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❧ *Paul H. De Kruif, In Doctors and Drug-Mongers—Continued from page 79—Writes of*

## Albert Abrams, The Wonder of the West

a fair plan, that would show conclusively whether or not his claims were valid. They offered to furnish him with the blood of 200 patients from the University of California and Stanford University clinics. Each one of these samples was to be taken from a patient known to be suffering from one of the diseases that Doctor Abrams says he is able to diagnose by his wonderful method of electronic vibrations. It was proposed that Abrams be given the clinic number of each patient. His representative was to be allowed to be present at the taking of the specimens, so that there would be no chance of fraud on the part of the hospital authorities. The diagnosis made by Abrams was then in each case to be compared with that established by the hospital staff, and the results were to be published side by side in the California State Journal of Medicine.

**DOCTOR ABRAMS REFUSED FLATFOOTEDLY IN ANY WAY TO COÖPERATE IN SUCH AN INVESTIGATION.**

This offer of Doctors Hyman and Reed gave him every chance to prove that his

ideas were sound. Abrams has cleared the medical profession of the charges made against it by refusing the unquestionably fair chance they have given him to prove his claims. He lays himself open to the grave suspicion that he does not dare put his tests to an open trial. This incident should remove all wind from the sails of Alexander Markey, Upton Sinclair, and others, who have been complaining loudly of his martyrdom, abuse, and persecution.

This offer was made in 1917, and doubtless still stands. If then, Abrams comes through this test in triumph, similar proofs of the genuineness of his ability to cure disease can be arranged without trouble. Contrary to the venomous diatribes of Mr. Markey of Pearson's, it is predicted that the medical profession will leap at the chance to help Abrams prove that he is right. Abrams likes to compare his neglect to that accorded Pasteur. But when the medicos doubted and laughed at Pasteur, the latter offered to put his discoveries to the test of public experiment. His offer was accepted, and his triumph, which was complete, placed

him in the ranks of the immortals. It is for Abrams to submit to a similar test and to stand or fall by its result. Every sane person will agree that such an experiment would have far greater value than the praises of literary enthusiasts, who are out of their sphere in attempting to judge of the soundness of scientific things.

As this goes to press, Abrams announces a new discovery, most astounding—and idiotic—of all. From a drop of your blood or a sample of your handwriting, he can tell whether you are a Jew or a Theosophist, a Methodist, or a Catholic! He does this by the same system of "tummy tapping" used to diagnose disease. Do you need anything more to convince you of the hollowness of his claim to diagnose and to cure disease?

*There are many offers now to restore youth by the aid of glands, but Paul H. De Kruif tells just "What Glands Can Do" in his next article on Doctors and Drug-Mongers. See Hearst's International for February.*

## "We Have Taken On The Christ"

❧ *James Oppenheim Deals With a Legend of the Jews—Continued from page 53*

rejected the Christ shall in this way "take on" the fate of the Christ.

Is not Jesus a "wanderer?" The birds of the air, the beasts of the field, have their resting-places; but the Son of Man knows not where to rest his head. He is scorned and rejected of men. He is driven out as a false prophet. The record is one of shame and poverty. In the end he is betrayed and he is hung between two thieves.

SO WITH the Jews. Jesus himself was a Jew, come, as he said, "to fulfil the prophets." In this sense, Christianity was like the blossom of Judaism opened into flower. It was like the Jew transcending the Jew. This race had long called itself the Chosen People and expected to give birth to a Messiah. It was great then with the coming of the Christ. Did this not mean that when it rejected the Christ, it rejected something great in itself?

It would seem so. There was a power in the Jewish race which could not be crushed. For nearly two thousand years this power was assailed, it was flung down, but it arose again with all the splendor of youth. The Wandering Jew, renewed every century, would go on forever. That in him which was Christ remained pure and stainless, a burning integrity, an uprightness which stood against the pogrom and the filth of the Ghetto. It was the same Jewish nature which met death greatly on Golgotha.

But this Christ in the Jew was torn in half by the rejection of the Christ. It is like the Christ-story itself. What are the figures in that story opposed to the Christ?

There were the money-changers in the Temple. Is that not the Jew? There were the Pharisees with their pride of intellect. Is that not the Jew? There was the Magdalene, the prostitute. The Jews know how many have laid their talents down before the powerful. There were the two thieves. The Jews know of those among them who dealt in sharp practice. And finally, there was Judas. Is this not the Jew betraying the Jew?

For the point is this: If Christ is love, then Anti-Christ is power. And this race, deeply religious, in turning against itself, has gone to the other extreme. What is the result? Where it turns toward itself, there is a strange beauty of conduct and character. But a beauty troubled. A beauty that never comes to rest. Greatly it moves toward the Christ, but never finds peace. The last battle cannot be fought; the last wall cannot be broken through. For the Christ is ever outside, ever a little beyond—rejected. So even in the finest Jew there is this darkness, this groping, this anxiety, this conflict. Restlessness is forever a part of the Jewish character.

BUT WHERE the Jew moves against the Christ, we find arrogance and sensuality. A race of extremes. Their spiritual leaders are the most spiritual; their materialists the most materialistic. It is a tense emotional race, swinging also between opposites. There are men who pendulate between an intellect of unusual power and outbursts of almost demonic fury.

There are gross persons who seem to live for the flesh in a whole-souled way. There are characters of unique generosity, wisdom and love. A race of extremes, a race loved and hated; and a race, as I said, which, in rejecting the Christ, has suffered the typical fate of the Christ: namely, to be scorned and rejected, to be scum of the earth, to know not where to lay its head, and finally to be hung up on a Cross and crucified by all the world.

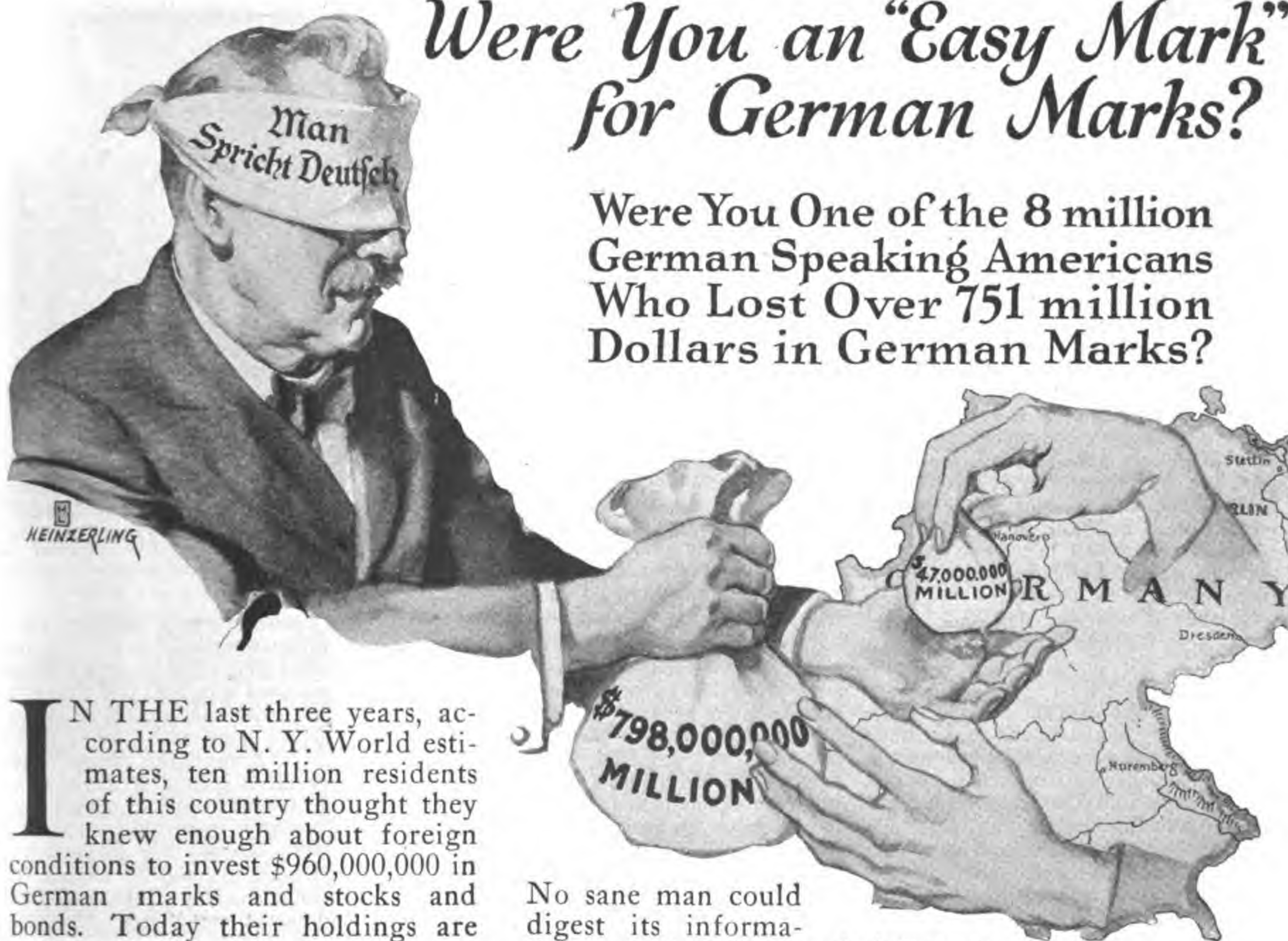
A TERRIBLE, strange fate. Was it wrong-headed? Should the Jews have become Christians? Well, when such a terrific thing happens as that which came to the Jews when they rejected Christianity, I, for one, believe there are profound racial reasons for it. Without a powerful opposition there is never any progress. The Jews have furnished Europe with that opposition which has made the white race dominant. Anti-Christ has helped Christ. Out of the Jews, perhaps because of the impact of persecution and hatred, has come marvelous lights of leadership, wonderful new gains for the western world. The race is justified by its power, its strength, its effect on the other races.

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HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE, 119 West 40th Street, New York



Robert Herrick Concludes His Novel of a Woman's Fight for Freedom—From Page 92

## Her Own Life

ranging far afield to Russia and Germany and France and England. The sorrow and tragedy of peoples seemed like the familiar sorrows and tragedies of human beings—and their mistakes, their many blunders like her own mistakes and blunders. She listened to Slawn's analysis of the controversy over the peace treaties, and as she rose to clear away the table she thought for one fleeting moment how different this meal and this talk were from the drab routine of the Wisconsin Avenue flat and the Wilmette house. It was not merely that Slawn was a very intelligent man—Gordon had been that, too, in the estimate of the world—nor that he was tolerant and objective where Gordon had been partisan and self-centered. No, it was because in the first place he treated her as an equal, and in the second place each respected the other's character and force, proved in the thousand little crises and trials of their daily lives.

ANYHOW, she thought as she swung through her housekeeper's tasks while Slawn smoked his pipe and looked over an article in a magazine, there was something warm and zestful in her life now, not cold and bitter. She hurried with her dishes to get back to her guest and more talk. "Light the fire, don't you want to, John? It's getting cold, and a little blaze will be cheerful. . . . We'll have a talk!"

There had never been any love passages between her and John Slawn. Life had been too desperate a struggle for Lilla all these three years to permit many thoughts of herself. John Slawn had been a familiar figure in her little world, something that could be counted on always, whose presence was comforting and encouraging. Somebody always there, a mile or two away across the low hill, who came in yesterday and would come back tomorrow, who gave and did not ask—like his own strong horses or the sound trees in her orchard, the fertile land—things tried, essential and good—good all through to the core. Tonight the realization of all this came to her more consciously than ever before, because of his reference to selling out his stock and going away. . . .

"John," she said, with a sudden seriousness in her deep voice, standing above him at the fireplace, "you're not really thinking of leaving here, are you?"

"Sometimes I think about it, Lilla," he said, looking up into her face with a smile.

"It would be so—queer—without you," Lilla mused in her direct fashion. "I can't just imagine what it would be like!"

"You don't need to yet a while, Lilla," he laughed.

Lilla moved about the room lighting the lamps and straightening the tables and chairs. When she finally sat down before the fire, the two were silent for a time. Slawn looked over the pleasant low-studded room appreciatively, looked at the window curtains, the tinted strawboard walls and ceiling, which Lilla had put up one winter with her own hands, at the table laden with books and papers.

"Doesn't seem as if it could be the same shack where I left you that afternoon," he observed.

"I hope not!" Lilla exclaimed with a grimace. "What a hole it was—dirt—my! I haven't had time or money to doll it up much, and I never cared a great deal for furnishings. . . . But it's home and kind of nice, and it's mine! That's the main thing—it's all mine!"

"It's yours all right," Slawn agreed with a laugh. "You've made it yours, Lilla, and the whole place, too. . . . I thought that night when I drove off, you'd be getting out before snow came. . . . I don't see yet how you stood it!"

"I had to!" Lilla said grimly, and added slowly, "You'll do 'most anything if you have to! . . . I couldn't go back—it would be like going back to the gallows when you'd been reprieved."

"As bad as that!"

"Yes," said Lilla in a low voice. And she felt impelled to speak as she had never done before of her past life—its great mistakes and penalties. "Mind you, John," she said at the end, "I don't blame Gordon, much. He couldn't help being what he was any more than I could. In a way, it was more my fault than his, for not being more like other women I suppose, and most of all it was my mother's fault for being what she was, and that means it was nobody's fault, at all, I guess!"

Later, she added with a sigh, "Thank God, it's done with. I've dropped all that past me, and now I'm about ready to begin to live—when life is getting done with me!"

"I guess that's pretty often the case. It's more or less mine, at any rate!"

Lilla looked at him questioningly. "I wish you would tell me, John."

AS SLAWN said, his life had been "just ordinary." Educated at an eastern technical school, he had become a mining engineer only to abandon his profession for farming because he was "crazy about animals" and loved the country. With some capital he had made a fair start in the Pennsylvania dairy region, then married at twenty-four a girl of eighteen he had known all his life. "I thought she loved me and would be happy on the farm. . . . Well, she'd been born in a hotel and lived either at boarding-school or in hotels until I married her. She walked about the barn in patent-leather pumps! She didn't want children—she wanted the city and a good time. I was that crazy over her that I finally sold the farm and went back to New York to make money in my profession. We lived the life; it broke her and pretty nearly broke me, and it killed any love between us that might have been. When I was thirty, she left me, with another man—she's dead now."

He paused to refill his pipe.

"Well, I kept asking myself why a healthy, decent-minded youngster like myself, who had no particular harm in him,

got in so wrong with life as I had done.

"Most people live for the wrong things: if they see a drink before them they take it; if there is a pretty woman around, they want her; if somebody tells 'em to make money or be somebody, they go out for the money, and so on until, when they are told to fight, they'll spend their lives trying to kill men just like themselves that they never knew existed six months before!"

"What I am saying, Lilla, isn't very profound—I know that all right. But it was gospel for me. When I learned it, my life began to straighten out. Eight years ago I landed up here with a bunch of horses. I liked the looks of this little valley, it being so high up and somehow wide open to the sky."

"THAT'S WHAT brought me here, too, I guess!" Lilla murmured.

"I'd been trying to make myself believe that I was done with life, just wanted to fill my belly with comfortable sensations. But I hadn't done with life—I hadn't begun! . . . I was riding one day across where my ranch is, and it looked good. It flashed over me I could start right there at the bottom of everything, on the unbroken earth, the way our ancestors had done, and build up, step by step, as the race has built, shucking off the dead things that had bound me. That's what I've been doing ever since!"

"It's pretty much my story too, isn't it? I've been shucking off my dead past."

"And by some miracle, Lilla, we've come out at the same place on the trail at the same time!"

Slawn stood above her with his shoulders resting against the brick breast of the chimney gazing down into the fire. Suddenly he turned and looked questioningly at Lilla, and when he spoke again his voice was gentle and appealing.

"Somehow I knew all along that you'd been traveling the same dead sea route. Lilla, shucking as you went, earning your freedom the same as I had. . . . I felt it from the first!"

"It takes a long time to understand," Lilla murmured at last, "to know yourself and life! to earn your freedom!"

"Most of a lifetime—and then some," the man laughed. "But you and I have found it, at last!"

His voice rang with triumph. Lilla rose and put her hand upon his along the chimney breast.

"Yes," she said confidently. "We've found it, John!"

She looked steadily, fearlessly into the face so close to hers, into the soul of the man that she seemed to have known always. Lilla's face, which had never been soft and pretty, but which life had not made hard, shone with a new beauty of tenderness and courage.

"Lilla! It is not too late!"

"No! It is not too late!" she smiled, as his lips touched hers. . . . Wavering as through a mist, the moonlight shone from between the clouds upon the lake far, far away, and the pain that had



lain like lead in her heart all these years melted and flowed away, never to return.

Lilla woke at the first touch of gray light upon the wall, as had been her habit since she had lived on the ranch. She lay quite still, thinking peacefully of all that had happened, of the day before her.

Later in the morning, they sat over the breakfast table talking.

"I'll get you a fresh cup of coffee," Lilla said. She brought it, went back to the kitchen to tell Tessie something, and when she returned to Slawn she stopped beside him, laying a hand on his arm.

"It seems as though we had done this all our lives, sat here at breakfast for always, doesn't it?" he said looking up into the smiling face.

"Yes!" she whispered, with a clutch at her throat. "Perhaps we have—in our minds! . . . I never seemed to be doing anything so natural before."

"WELL, THERE'LL be many more breakfasts," he said easily. "I must be going soon and let you get to work." He moved slowly about the room.

"I shan't do much today," Lilla laughed. "Perhaps I'll ride over this afternoon and make you quit work."

"Come and inspect your new home!" Slawn suggested.

Lilla paused in her task of clearing away the breakfast things and thought.

"Do you know, John, I may not go over there to live yet—would you mind?"

"Do you want me here instead?"

"I don't know. . . . I'll have to think it out. . . . I can't think—yet!" she laughed.

"It doesn't make much difference which place it is, does it, so long as we are together?"

"We'll always be together," she replied softly. "Only I don't want to give up this ranch—it's mine, as nothing else ever could be, John! Not even yours. . . . I don't want to give it up right off, anyhow until David is grown up."

"We'll see," Slawn said easily, looking for matches. "You don't seem to be much interested in your mail," he observed pointing to the bundle of papers and letters that Lilla had thrown into a chair the evening before.

Lilla picked up the bundle, untied it, and ran hastily through its contents.

"It seems more useless this morning than usual," she commented. "There's a bill from Gilden's, and a nursery catalog and—"

She stopped speaking and began to read a letter rapidly, as she stood. It was long and as she turned to the second page, she glanced back, then read on to the end. For a moment, after she had finished, Lilla stared straight ahead of her still holding the letter in one hand, then she began to laugh, and laughed louder and louder, until she caught herself suddenly with a gasp that sounded like a sob.

Slawn looked at her in surprise. She began to laugh again, more quietly, with a certain bitterness.

"It's from Gordon," she said. "He's on his way out here! He's coming here."

Slawn frowned. "Coming here?"

"Yes!" Lilla nodded. Her lips trembled. "It's the first word I have had from him in over a year. He says, oh, he says a lot of things, as he would. His business

hasn't been going very well. He needs a change and wants to see me and David!"

Slawn sat down heavily, while Lilla paced to and fro.

"I can see just how it is," she said at last. "He's made a fizzle of his career, and wants to come back on me."

"What are you going to do?" Slawn asked slowly.

Lilla looked miserably at the letter and began rereading it to herself. She read—"I've neglected to write you as regularly as I should have done because I have been absorbed in my work and I felt that you were not especially anxious to hear from me. I remember all you wrote me about our marriage being ended, but of course that is nonsense. It isn't so in fact, and it isn't so in my thoughts. I have never loved any other woman but you, Lilla!" Lilla's lips contracted in dismay, and again she went on, "You are David's mother, and I am David's father. What God has joined together, let no man put asunder." "Oh! that!" Lilla groaned, then laughed. "Listen, John!" She read out the solemn words. "He dares write me that! Now, after all that has happened."

"What will you do, Lilla?" Slawn inquired quietly.

"I do not know, John," she said. "But I know one thing: I shall never be his wife again. I'd rather kill myself here and now."

"WILL YOU let him come here?"

Lilla cried quickly—"No!" then she looked at the letter again. "This must have been lying in the mail box several days. It's dated the tenth, from Chicago."

"And today is the twenty-first!"

"He writes that he's leaving Chicago on the fifteenth."

They looked at each other steadily.

"I can't reach him now," Lilla said slowly. "He'll have to come. . . . Perhaps, it is just as well."

"What do you mean?"

Lilla made a vague gesture, while Slawn walked aimlessly about the room.

"I think, Lilla," he said at last, "you had better come with me, now."

Lilla shook her head.

"No, John! . . . I can't do that—run away—and leave everything."

"What good can it do to see him!"

Lilla held up a hand and listened.

"There's someone now—do you hear a motor?"

"Shall I go?"

Lilla shook her head. They waited like that without speaking while a motor came nearer and stopped before the ranch house. There was a little delay, and then they could hear Gordon's thin, controlled voice calling, "Lilla! Lilla!"

Lilla went outside, and Slawn sat down. After a little while, she returned followed by Gordon, who carried a neatly rolled umbrella and a little black bag.

"I telegraphed you," he was saying.

Lilla replied in an even voice:

"Your telegram is probably at the station—I have no telephone. . . . Gordon, this is John Slawn."

The two men shook hands and Gordon began talking immediately.

"Well, it's a long way up here, Lilla! How's David? Where is he?"

"At school," she told him briefly.

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"He must be a big boy by now. . . . It's a good while since I've seen the boy."

"It's very nearly four years, Gordon," Lilla said coldly.

"Yes, I know, Lilla. . . . I didn't think it would be so long, but one thing and another came up—you see—" He broke off and looked pointedly at Slawn, as if desiring him to leave. Lilla said suddenly:

"You can say what you want, Gordon, before Mr. Slawn. John must know everything."

"What do you mean?"

"John has every right in the world to know what concerns me," she said. "When I heard your motor coming into the place I asked him to stay."

"I don't understand, Lilla!" Gordon replied coldly.

"You'll have to understand."

THERE WAS a silence in the room, which Lilla finally broke.

"You shouldn't have come here, Gordon—without my permission!"

"I can't see that. . . . I didn't desert you," Gordon fumbled.

"Perhaps not technically, but in reality. Anyway, I don't care about that. I came here with David and made a life for us, and you did not in all the four years make any effort to help us."

"You said you didn't want help," Gordon remarked.

"Quite true! . . . But if you had been one of us, would you have let it go like that? . . . No, Gordon, you were willing then to have it so because you were busy and hopeful and occupied with your own affairs. . . . Now, that it is different you think to come back to us. It can't be done. . . . Life doesn't stand still."

Gordon wet his dry lips with the tip of his tongue, opened them a little way as if to speak, then closed them tight, and finally said: "I can't talk over the most intimate and sacred things with my wife before a third person, a stranger."

"He's not a stranger, Gordon."

"One of us will have to leave!"

He looked challengingly at Slawn.

"It'll have to be as she says," Slawn replied. "Shall I go, Lilla?"

"Perhaps you had better, John. . . . Come back later . . . and will you get word to Gilden to send up a motor to meet the afternoon train? Thanks!"

She closed the door after him and turned to face Gordon. "Well," she said, "what do you want to say to me?" She stood uncompromisingly, her back to the door.

"Lilla!" Gordon cried emotionally. "Is this what you have to say to me? All the way out here I thought what it would be to see you again, to be with my family—and now you order a motor to take me back to the station before I have had a meal in your house."

Lilla smiled at the childishness of the appeal. It was not possible to take Gordon too seriously, but he must be made to understand.

"I don't mind your eating here, Gordon, but I thought it would be painful for you to stay after you knew the situation."

"You mean that man?"

Lilla nodded. "He spent last night here."

Gordon winced, and got up.

"I didn't think you would ever do that, Lilla," he said.

"Why not, when I love him, Gordon?"

"But you are married to me still." Lilla shrugged her shoulders.

"And David?"

"He will understand. . . . John has been more of a father these years to David than you ever were or could be."

"He's my son!"

"By accident, yes . . . but you've never taken the trouble to make him yours by love—and that's the only real parenthood."

"He's my child by law, and I do not propose to be separated from him."

"Don't bluster, Gordon. It won't do any good. Nobody wants to separate you from David. You can go straight from here to see him in Spokane, if you like."

"That's not what I mean. . . . I came here to begin a new life with you and David, to start all over again."

"Gordon! Stop! You aren't a bit convincing with all those sentiments, and talk about morality. You want something, and you can't have it. . . . That's all. Now let's consider David."

"I'll never give you a divorce."

Lilla looked long and hard at him, as if a small animal had suddenly bitten her hand.

"You mean?"

"You will never be able to marry again."

"We shall see. . . . Perhaps I shan't want to marry?"

"And that man?"

Lilla smiled. "Don't think, Gordon, that you can kill that—that you can keep us apart. . . . The time comes when a woman has earned her emancipation from your laws. . . . Better not go into that, Gordon—it isn't the way to deal with me."

THEN THE worst came. Gordon broke down miserably and groveled before her. He had made a failure of his life, of everything; he had lost all the money he had saved and had not even his fare to the Coast where he had some expectation of finding a position in the public schools. Did she want him to become a tramp? Lilla sat with her head buried in her hands. This was the hardest moment of all.

"Gordon," she said at last, "here is all the money I have in the house—about a hundred dollars. It will be enough to take you to Portland—you can stop over and see David if you want to—and I'll send you a check for another hundred when I get paid for my crop. If you want more later, I'll send it if I have it to send. I'm glad to do this for you, to help you out. But it is all I can do! The rest, the other things are just impossible—no!" she waved aside his protest. "This time, Gordon, I am going to do all the talking, please. . . . I know all you'd say—you've said it over and over. It's my duty to take you back and all that. In the old days I might have believed it—or been afraid of not seeming to believe it, but I don't any longer. Instead of being right to go back to you, it would be—wicked and cowardly. Even for you, Gordon! Yes, you need what you are getting, just as I needed the struggle up here alone. I'll help you all I can, in any way I can to make it possible for you to live your life—but I will not live life with you or near you. That is the whole truth."

She rose quietly and stood above him,



a little toweringly in her complete womanhood, poised and self-possessed, and Gordon recognized the finality of her decision. He did not even debate it.

"I'll send this back," he said, taking the pile of crumpled bills.

"As you like," Lilla replied evenly. "It's all I've got with me. I'm glad to let you have it."

"What shall I say to David?"

"Whatever you like, but I shall tell him the truth, all of it," she added defiantly, "as I always have. . . ."

The sound of a motor came from outside. Gordon rose sluggishly from his chair.

"Good-by Lilla," he said holding out his hand.

"Good-by Gordon," she said touching his hand.

"I'll write you about things. If there's to be a divorce . . ." he hesitated.

"When you are ready," Lilla observed equably.

"I don't want to make things hard for you, Lilla," he said simply.

"I don't believe you do, Gordon, really," she said heartily. "It'll all work out right, Gordon. Don't worry."

"Lilla—" he paused. "Lilla—" and a second time he caught himself.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I guess you are right, Lilla."

"Thanks."

Lilla stood very still until the motor whirled and started away, then she sank into the chair before the table, put her head in her hands and cried. . . . Ghosts, ghosts, winging their way up from the past, ghosts of hopes and fears and hates, ghosts, each with its own subtle sting. . . . But at last they were laid forever.

[THE END]

A new novel by that great Spaniard who wrote "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." See Hearst's International for February for the opening instalment of Blasco Ibañez's new serial of Paris and South America, "The Temptress."

## Women, Socialism and Love

□ Bernard Shaw Sets His Critics Right—Continued from page 5

said flatly that a child shall not be artificially protected from learning by experience—that if it makes an unbearable nuisance of itself it will get its head clouted by the infuriated victim.

"You say I was a thoroughly unschoolable boy at a thoroughly bad school. But what is an unschoolable boy? I was greedy for knowledge, and interested in everything: that is why I could not read schoolbooks, though I could read almost anything else—even Robertson's histories (did you ever try his Charles V?) for fun. The school was no doubt a bad one; but it was and still is among the best schools in the country.

"Shelley at Eton was a thoroughly unschoolable boy at a thoroughly bad school, but not in the sense you imply. As a matter of fact it is clear from my record that I was probably the most teachable boy in Ireland; and if school taught me nothing except that a school is a prison and not a place of teaching, the explanation is, not that there was anything wrong with the school or with me, but that I was simply right about its real nature."

As to art in school, Mr. Shaw says:

"You cannot 'teach' art. You listen to a Beethoven symphony, not to a pedagogic idiot talking about it. You look at pictures and read books; and if you don't like them you leave them."

I had said that Shaw exhibits an imperfect sense of humor in being able to see only the serious side of evil things at which less Puritanical writers had been able to laugh. He retorts:

"You say that I 'blame' Shakespeare and Dickens for making drunkenness and shrewishness a matter for laughter. I do not blame them; the phenomenon is much more interesting than that. I point out

that, as Keegan puts it, 'every jest is an earnest in the womb of time.' Many of my own most serious speculations have occurred to me first as jokes. You see this evolution in Dickens himself. Mrs. Macstinger in Dombey and Son is a joke. As Mrs. Gargery in Great Expectations she is no joke."

I had pointed to Shaw's nicotiphobia as another instance of his imperfect sense of humor. Shaw writes me:

"All that stuff about smoking is silly, and means simply that you are a smoker. Have you ever taken a country walk to a railway station, and then stepped into a smoking carriage? If you can do so without at least a momentary disgust, you must be lost to all sense of smell. When I returned from the Carpentier-Beckett fight, I had to change every stitch of clothing before I could approach anyone without an apology.

"What is the use of ignoring such experiences, and writing of 'the inoffensive lover of the peaceful pipe'? I am, of course, in practice, tolerant of smoking, because otherwise I should cut myself off from human society. But I do not shut my eyes (or nose) to the fact that it is a noisome and loathsome habit. . . ."

To this I felt it due to Calverley, Fitzgerald, Carlyle, Tennyson, Barrie, Shakespeare, and the rest of the cloudy-visioned brotherhood that I should reply, ". . . After all, doesn't all your writing on the other side mean simply that you are a non-smoker?" which brought the rejoinder:

"Of course I am a non-smoker. But if you were a pickpocket, and I pointed out that pockets should be respected on social grounds, would you reply, 'that proves nothing but that you are an honest man?'"

How did the richest man in Europe acquire his wealth and win his fame? See Charles Merz's article on the mysterious Sir Basil Zaharoff in Hearst's International for February ready January 20th.



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## At the Very Beginning ~ *It Changed the Daily Habits of 26,000 Men*

**I**T IS not an easy matter to perform a piece of work that will please all of a hundred men. The law of averages says it is inevitable that some percentage will have objections or improvements to make. Yet the A.D.S. set out to make one item that must have the unqualified approval of their 26,000 druggist members before it could be offered to you and me and the rest of us that make up the public.

Each druggist was asked to forget that he was in business. He was asked to look at this item from the viewpoint of the user—to try it on himself, and say frankly whether or not he would pay twenty-five (?) cents for it if he were one of his own customers.

It was a shaving cream.

Ninety-nine percent of these men had been shaving themselves for years. On their own shelves they had samples of the most popular soaps in the market.

Like most other men, each of these druggists had formed a daily habit of using one particular brand every morning. Years ago some whim led each one to a soap of some kind, and because he shaved absent-mindedly, as most men do, he used that soap as regularly as he stropped his razor.

And now every individual druggist was asked to interrupt that habit for a day and try a new shaving soap. True, they had more than the usual interest in this brand. Each A.D.S. member had a voice in the formula. Through representatives on the State Formula Committee, they voted on every ingredient, as is the custom with each product made by this American Druggists' Syndicate, which is

owned and operated by its druggist members.

Naturally they wanted this shaving cream to be a success, so each man who shaved himself promised to try this new cream on his own chin. Four days after the first samples were sent out the replies began to come in to the A.D.S. headquarters at Long Island City, N. Y. And they kept on pouring in until the executives had stacks of mail of wearying dimensions.

Then they were opened and read, and the reading was good. As one executive said, "It was an orgy of written appreciation." Each letter was a story of a shave interspersed with genuine, spontaneous enthusiasm for the cream. They told of surprise, of easier shaves, of quicker shaves, and of soothed skins with none of the usual tingle. They made absurd estimates as to how long a tube should last according to the small amount required per shave.

But what pleased the executives most was the enthusiastic manner in which the writers resolved to use the cream regularly. One letter, typical of many, said, "I'd use it now if I had to buy it from——much as I dislike them," and he named an objectionable competitor.

All this happened years ago, but it was the first reliable sign the A.D.S. had that their shaving cream was going to be a nation wide success. Since then they have sold hundreds of thousands of tubes.

In almost every new sale the customer has been influenced by the sincerity of the druggist saying, "I recommend this A.D.S. shaving cream because I use it myself." Considering that he has all the other worthwhile shaving soaps on his shelves, that is the last word in recommendations.





## If You Are Not Satisfied With Your Daily Shave ~ Ask Your Druggist What Shaving Cream He Uses.

*On his shelves he has the choice of all the good shaving creams in the market.*

Ask an A.D.S. druggist, there are 26,000 of them. He'll say, "I use A.D.S. Shaving Cream. Just half an inch produces a thick creamy lather. It does not dry on your face. It stays moist and shavable—even while you re-strop your razor."

It makes shaving a pleasure. No "pulling"—no scraping, no tingling skin when you're through. It gives a smooth, comfortable shave, with an ordinary blade, in less than your usual time. Once-over is enough for most beards with A.D.S. Shaving Cream.




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**Try It. Ask Your A.D.S. Druggist. He Uses It.**

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Frank Craven Writes the Play of the Month—From page 95

## Spite Corner



Lloyd G. Hall

### Capitalize Your Spare Time

LOYD G. HALL of Nebraska is only one of the hundreds of enterprising young men and women who are making big money by our plan. Our liberal bonuses bring him a regular salary in addition to his commissions. Even if you have only an hour or two a day of spare time you can turn it to account and earn

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OURS is the sort of business that grows of its own momentum. A magazine customer becomes a yearly patron—renewals bring the same commissions as new subscriptions and are secured practically without effort. Many persons who have started out to earn money in their spare time have built up such a thriving business that they have had to devote all their time to the work—and the income far exceeded any salary they had ever earned. Won't you let us start you on the road to financial independence?

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what you made! For years I've had no word from you—do you think it has been easy to have the women of this town come in here and ask, "how is John?"—with no way of answering them?

JOHN—But, Betsey—

BETH—Don't call me Betsey.

(The doorbell rings and NATHAN enters)  
Come right in, Mr. Lattimer.

NATHAN—What are you doing here?

JOHN—I came in answer to your wire.

NATHAN—I sent another saying that there was no need of you.

JOHN—I never received that. I had started by then, I suppose.

NATHAN—Well, did you come to see this young woman or to see me?

BETH—Not to see me, Mr. Lattimer. That was farthest from his thoughts. We have been having a little talk about my selling this place. Oh, he's a Lattimer. He advised me to get out; just as all the Lattimers have advised all the Deans. But I am not going to do it.

NATHAN—Oh, you're not!

BETH—No. I'm here to stay. If your grandson had kept faith with me you could have had this little old place today and welcome, but he didn't. His word is as worthless as any Lattimer's!

JOHN—Beth dear, listen to me!

BETH—Again? I did that once and I've learned my lesson.

NATHAN—Betsey Dean, I want this place and it's my habit to get what I want.

BETH—Nathan Lattimer, if you offered me a fortune and a palace to move to, I wouldn't let you or anyone of your tribe have it for any purpose of any kind. You couldn't have it now—for spite. And that is all I have to say to you, Mr. Lattimer. Good night.

OBVIOUSLY Beth meant her last word to be final. She wouldn't sell and she would have nothing more to do with Johnny. The young man was persistent, but whenever he entered the store Beth fled to her living quarters upstairs. Johnny bought more pins and buttons than he could use in a lifetime but he had to have an excuse for hanging around the store. Old Grandfather Lattimer, in his rage at Beth's attitude, instigated a boycott against her. A milliner and dressmaker. Madam Florence, was imported to open a rival shop. The storekeepers were influenced to refuse to sell Beth anything, even food. The butcher wouldn't let her assistant have a couple of pounds of chops. The whole town, all except Mr. Gooch and old maid Anne Coolidge, was against her. They called her store "Spite Corner." Mr. Dana, the butcher, led in branding her as an "undesirable." He made this statement when Beth was upbraiding him for refusing to sell her meat:

DANA—In this case we have decided that, as long as you are interfering with public improvement, you are undesirable.

ANNE COOLIDGE—It seems to me that for a lot of you men, who have known Beth

since she was a baby, and her mother and father before her, that it is about as low down a trick as I ever heard of.

DANA—Well, now, that is something I think works two ways. Beth has known us too—and our families—and it seems to me, as she is one against seven, she ought to consider the majority. Besides us, there was all the labor that was to be done—all of it local contracts—and that means a lot of money to a lot of people. They are as mad about it as we are, and I don't see as you can blame them. As Nathan says, "The town's center is the town's shop window," and it is up to all of us to make it as attractive as possible.

ANNE—It's taken him a lot of years to figure that out.

DANA—Well, whether it has or not, there is a lot in it and just because Beth is mad at Johnny Lattimer—

BETH—John Lattimer hasn't anything to do with this. What I told him and his grandfather I meant. I wouldn't sell this place to one of them if I was starving.

DANA—But that's what everybody is trying to tell you. It ain't to Nathan—it's the town.

BETH—Yes, as the schoolhouse was. He said the town would be better off with all the Deans gone. Well, let him try and get it, and you and all the others try and help him. There are other butcher shops in other towns and I can walk.

DANA—Well, Betsey, anyone that is as stubborn as you are, can't expect much consideration.

BETH—I don't expect it, Mr. Dana. Send in any bill you may have against me, and if you haven't overcharged me, I'll pay it.

(To Anne Coolidge after Dana has gone out)—Now you see—I know just where I stand. I am an undesirable.

MEANWHILE Eben Gooch has heard the latest gossip about the Lattimers and he brings it to Beth. Johnny has quarreled with his grandfather and has gone to live at the Palace hotel. Why he remains, no one seems to know. As Eben says, "Some say he is going to be sure to be around if anything happens to the old man. I think if he cared about that, though, he wouldn't be fighting with him." At any rate there he is and persistently trying to get a chance to talk to Beth. In desperation, the girl appeals to Mr. Gooch saying: "If I had a brother or a father I'd have him throw John out of here." "I wish you'd let me do that," exclaims Old Man Gooch. "I wish you would," Beth tells him. This appeal leads Gooch to talk to Johnny the next time he comes in.

GOOCH—Ain't you about discouraged?

JOHN—No. This time, at least, she has left a representative—I can talk to you.

GOOCH—No, you can't. I ain't here to listen to you.

JOHN—But any criminal is entitled to a hearing. And so I keep on coming in here. She's got to hear me sometime.



GOOCH—It ain't going to do you no good.

JOHN—How do you know?

GOOCH—Because I know what she has been through.

JOHN—Does she know what I have been through—and how I feel? Sometimes that makes a difference. When I came in here the other night, it made a difference to me to know that she had still kept faith in me all these years. I hadn't met another one who had since I left here. I had even reached the point where I had lost faith in myself. I went away with a purpose and I failed miserably. If I had succeeded I would have burned the rails getting back, because there hasn't been anyone to take her place—there hasn't been another.

JOHNNY'S plea won Mr. Gooch and as he and the boy went out he said to Beth's assistant: "Tell Beth her representative has been taken by the enemy." Old Man Lattimer, through his agent, Cap'n Parker, did not cease his efforts to get control of the corner. The bid for the property was raised to eight thousand dollars but Beth declared she wouldn't take eighty thousand. Spurred on by this attitude, the board of selectmen condemned the property and seized it for the good of the community, Nathan Lattimer sending his check for ten thousand dollars reimbursement. Dana, accompanied by John and Mr. Gooch, came into the store just as Parker had finished telling Beth that her property had been taken over. A moment later, while they were rather excitedly discussing this new move, Mr. Nelson came slowly in. He stopped by the door and said:

NELSON—Sad, ain't it?

BETH—Hello, Mr. Nelson.

NELSON—Did they tell you?

BETH—Yes.

NELSON—Well, maybe it's all for the best. Let me have a necktie, will you?

BETH—What kind do you want, Mr. Nelson?

NELSON—Black—tied kind.

PARKER—Who you going into mourning for?

NELSON—Why, Nathan!

ALL—What?

NELSON—That's what I asked you—if it wasn't sad. I just come past the house and old Lem Taylor told me.

BETH (laughing hysterically)—I'm sorry. I didn't mean to laugh. Can't you understand? I'm not laughing because of that; but it's over—it's over. He didn't get it from me, did he? I've done what I meant to do—kept it from him! I'll go now that he has gone. The Deans were the first to come here and they'll be the last to go. That's all I've been working for—waiting for. You can have the "Spite Corner" if you want it now, Cap'n Parker.

BETH, having relinquished her right to the property, prepared to leave Dean. She was going to New York and start life over again. Her stock was sold at auction and the last customer departed, carrying away the last piece of material. The room was stripped and Beth herself was ready to leave town in a couple of hours. Mr. Gooch had stayed to help her get the

trunks ready and to take them to the station. One he found too heavy and as John Lattimer passed the door old man Gooch called him to help. John was reluctant. He said he had found out he wasn't wanted around there but when he found Beth was upstairs he went to Mr. Gooch's aid. John, of course, has inherited all of his grandfather's property. At that moment Beth came in. John let his end of the trunk drop.

JOHN—I think, Gooch, you might explain to Beth why I'm here. You can tell her I didn't want to intrude.

GOOCH—Yes, that was it, Beth.

BETH—Just that trunk, Mr. Gooch, and that's all.

GOOCH—All right. Guess you won't see John again. If you want to tell him good-by—

BETH—Oh, Mr. Gooch! Regarding what Cap'n Parker said about Mr. Lattimer not building here. You might say that I think Mr. Lattimer is very silly not to build here.

GOOCH—Beth says she thinks it very silly of you not to build here.

JOHN—Does she know my reason for not doing so? Would she be interested in knowing it?

GOOCH—She doesn't seem to be interested.

JOHN—Well, I am. This shop is going to stand here until it crumbles. I'll give you a chance to see an obstinate, stubborn, unreasonable—

BETH—I'm not obstinate! Don't you dare talk like that.

JOHN—Yes, you are and yes, I will. I've stood up for you when people said you were obstinate and wilful and revengeful, and said they were all wrong; but they were right. Come on, Gooch.

SO PASSED the opportunity for a reconciliation. It is done and Beth writes finis at the end of her love chapter. But it is not quite done. The elements take a hand. Beth in preparing a last cup of tea in the old rooms, set the place on fire. Among those who answered the alarm, of course, were John and Gooch and Dana. John wanted to save Beth but she was in no danger. Dana wanted to know how the fire started. He hinted that Beth purposely started the blaze. Whereupon John knocked him down. Cap'n Parker is inclined to take up Dana's idea:

PARKER—You said you'd never give this place up, Beth. You've hindered us in every way you could.

JOHN—Don't you hint such a thing, Parker.

PARKER—You know how she's been.

JOHN—To me, yes. And I don't blame her. But she's been a patient, forgiving, fine woman. A model for every woman to follow. Even if she weren't, I love her and if she wants to burn this place—why, it's mine and she can burn it if she likes.

BETH (throwing her arms around him)—Oh, John, John, you're wonderful!

JOHN—I love you—I've always loved you. Meet me here the moment this fire is out and we'll settle things.

[CURTAIN]



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Wallace Irwin's *Story of a Henpecked Man and a Beguiler's Triumph*—From page 85

## His Wife's Shadow

with them. Gentlemen who of yore had passed him with an offish bow—in case they caught his eye—now swung over the brow of the hill to gesture comically to the wild challenge, "Lo, Lammie!"

So it was on a mid-May morning—they were beating the rough for a lost ball between the sixth and seventh holes—that the Beguiler came over to her gigantic champion and said:

"Lammie, dear, vacation's about over; isn't it, for this time?"

"She's lecturing now in Philadelphia—or is it Toronto?" he replied confusedly.

"You'd better hurry, then," she urged.

"Hurry?" He looked down at her with the blank face he showed whenever social questions came up.

"You're indebted to the Harbingers and the Mainwarings and the rest of that crowd. You can pay it off in one great big glorious dinner party and let the rest of the world go by."

"Dinner party!" The tweed-draped elephant whistled.

"You've got to hold up your end, Lammie. That's cricket and turkey and everything. Did Henrietta leave you any servants?"

"The whole raft of 'em," he admitted.

"W-well, I'll tell you just what to serve, and I'm s-splendid at bossing servants. Come here, Lammie."

She seated herself on a bench and began penciling rapidly on the back of a scorecard.

"Beguiler," said Lammie, a scared look in his eyes, "if Henrietta knew this she'd throw cartwheels from hell to Boston."

"Poor Lamb!" murmured Prossie. "Can't you learn how to hide the shells?"

So the dinner was set for Thursday.

IT WAS late Thursday afternoon that the Beguiler paused in her temporary management of the Lamb home.

Henrietta's Adam table had been extended to its uttermost leaf and set with places for twenty under Prossie's critical eye. High, thin-stemmed goblets flashed clear as dew, Henrietta's silver service plates gleamed like pools of ice on a ground of snowy damask.

"Am I an artist?" asked the Beguiler, cocking her red-gold head a little to one side and regarding the effect.

Lammie made no reply, because she needed not his assurance on that point. Instead he towered over her, appreciative, enthusiastic.

"And now I'm going home to dress," said she. "That taxicab butler—the kind you hire by the evening—will be here at seven. There are eleven dozen Castilian roses in the pantry, and as you love me don't let him put them on until a quarter of eight."

She strode into the drawing-room and, sighing wearily, plumped down into one of Henrietta's spindling chairs.

"I never could be a chronic house-keeper," she mused. "It's spasms or nothing with me. That's one of the things poor Kelly couldn't get used to."

"Kelly?" asked the reconstructed Mr. Lamb, for this was her first reference, in his presence, to the vanished Mr. Carter.

Instead of a direct reply she looked at him steadily with hazel eyes which could be very sad, even in their impish humor, then she said:

THERE'S ONE kind of torture that's very popular in China. They make you stand up inside a box for forty days and forty nights. By that time you get used to it. It's when you get used to it that you're really punished."

"Was Kelly sort of a dead one?" asked Lammie in his artless way.

"V-very much alive," she corrected him. "He could see my mistakes before I made them. He had eyes like a spider, all round his head. It's constant disapproval, my dear, that turns children into idiots and criminals. And you're only a child, Lammie dear."

He looked sheepishly down at the woman whom he had come to regard as a wise, gay and protective sister.

"When I escaped from my box," she went on, "I made up my mind I'd go round the world f-freeing s-slaves—pulling nails out of other people's crates."

"And you've drawn me out, by ginger!" he cried enthusiastically.

"I wonder." She studied him again. "When she comes back with her hammer and n-nails won't you crawl right back?"

"Never!" he roared and brought his big fist down on Henrietta's favorite table.

"Look here!" She had risen and grasped him firmly by the lapels. "Tell me the truth now. Have you ever told Henrietta your story about Li'l Arthur?" the surprising woman demanded.

"No. Henrietta never liked—"

"That's w-what makes it all the more necessary," she stammered. "You've been suiting your game to Henrietta's all the time instead of making her suit hers to yours. There's only one way to keep your mind your own. Tell her the story of Li'l Arthur. Tell it in public and don't let her bully you out of it."

"I'll tell the story," he declared.

THERE'S another thing I want you to do, Lammie," she insisted, and her slender hands were still clutching at his lapels.

"I'll do anything in the world, Beguiler," he promised.

"I want you to k-kiss me."

The request was cool, almost casual. His color deepened to the shade of an angry beet.

"Now?" he asked confusedly.

He knew not how nor why, but almost upon the command he had kissed her solidly on her soft sweet mouth. Then he sprang away, his heart beating terribly between fierce joy and a sense of guilt.

"And I want you to tell Henrietta that, too," she insisted.

At a quarter-past eight the Lambs' living-room was blazing with a scene it

had never before witnessed during Henrietta's long residence at Blue Hills. Bare shoulders flashed, eyes danced, white shirt-fronts expanded to let the lungs within draw breath for renewed peals of laughter. The dinner was late—the Beguiler had seen to that—and her taxicab butler had gone round twice and thrice with golden liquid on a silver tray.

Lammie was undoubtedly in his best form. He had just told a new one. Applause had grown so uproarious and clamors for an encore so deafening that it was fully a minute before Lammie realized what had befallen his home.

The doorbell had rung twice—he remembered that confusedly—and Sarah had gone at last to answer the summons. Then a familiar figure had swum before his eyes and materialized horridly.

Henrietta!

In a tight-fitting traveling costume and little red hat that perked like a danger signal above her disapproving plump face, she stood gazing into the room, seeming to take in every stick of furniture—her furniture. She affected the glowing night like a breath from the tomb. Gertie Peroy was the first to recover.

"Why, Hen-rietta!" she gurgled and ran ecstatically forward to plant a kiss upon the home-returning intruder.

"For the love of barley!" whispered Lammie, striding forth with the look of a captive German bombed in his own dugout.

His wife permitted him to peck her brow, and her careful, public-spirited smile had returned as she looked round the room and assumed at once her rightful place of hostess.

How do you do, Mrs. Harbinger! What a delightful surprise party. How charming of you all!

"And Clara—this is gorgeous! And how do you do, Mrs. Carter!"

"We were just having a little—" began poor Lamb, to be helped out of his predicament by his wife's sweet guidance.

"So I see! And if you'll be able to dispense with my enchanting company for an instant—"

Henrietta scurried through the throng and upstairs. An instant later Lammie had bounded after her to find her in her bedroom, casting aside the dangerous red hat. She had rung for Sarah, the spinster octoroon, and was pulling out drawers with the air of a police sergeant with a search warrant.

"Darling," he began, "I hadn't the least idea—"

"You never have, sweetheart," she replied kindly.

She had reached into a clothespress and was bringing out a crimson evening gown—again the color of danger.

"If you'd only telegraphed or something," he protested feebly.

"That's right, my dear," she told him smoothly. "I was careless, I will admit. Now hadn't you better go down and be a little attentive to your—our guests?"



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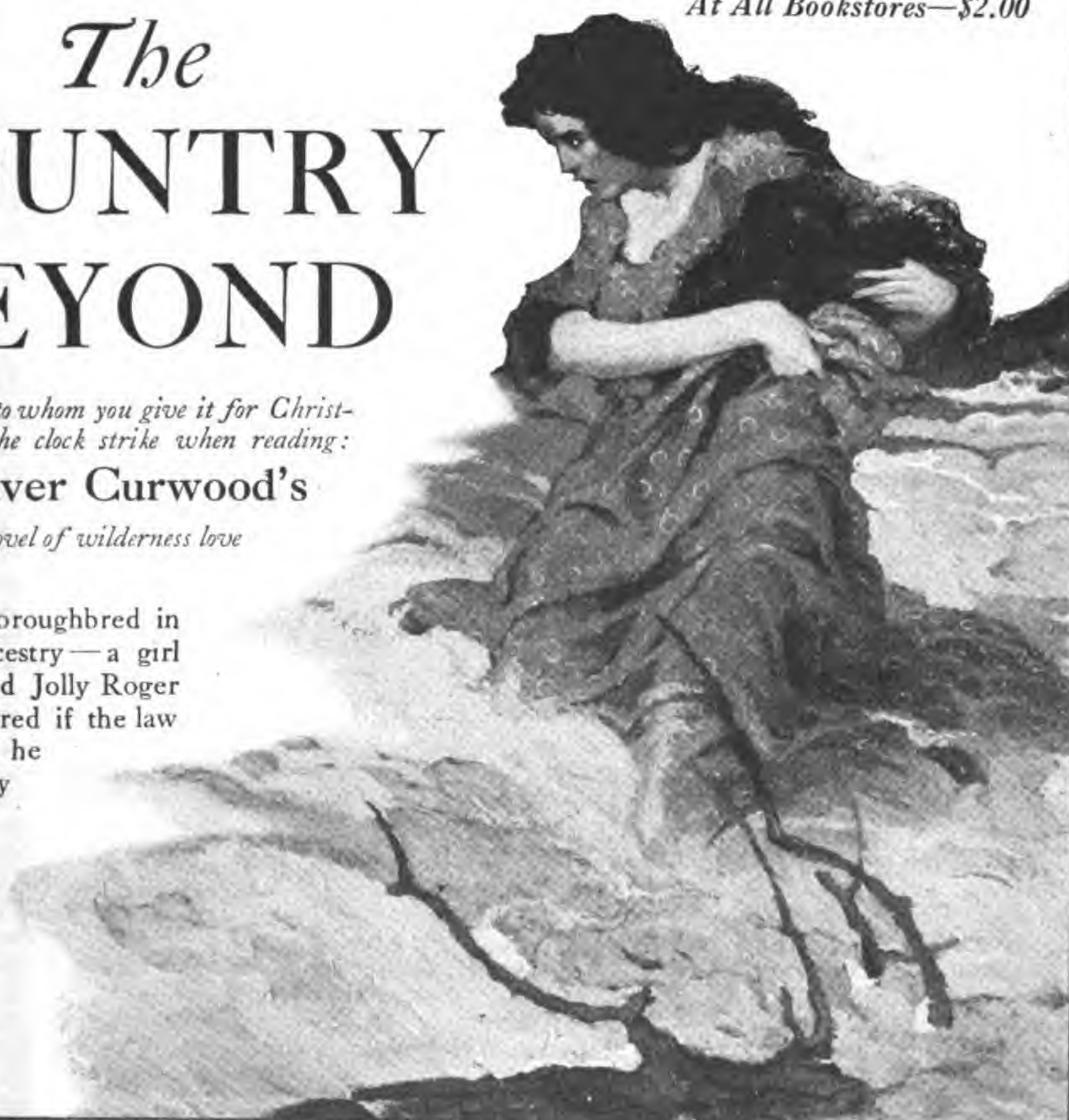
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Then he went downstairs. The Beguiler, who had been standing in a corner flirting with Connie Pryce, never looked up at him. The room was buzzing again with almost its original hilarity—almost but not quite. Lammie talked blunderingly, casting now and then a wistful look toward the Beguiler. Once he caught her eye and was encouraged to the point of audacity.

It was a miraculously brief interval before Henrietta came sweeping down in her crimson gown. Henrietta never failed to come up to the emergency.

**A**N EXTRA place had been laid for her at the head of the table—the Beguiler had seen to that—and the party was scarcely seated before she had begun her lecture.

"We met with a most gratifying reception everywhere in the Middle West—with the exception of Joplin and Detroit. I was surprised to find in such communities, reputed for their progressive spirit, a reactionary sentiment most difficult to combat. However, we have posted members of our Committee on Printing in those cities and have begun a campaign of pamphleteering. It is most inspiring."

The majority of Lammie's guests had fallen to talking among themselves like naughty children at a badly-conducted Sunday school. Henrietta came abruptly out of her cloud to sweep down upon Lammie.

"My dear Peter, how remarkably well you are looking! Gertrude, my dear, I haven't thanked you yet for taking such excellent care of him."

"It wasn't Gertie," upspoke Dent Peroy, the blunderbuss.

"No?" Henrietta raised her short little eyebrows till they stood up like exclamation points.

"It was Li'l Arthur made a man of Lammie," giggled Willie Harbinger from across the table.

"Little Arthur?" inquired Henrietta in her perfectly controlled voice.

"Li'l Arthur! Li'l Arthur!" The dinner table was yelping now like a pack of wolves.

**I**T WAS a moment of decision. Peter Lamb dared not look at the Beguiler, but he knew that her hazel eyes were upon him. He had promised her. Henrietta's round, black orbs, hard and polished as shoe-buttons, were gazing straight at him. He fixed them with a vacant stare.

In the confusion of sounds and faces Lammie was aware that something had touched his foot under the table. It was the Beguiler's slipper. Out of the corner of an eye he could see the sweet, soft mouth he had kissed, under compulsion, that afternoon. He had promised to tell that, too. His guests sat grinning, awaiting his martyrdom.

"Li'l Arthur," he began in a rough, choking voice.

He paused and jabbed cruelly into his Persian melon.

"Cold feet!" jeered Harrigan, rocking with cruel mirth.

"He died in harness," tittered Dent Peroy to break the awful deadlock.

"Peter, dear, what is your story of Little Arthur?"

The challenge direct. Mr. Lamb was cornered. He surrendered without a

struggle and in a key which for dullness, charmlessness and pointlessness would have done credit to a Sunday school superintendent at an annual picnic, he recited a new, strange tale of Li'l Arthur.

Fortunately it was brief. Stilted into precise English, quite without reference to the gaieties of insect life, censored of all American idiom, it drooled harmlessly on its inane way.

At the milk-and-water climax Mr. Lamb paused with a sickly grin. The table roared. But it was not applause; it was the roar that greets the matador who is running away from his bull.

**"P**OOOR PETER!" smiled Henrietta pityingly to Mrs. Harbinger, "He always yearns to shine as a raconteur. That's his complex."

The mirthful clatter round the dinner table had died to commonplaces and the broken-spirited man, having failed in his resolve, lacked heart to look round at the Beguiler, eating silently at his side. But what was going on under the table? Something soft, teasing, insinuating as a little mouse had pranked its way over Mr. Lamb's big shoe. Tap-tap. Tat-at-tat. It was the Beguiler's toe, and she was giving him the foot-signal.

"Quitter!" said those little, delicious flashes.

Blushing like a girl he turned and looked her in the face, but her quick and merry eyes were smiling upon Henrietta.

"Really, Mrs. Lamb," she was saying, and her voice tinkled like ice in a pitcher, "I think your husband's keeping something dreadful from you."

"From me?" Henrietta's round, black shoe-buttons betrayed their jealousy for just the turn of a lash, but her mouth was smiling.

"The actual history of Li'l Arthur," tinkled the Beguiler. Her foot was across his instep now, a steadying hold.

"Peter, dear," cooed Henrietta, "then Little Arthur wasn't—"

The Beguiler's heel came down on Lammie's foot, a painful caress.

"No, darling, he wasn't," admitted Mr. Lamb, and now his eyes were at grips with those of his wife, the cold ordeal of iceberg against glacier.

"What sort of monster could he have been, my dear?" she asked, her tongue dripping honey.

"He was a flea," admitted Mr. Lamb.

"A——" she almost said the forbidden word, but caught herself up with, "Peter, how dread-ful!"

**"I**T'S A dreadful story, Henrietta," he explained in the stilly voice of combat. "You see it was this way," he persisted. His face was transfigured, his voice gained in resonance as he swung into the story. "I met Li'l Arthur in Angel Creek, Colorado, when I was a brakeman on the D. & R. G."

Henrietta's face was a puzzle. The entire dinner party seemed to have formed a ring around the combatants, smelling blood. Mrs. Lamb opened her mouth as if to speak, but Lammie went recklessly on in a determined manner:

"A professor named Hopper brought him with a trained troupe of fleas to Angel

Creek and gave an exhibition of high jumping, hurdles and chariot racing in the lobby of the hotel. . . ."

Uninterrupted now—save for a crescendo of giggles, growing as the drama of Li'l Arthur developed toward its catastrophe—Lammie swung into his theme.

So it was finished.

"Good old Lammie!" shouted Willie Harbinger, his long teeth showing in a grimace of delight.

"By George, it's wonderful! Never tells it twice alike——"

The room was now going like a den of wolves and Mitchell Grant, the banker, who seldom emerged from his purple shell of dignity, reached out a fat hand to congratulate the triumphant story-teller.

And above the din Lammie could hear an unfamiliar shriek. It came a little late in the applause. But it was undoubtedly Henrietta, for she lay back in her chair, her mouth open, her face awry with merry pain, tears streaming from the corners of her little, black eyes.

Somehow this aspect of Henrietta worried him more than any sign of disapproval could have done.

The rest of the dinner was something of a blank to Mr. Lamb. One thing he remembered. Just before they arose the Beguiler's little foot sought his again. This time it said:

"You've won this round. And now don't weaken."

But two hours later, after the last guest had said good night, Lammie had a dreadful feeling of desertion, of aloneness with his ordeal. Fully he realized that Henrietta had not said the last word.

**Y**ET they went through the first preliminaries of house-closing quite without speaking.

A surge of tenderness came over him as he stood in the shadow of the darkened room. After all, they had been partners in the home ever since they were struggling along with a set of instalment plan furniture. He should have been ashamed of his public mutiny, of flaunting Li'l Arthur in her face. But was he ashamed?

Henrietta, who had been leaning over the table to examine a nick in one of her best crystal goblets, set it down suddenly and looked up. She must have seen him lurking, for she came forward and Peter knew that the time had come to have it out with her alone.

"I want to talk to you about tonight," she began, and her words seemed less carefully chosen than of yore.

"I know I was pretty raw, Henrietta," he fumbled, "but you see——"

"You were magnificent!" she cried, a new and youthful look in her face.

"What?"

She threw herself into his arms and began sobbing hysterically.

"Peter—I—I didn't know—I didn't know it was in you."

"Gosh!"

That was all the comment he ever made. But it was, perhaps, just as comprehensive as any. Somehow, as he held her tighter than he had ever done since their courtship days in the high, rough mountains, he began to understand her and to feel his power. And he was glad she had come home to him.



# The Poet of The Heavenly Cook

Leonard Merrick's Story of the Gastronomic Muse—From page 25

hissing with indignation. "Ah no! That goes too far."

"But, yes, monsieur. He died for love."

"But you make a great error, madame. May I ask if you had any personal acquaintance with him?"

"It is possible we met, since one finds me in his poems," she returned haughtily.

"Can it be?" groaned Blicq. "You were really Clémentine?"

"Oho! Monsieur appears to be better informed than I understood him to say! Yes, I am Clémentine—and all Paris can tell you it was because Clémentine was cold that he made a hole in the water."

"I am informed well enough to state that you deceive yourself ridiculously, madame. He made no hole in water, and his health is A-1."

She clutched at air. "Alive?"

"And kicking—against the outrage you commit. I do not permit you to represent me to all Paris as your victim!"

AFTER a breathless interval she cried acridly, "Poor chap—and as a boy you were good-looking!"

"We will not discuss the ravages time has inflicted on us," said Monsieur Blicq, hiding the wound. "The point is, that I refuse to be advertised as a *felo de se*, to tickle your vanity and boom your restaurant. I formally forbid you to flaunt me on your menu as your suicidal suitor. I shall take steps to repudiate the scandal."

"To flaunt you on our menu? To boom our restaurant?" she volleyed. "It is a nice boom, my word! You are a valuable flaunt! What do you think you draw? You are a frost, grandpa—a bitter frost. We do you unmerited honor, for which you should blush. You do not recoup us for the horseradish in the sauce. You

may take what steps your poor legs allow—we should not have to widen the door for all your admirers to march out abreast. *Sst!*"

The excellent publishers were startled next day to receive a visit from Archambaut Blicq. And when he had learned that the coarse statements of Clémentine were not destitute of foundation, when his fear of having enriched the firm had been dispelled even more conclusively than he could have desired, Monsieur Blicq opened his heart to them. He said:

"In thinking it over, I am not sure I shall put myself out to deny the yarn, ludicrous as it is. The world does not associate me with the poet—why should I be bothered to vindicate him? I am now in another line—the affair would not harmonize with my occupations. Also I have sons. You can understand I do not want them to discover their father was a poet. It would be to hold up a terrible example. I project them for the business, naturally. There is more money in dry goods than in poetry, what?"

"Sure; or than in publishing either."

So people heard nothing of the poet's survival. Pidoux himself heard nothing of it—Clémentine did not feel communicative on the subject of a survivor who had proved so thankless to her. But what pen can paint the joy of Pidoux when, his day's labor o'er, he ascended from the kitchen to find his Clémentine again coquettishly attired—a weighty watch-chain on her bosom, and a red rose in her hair! Even without her tender smile, her toilette had said all. And as the couple sat at dinner, she seized the waiter's pencil and with a queenly stroke repealed a line upon the bill of fare. "Finished!" she told her husband dramatically. "Archambaut Blicq is off and forever."

## The Glimpses of the Moon

Edith Wharton's Novel of Youth's Struggles—From page 99

own consequence was making him suffer even more than his wounded affection.

"If I've taken long it's all the more reason why I shouldn't take longer. If I've made a mistake it's you who would have suffered from it. . . ."

"Thanks," he said, "for your extreme solicitude."

She looked at him helplessly, penetrated by the despairing sense of their inaccessibility to each other. Then she remembered that Nick, during their last talk together, had seemed as inaccessible, and wondered if, when human souls try to get too near each other, they do not inevitably become blurs to each other's vision.

SO ENDED the reading of Susy's second dream—a carefully woven part of the first fine illusion. There came to her, then, bitter days through which she was struggling to find herself. The awakening oc-

curred when she forsook society and the life to which she was accustomed and became, virtually, governess to Mrs. Grace Fulmer's four children. It was there that she heard Nick was coming to Paris, ready to grant her request for a divorce. Back of this willingness she glimpsed Coral Hicks and her millions. It was there that Streford came to renew his suit—unavailing. As Susy told him, "It's because I can't feel unmarried enough." And at last it was there that Nick came. The meeting was strained. Each, secretly, cried for the other but the words were formal and the tone inanely polite. Nick went his way, and Susy, broken by the ordeal, prepared to flee. Early the next morning she left the house, when down the street she saw a loaded taxi approaching—and there at her side was Nick.

SHE STOOD before him numb. Yes, numb: that was the worst of it! The violence of the reaction had been too great.

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His voice came back to her. "Susy! Listen!" he was entreating. "You must see yourself that it can't be. We're married—isn't that all that matters? Oh, I know—I've behaved like a brute: a cursed arrogant ass! You couldn't wish that ass a worse kicking than I've given him! But that's not the point, you see. The point is that we're *married*. . . . Married. . . . Doesn't it mean something to you, something—inexorable?"

Through her tears she gasped out: "That's what I felt . . . that's what I said to Streff. . . ."

He was upon her with a great embrace. "My darling! You *have* told him?"

"Yes. That's why I'm living here."

Reunited they planned a holiday at Fontainebleau—with the four Fulmer children. The fact that they could take

the children marked the change in them. They had no money, they were cut off from their rich friends, Nick's writing would never pay—no matter; they were off for a holiday and the millions that Coral Hicks and Strefford had to offer did not mar their day—would not be permitted to mar their days no matter to what dingy quarters their poverty led them. That night, after the children were packed off, Susy and Nick were all alone for the first time since their reunion.

FOR A LONG time Susy continued to lean against Nick, her head on his knees, as she had done on the terrace of Como on the last night of their honeymoon. She had ceased to talk, and he sat silent also, passing his hand quietly to and fro over her hair. The first rapture had been suc-

ceeded by soberer feelings. Her confession had broken up the frozen pride about his heart, and humbled him to the earth; but it had also roused forgotten things, memories and scruples swept aside in the first rush of their reunion. He and she belonged to each other for always: he understood that now. The impulse which had first drawn them together would never again wholly let them go.

He stooped closer and whispered, "Wake up; it's bedtime."

She rose: but as she moved away to turn on the light he caught her hand and drew her to the window. They leaned on the sill in the darkness, and through the clouds, from which a few drops were already falling, the moon, laboring upward, swam into the space of sky, cast her troubled glory on them, and was hidden.

*W. Somerset Maugham's Story of a Woman at Bay—Continued from page 19*

## Before The Party

making an exclamation when a rapid gesture of her husband's stopped her. Millicent went on. She spoke with a level voice, rather slowly, and there was little change of expression in her tone.

"I was twenty-seven, and no one else seemed to want to marry me. It's true he was forty-four; it seemed rather old, but he had a very good position, hadn't he? I wasn't likely to get a better chance."

Mrs. Skinner felt inclined to cry again, but she remembered the party.

"Of course I see now why you took his photograph away," she said dolefully.

"Don't, mother," exclaimed Kathleen.

"PEOPLE were very nice to me at Kuching," she said, recalling to her mind those first months of her married life. "We stayed with the Resident. Everyone asked us to dinner. Once or twice I heard men ask Harold to have a drink, but he refused; he said he had turned over a new leaf now he was a married man. I didn't know why they laughed. Mrs. Grey, the Resident's wife, told me they were all so glad Harold was married. She said it was dreadfully lonely for a bachelor on one of the out-stations. When we left Kuching Mr. Grey said good-bye to me so solemnly that I was quite surprised."

They listened to her quite silently. Kathleen never took her eyes off her sister's impassive face, but Mr. Skinner stared straight in front of him.

"It wasn't till I went back to Kuching a year and a half later that I found out why their manner had seemed so odd." Millicent gave a queer little sound like the echo of a scornful laugh. "I knew then a good deal that I hadn't known before. Harold came to England that time in order to marry. He didn't much mind who it was. Do you remember how we spread ourselves out to catch him?"

"I don't know what you mean, Millicent," said Mrs. Skinner, not without acerbity, for the insinuation of scheming did not please her. "I saw he was attracted by you."

Millicent shrugged her heavy shoulders.

"He was a confirmed drunkard. He used to go to bed every night with a bottle of whisky and empty it before morning."

Millicent looked at her mother and again a deep color dyed her sallow skin. Her hands, lying on her lap, began to tremble a little. She thought of those first months of her married life. The Rajah's yacht took them to the mouth of the river and they spent the night at the bungalow which Harold said jokingly was their seaside residence. Next day they went up stream in a prau. She had a sense of space and freedom, and she seemed to enter upon a friendly, fertile land. They watched the banks for monkeys sitting on the branches of the tangled trees and once Harold pointed out something that looked like a log and said it was a crocodile. The assistant Resident was at the landing-place to meet them and they stepped onto the wooden stage where a dozen trim little soldiers were lined up to do them honor. The assistant Resident was introduced to her. His name was Simpson.

"By Jove, sir," he said to Harold, "I'm glad to see you back."

The Resident's bungalow was on the top of a tiny hill. It was rather shabby and the furniture was sparse.

"The campong is down there," said Harold, pointing.

Her eyes followed his gesture, and from among the cocoanut trees rose the beating of a gong. It gave her a queer little sensation in the heart.

THEY HAD been married nearly a year when two English naturalists came to stay with them for a few days on their way into the interior. They brought a pressing recommendation from the Rajah and Harold said he would do them proud. Their arrival was a pleasant change. After seeing nobody for so long all three of them were quite excited at the prospect. Millicent asked Mr. Simpson to dinner and afterwards the men sat down to play bridge. Millicent left them after a while and went to bed, but they were so noisy that for some time she could not go to

sleep. She did not know at what hour she was awakened by Harold staggering into the room. She kept silent.

Some months later Harold went on a tour of inspection of his district and came back with a bad attack of malaria. This was the first time she had seen the disease of which she had heard so much, and when he recovered it did not seem strange to her that Harold was very shaky. She found his manner peculiar. He would come back from the office and stare at her with glazed eyes. He would stand in the veranda swaying slightly, but still dignified, and make long harangues about the political situation in England. Then, losing the thread of his discourse, he would look at her with an archness which his natural stateliness made somewhat disconcerting and say:

"Pulls you down dreadfully, this confounded malaria. Ah, little woman, you little know the strain it puts upon a man to be an empire builder."

SHE THOUGHT that Mr. Simpson began to look worried, and once or twice when they were alone he seemed on the point of saying something to her which his shyness at the last moment prevented him from saying. The feeling grew so strong that it made her nervous and one evening when Harold had remained later than usual at the office she tackled him.

"What have you got to say to me, Mr. Simpson?" she broke out suddenly. "If it's something to do with Harold, don't you think it would be kinder to tell me frankly?"

He grew scarlet. He shuffled uneasily on his rattan chair. She insisted.

"I'm afraid you'll think it awful cheek," he said at last. "It's rotten of me to say anything about my chief behind his back. Malaria's a rotten thing and after one's had a bout of it one feels awfully down and out."

"I'll be as silent as the grave," she said with a smile, trying to conceal her apprehension. "Do tell me."

"I think it's a pity your husband keeps a bottle of whisky at the office. He's apt



to take a nip more often than he otherwise would."

Mr. Simpson's voice was hoarse with agitation. Millicent felt a sudden coldness shiver through her. She controlled herself, for she knew that she must not frighten the boy if she were to get out of him all there was to tell. He was unwilling to speak. She pressed him, wheedling, appealing to his sense of duty, and at last she began to cry. Then he told her that Harold had been drunk more or less for the last fortnight; the natives were talking about it, and they said that soon he would be as bad as before his marriage.

MILLICENT felt herself on a sudden hot with shame and anger. The Fort, as it was called because the rifles and ammunition were kept there, was also the court-house. It stood opposite the Resident's bungalow in a garden of its own. She got up and walked across. She found Harold sitting in the office behind the large hall in which administered justice. There was a little of whisky on the table.

"I came to see what you were doing," she told him calmly.

He rose; he always treated her with elaborate politeness; and he lurched a little as he bowed to her.

"Take a seat, my dear, take a seat. I was detained by press of work."

She looked at him with angry eyes.

"You're drunk," she said.

He stared at her, his eyes bulging a little, and a haughty look gradually traversed his large, fleshy face.

"I don't know what you mean," he said.

She had been ready with a flood of wrathful expostulation, but suddenly she burst into tears. She sank into a chair and hid her face. Harold looked at her for an instant, then the tears began to trickle down his cheeks; he came toward her, with outstretched arms, and fell heavily on his knees. Sobbing, he clasped her to him.

"Forgive me, forgive me," he said. "I promise you it shall never happen again. It was the damned malaria."

He wept like a child. There was something very touching in the self-abandonment of that big, dignified man. Presently Millicent looked up. His eyes, appealing and contrite, sought hers.

"Will you give me your word of honor that you'll never touch liquor again?"

"Yes, yes. I hate it."

It was then she told him that she was with child. He was overjoyed.

"That is the one thing I wanted. That'll keep me straight."

They went back to the bungalow. Harold bathed himself. He had a nap. After dinner they talked long and quietly. He admitted that before he married her he had occasionally drunk more than was good for him. In the out-stations in which he had lived so long it was often very lonely; it was very easy to fall into bad habits. He agreed to everything that Millicent asked. During the months before it was necessary for her to go to Kuching for her confinement Harold was an admirable husband, tender, thoughtful, exultant, and affectionate. A launch came to fetch her. She was to leave home for six weeks and he promised to drink nothing during her absence.

Joan was born. Millicent stayed at the Resident's and Mrs. Grey, his wife, a

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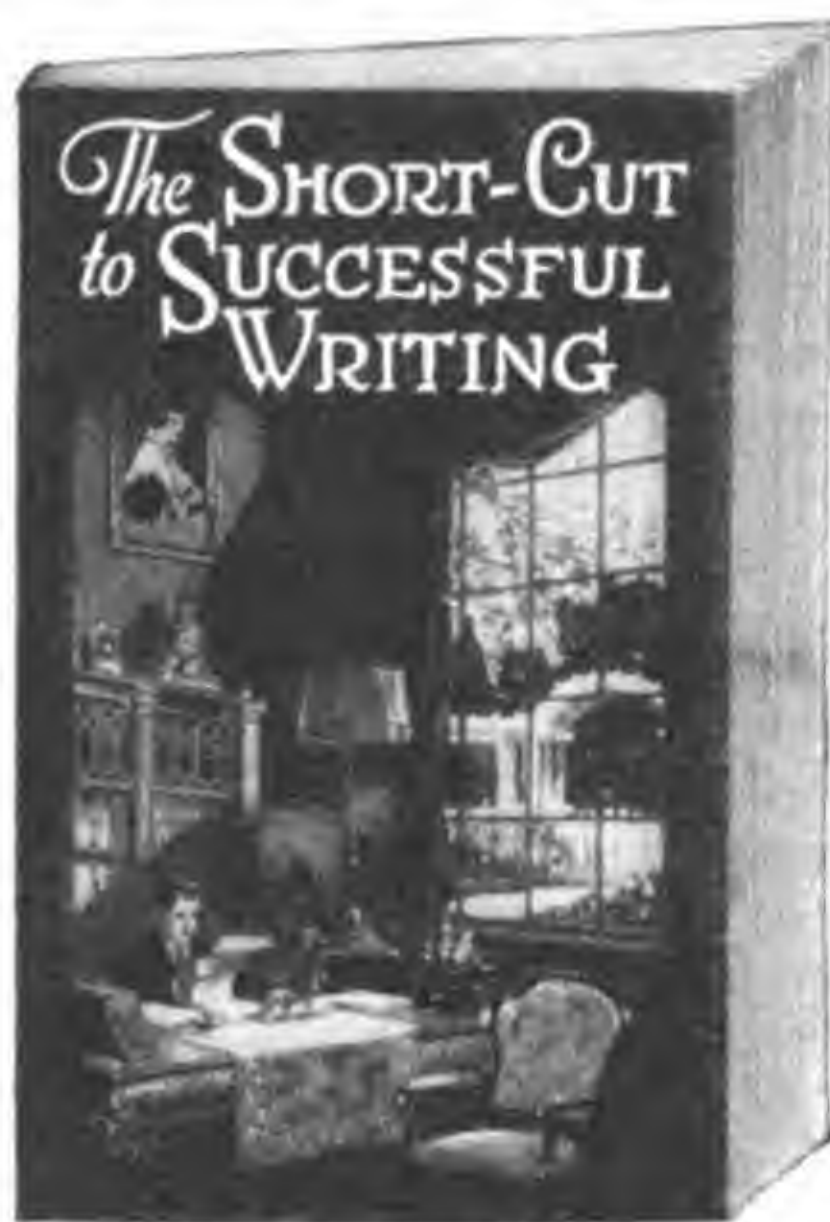
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kindly person of middle age, was very good to her. The two women had little to do during the long hours they were alone but to talk, and in course of time Millicent learned everything there was to know of her husband's alcoholic past. The fact which she found most difficult to reconcile herself to was that Harold had been told that the only condition upon which he would be allowed to keep his post was that he should bring back a wife. It caused in her a dull feeling of resentment. When she discovered what a persistent drunkard he had been she felt uneasy.

She went home with her baby and a nurse. She spent a night at the mouth of the river and sent a messenger in a canoe to announce her arrival. She scanned the landing stage anxiously as the launch approached it. Harold and Mr. Simpson were standing there. Her heart sank, for Harold was swaying slightly and she knew he was drunk.

Millicent looked at her mother, and for a moment a scowl darkened her impassive face. Mr. Skinner moved uneasily.

"Go on," said Kathleen.

"When he found out that I knew all about him he didn't bother very much any more. In three months he had another attack of D. T.'s."

"Why didn't you leave him?" said Kathleen, with a touch of resentment.

"WHAT WOULD have been the good of that? He would have been dismissed from the service in a fortnight. Who was to keep me and Joan? I had to stay. I managed to get Mr. Grey to prevent whisky being sent from Kuching, but he got it from the Chinese. In a little while he had another outbreak. He neglected his duties. I was afraid complaints would be made to the Rajah. Mr. Grey wrote a private letter of warning to me. I showed it to Harold. He stormed and blustered, but I saw he was frightened, and for two or three months he was quite sober. Then he began again. And so it went on till our leave became due. Before we came to stay here I begged and prayed him to be careful. I didn't want any of you to know what sort of a man I had married. All the time we were in England he was all right and before we sailed I warned him. He'd grown to be very fond of Joan, and very proud of her, and she was devoted to him. She always liked him better than she liked me. I asked him if he wanted his child to grow up knowing that he was a drunkard and I found out that at last I'd got a hold on him. The thought terrified him.

"He told me that if I would stand by him he would make a great effort. We made up our minds to fight the thing together. And he tried so hard. When he felt as though he *must* drink he came to me. You know he was inclined to be rather pompous: with me he was so humble, he was like a child; he depended on me. Perhaps he didn't love me when he married me, but he loved me then, me and Joan. I'd hated him, because of the humiliation, because when he was drunk and tried to be dignified and impressive he was loathsome; but now I felt a strange feeling in my heart. I wondered if it was love. He was something more than my husband, he was like a child.

"Mr. Simpson had left us then and we

had another nice young man, called Francis.

"I'm a reformed drunkard, you know, Francis," Harold said to him once. 'If it hadn't been for my wife I'd have been sacked long ago. I've got the best wife in the world, Francis.'

"You don't know what it meant to me to hear him say that. I felt that all I had gone through was worth while.

"Then Joan fell ill. For three weeks we were very anxious. There was no doctor nearer than Kuching and we had to put up with the treatment of a native dispenser. When she grew well again I took her down to the mouth of the river in order to give her a breath of sea air. We stayed there a week. It was the first time I had been separated from Harold since I went to Kuching to have Joan.

"I THOUGHT a great deal about Harold, so tenderly; and all at once I knew that I loved him. I was so glad when the prau came to fetch us back, because I wanted to tell him. As we rowed up stream the headman told me that Mr. Francis had had to go up country to arrest a woman who had murdered her husband. He had been gone a couple of days.

"I was surprised that Harold was not on the landing stage to meet me; he was always very punctilious about that sort of thing. I walked up the little hill on which the bungalow stood. The amah brought Joan behind me. The bungalow was strangely silent. There seemed to be no servants about. I could not make it out. I went up the steps. Joan was thirsty and the amah took her to the servants' quarters to give her something to drink. Harold was not in the sitting-room. I called him, but there was no answer. I went into our bedroom. Harold wasn't out after all: he was lying on the bed asleep. I was really very much amused because he always pretended he never slept in the afternoon. I went up to the bed softly. I thought I would have a joke with him. I opened the mosquito curtains. He was lying on his back, with nothing on but a sarong, and there was an empty whisky bottle by his side. He was dead drunk.

"It had begun again. All my struggles for so many years were wasted. My hopes for the future were shattered. I was seized with rage."

MILLICENT'S face grew once again darkly red and she clenched the arms of the chair she sat in.

"I took him by the shoulders and shook him with all my might. 'You beast,' I said, 'you beast.' I was so angry I don't know what I did, I don't know what I said. You don't know how loathsome he looked, that large fat man, half naked; he had not shaved for days, his face was bloated and purple. He was breathing heavily. I shouted at him, but he took no notice. He lay there like a log. 'Open your eyes,' I screamed. I shook him again. I hated him. I hated him all the more because for a week I'd loved him with all my heart. He'd let me down. I wanted to tell him what a filthy beast he was. 'You shall open your eyes,' I screamed. I was determined to make him look at me.

"There was a parang on the wall by the

side of the bed. You know how fond Harold was of curios."

"What's a parang?" said Mrs. Skinner.

"Don't be silly, mother," cried her husband, irritably. "There's one on the wall immediately behind you."

He pointed to the curved Malay sword on which for some reason his eyes had been unconsciously resting.

"Suddenly the blood spurted out from Harold's throat. There was a great red gash right across it."

"Millicent," cried Kathleen, springing up and almost leaping toward her. "What in God's name do you mean?"

Mr. Skinner stood staring at her with wide startled eyes, his mouth open.

"I don't understand," said Mrs. Skinner. "How could he have committed suicide if he was in the state you describe?"

Kathleen took her sister's hands and shook her roughly.

"Millicent, for God's sake explain."

Millicent released herself.

"The parang was on the wall, I tell you. I don't know what happened. There was all the blood and Harold opened his eyes. He died almost at once. He never spoke, but he gave a sort of gasp."

At last Mr. Skinner found his voice.

"But, you wretched woman, it was murder."

MILLICENT, her face mottled with red, gave him such a look of scorn that he shrank back. Mrs. Skinner cried out.

"Millicent, *you* didn't do it, did you?"

Then Millicent did something that made them all feel as though their blood were turned to ice in their veins. She chuckled.

"I don't know who else did," she said.

"My God," muttered Mr. Skinner.

Kathleen had been standing bolt upright, with her hands to her heart, as though its beating were intolerable.

"And what happened then?" she said.

"I screamed. I went to the window and flung it open. I called for the amah. She came across the compound with Joan. 'Not Joan,' I cried. 'Don't let her come.' She called the cook and told him to take the child. I cried to her to hurry. And when she came I showed her Harold. 'The Tuan's killed himself,' I cried. She gave a scream and ran out of the house.

"No one would come near. They were all frightened out of their wits. I wrote a letter to Mr. Francis, telling him what had happened, and asking him to come at once."

"How do you mean you told him what had happened?"

"I said I'd found Harold with his throat cut. You know, in the tropics you have to bury people quickly. I got a Chinese coffin, and the soldiers dug a grave behind the Fort. When Mr. Francis came Harold had been buried for nearly two days."

For a little while nobody spoke. At last Mr. Skinner gathered himself together.

"I am a member of the legal profession. I'm a solicitor. I have certain duties. We've always had a most respectable practice. You've put me in a monstrous position."

Millicent looked at him with scorn.

"What are you going to do about it?"

"It was murder, that's what it was; do you think I can possibly connive at it?"

"Don't talk nonsense, father," said Kathleen sharply. "You can't give your own daughter up."



"You've put me in a monstrous position," he repeated.

Millicent shrugged her shoulders again. "You made me tell you. And I've borne it long enough by myself. It was time that all of you bore it, too."

At that moment the door was opened by the maid.

"Davis has brought the car round, sir," she said.

Kathleen had the presence of mind to say something, and the maid withdrew.

"We'd better start," said Millicent.

"I can't go to the party now," said Mrs. Skinner, with horror. "I'm far too upset."

Millicent made a gesture of indifference. Her eyes held their ironical expression.

"We must go, mother," said Kathleen. "It would look so funny if we stayed away."

She turned to Millicent furiously. "Oh, I think the whole thing is such a thoroughly bad form."

Mrs. Skinner looked helplessly at her band. He went to her and gave her

his hand to help her up from the sofa.

"I'm afraid we must go, mother."

"And me with the ospreys in my toque that Harold gave me with his own hands."

He led her out of the room, Kathleen followed close on their heels, and a step or two behind came Millicent.

"You'll get used to it, you know," she said quietly. "At first I thought of it all the time, but now I forget it for two or three days together."

They did not answer. They walked through the hall and out of the front door. The three ladies got into the back of the motor and Mr. Skinner seated himself beside the driver. They had no self-starter; it was an old car, and Davis went to the bonnet to crank it up. Mr. Skinner turned, looked petulantly at Millicent.

"I ought never to have been told," he said. "I think it was most selfish of you to tell us."

Davis took his seat and they drove off to the Canon's garden-party.

*Hearst's International for February: "Bewitched," a new short story by W. Somerset Maugham. As in his famous novel "The Moon and Sixpence," the author goes to the limits for the setting and into the depths of human experience for the events of his story. The reader finds himself, a fascinated spectator, on a P. & O. liner homeward bound from Singapore to England.*

## But I Kept My Teeth

**Irvin Cobb Speaks of Another Operation—From page 31**

the operating room. One of them, a pretty, gentle little English girl, bearing a basin and cotton swabs and such, approached him as he sat on the edge of one of the operating tables glowering upon one and all.

"You'd better let me cleanse your arm," she suggested.

"Wot's de matter wit' me arm?" he demanded.

"I thought perhaps you'd like for me to wash the spilt blood off of it."

"It's had blood on it before now—more times 'n wonst," he answered her. "Cheese on de washin'-up stunt, sister. I ain't no sissy guy!" He heaved himself to his feet and drew his sweater down over his tattooed torso; then he slanted himself up against the tiled wall with his fists rammed deep into his trousers pockets.

Still stretched on my table, I rolled over on one side, shaking my head to clear it. For cooling purposes a considerable quantity of ether had been sprayed upon the transmitting device—and ether fumes are not my favorite brand of perfumery. Behind me I heard that rumbling voice:

"Say!"

For the moment, I was not interested, being a bit dizzy yet from what I had inhaled. The voice rose to a wrathful bellow:

"Say YOUSE!"

Startled now, I rolled on my back again. His baleful gaze was focused upon my recumbent shape.

"Speaking to me?" I inquired politely—and pleasantly.

"Soitnly I'm speakin' to youse. Wot's de delay about?"

"The delay?"

"Dat's wot I said—delay! We're t'rough, ain't we?"

"Yes, of course," I said most genially.

"Den how about de fifty?" he demanded.

During my convalescence I used to wonder where, with a quart of that delightful young chap's blood coursing through my system, I'd be likely to spend my evenings after I got well.

It was in the period between the first transfusion and the second that the two physicians who, by then, had taken over my case—men in whose skill and wisdom, all joking aside, I had and still have every confidence—decided between themselves that the original cause of the hemorrhages which had floored me, was the liver. What was more, they conclusively proved it, to their own satisfaction and mine. I would not have you believe that they entirely abated their attempts to wrest some of my resident ivory away from me. As conscientious practitioners, both abreast of the spirit of the times, they would have been recreant to the profession they adorn had they failed in their duty here: I used to hide my teeth every time I saw them coming. What I mean to say is that they rather centered their fire elsewhere.

When, finally, my liver became once more self-cranking, when it again acquired resiliency and docility, why you never in all your life saw two grown men any happier than that pair were. Actually, they acquired an air of ownership. From the way they went bragging around, you'd have thought it was a private and personal liver that they were so proud of; you'd never have suspected that I had any proprietary interest in it at all. I had a sort of cheated sensation every time they got together and gave three rousing cheers for my—or perhaps I should say their—liver.

But now that it's all over I am in a position to utter a few rousing cheers myself when the spirit moves:

For I kept my teeth!



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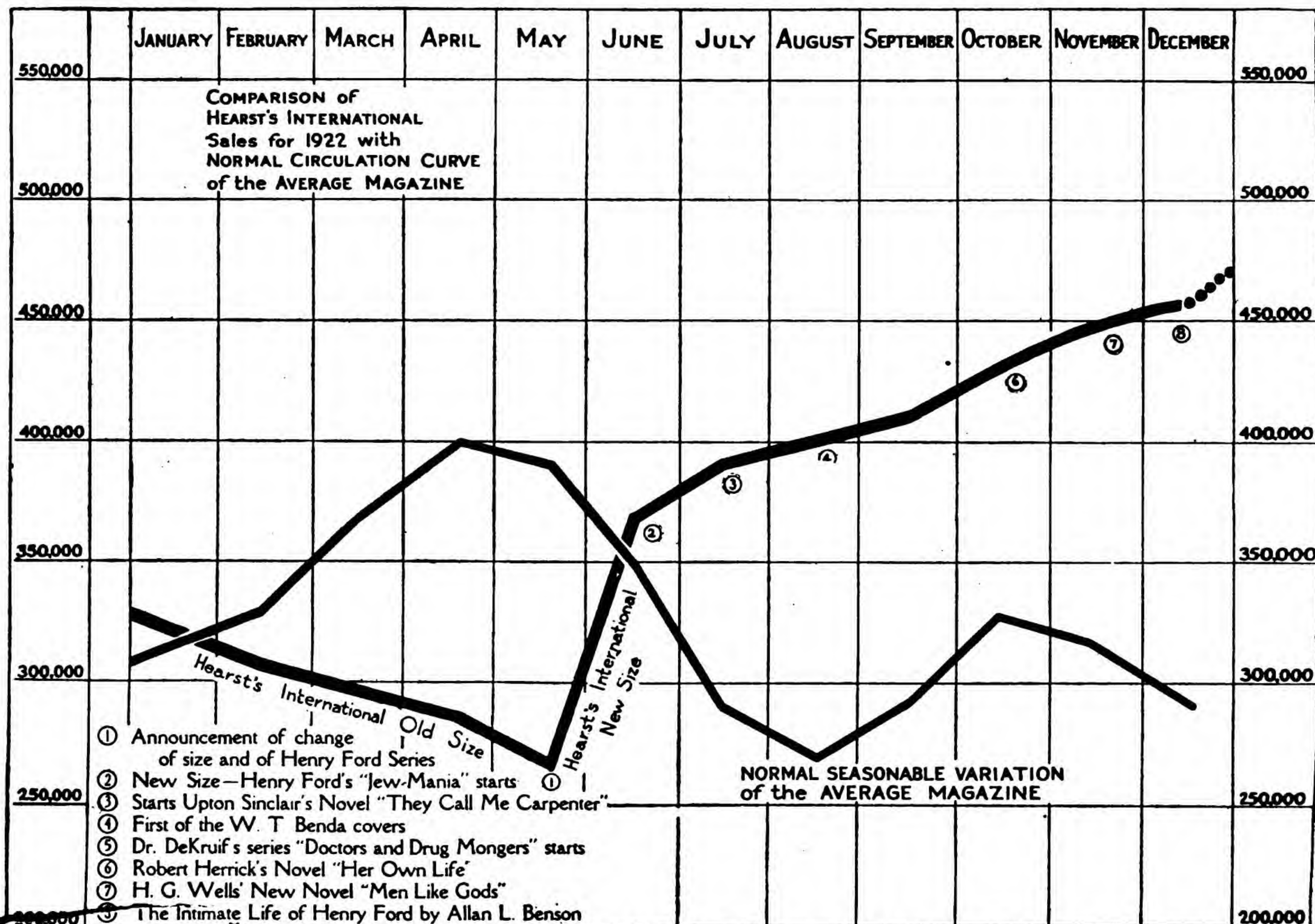
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Philadelphia.....	2,408	4,275
Detroit.....	3,035	9,350
Cleveland.....	1,733	7,000
Chicago.....	8,522	18,505
San Francisco.....	5,000	7,085
Los Angeles.....	6,015	7,980
St. Louis.....	1,459	4,100

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